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American highways display all the horrors of technological affluence, but some of them have generated a new kind of landscape beautifully adapted to the physiological needs of automobilists.

At their best, parkways open up vistas of the landscape that would otherwise remain hidden, and help people to enlarge their experience of the environment. They take advantage of native vegetation, natural slopes and boulders to create out of the wilderness a parkway with curves adapted to the movements of the body and of the eyes, as the landscape unfolds at automobile speeds. What I want to emphasize however is not the successes of technology in parkway design but rather the damage done to the environment by the careless use of technological affluence.

Whenever the temperature is pleasant on weekends, the shoulders of parkways become increasingly littered with bottles and cans, plastic and cardboard containers, newspapers and gadgets and all the other accompaniments of outdoor festivities abandoned on the grassy areas. The removal of trash from parks and parkways is frightfully expensive. I have been told that the cost exceeds twenty-five cents per can or bottle—thus making trash collection one of the most extravagant economic wastes of our society. The obvious and only sensible solution to this problem is greater care on the part of the citizens, the kind of thoughtfulness commonly referred to as environmental ethic. But I doubt that this ethic expresses a natural propensity of man and there is no reason to believe that it would emerge spontaneously if it were not for the distorting influence of urbanization and in-

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dustrialization. In my judgment, concern for environmental quality is not a compelling biological attribute of Homo sapiens. It is rather a progressive social achievement of civilized man.

The accumulation of solid wastes is one of the most disgraceful and dangerous manifestations of modern life. Solid wastes threaten to choke our cities and they contribute to the depletion of natural resources. While man is obviously responsible for their accumulation, this does not mean that his wastefulness and carelessness are attitudes generated by technology and the modern ways of life. The bad environmental habits that have created the current problems of waste and pollution have their origin deep in the evolutionary past of mankind, and they have persisted throughout prehistory and history.

In the wild the large apes are notorious for their tendency to waste food and to be sloppy in the construction and use of their nests. Early man also was wasteful and careless; caves that were occupied by Neanderthal people some one hundred thousand years ago have been found to be littered with animal bones and stone artifacts. Likewise, most archeological sites of later periods contain immense amounts of bones, stone tools, fragments of ivory and pottery. In fact, archeological science thrives on the solid wastes abandoned by early man.

Archeologists have used these remnants as documentary evidence for the formulation of theories concerning prehistoric life. They have shown, for example, that early man buried his dead with offerings, in some places on beds of flowers, and therefore was not so brutish as we used to believe. But the waste accumulation in archeological sites also reveals that early man was a polluter. The artifacts and other remnants that litter Stone Age sites are the archeological counterparts of the lightbulbs, television sets, automobile bodies, plastic containers and cans that litter our landscapes and seascapes.

There was probably less accumulation of solid wastes in the villages of the Neolithic and Bronze Ages than in Old Stone Age sites; the reason for this greater neatness is that agricultural people could hardly afford to be as wasteful as the hunter-gatherers. The neatness of the European forests until our times was largely due to the fact that dead wood was used as fuel by the peasants. Furthermore, household objects, tools and weapons served for many generations. In fact, European and American urban areas long remained badly littered even when goods were extremely scarce. The only saving grace was that in the past most solid wastes were of a kind that could be consumed by animals or were otherwise biodegradable. Barely one century ago, pigs still roamed on Broadway, living off garbage casually abandoned in the streets.

In general, nomads pollute their camps, but nature has a chance to restore the situation after they have moved. In the United States the vast inland areas with no ocean boundary to suggest that the wandering ever had to stop, encouraged wastefulness and carelessness among the pioneers. They could indulge once more in the ancient drive to move on, after the ground had been impoverished and littered. Hoarding and tidiness were anathema in the unbroken horizons of the Great Plains and became virtues only after the pioneers had to stay put.

Our innate response to the problem of solid wastes is probably not very different from that of our ancestors. But the difference is that our wastes differ chemically from those of the past and that we produce much more of them, collectively and also per capita. Each person in the United States discards daily more than five pounds of solid wastes, and a large percentage of the discarded material is not biodegradable.

Many different types of microbes can decompose cotton, wool and silk, but not nylon; cardboard containers and even tin cans, but not plastic containers or aluminum cans. In other words, nature does not know how to deal with aluminum, steel, plastics and the host of other manufactured substances with which it has had no experience in the evolutionary past. Man must therefore develop methods for dealing with

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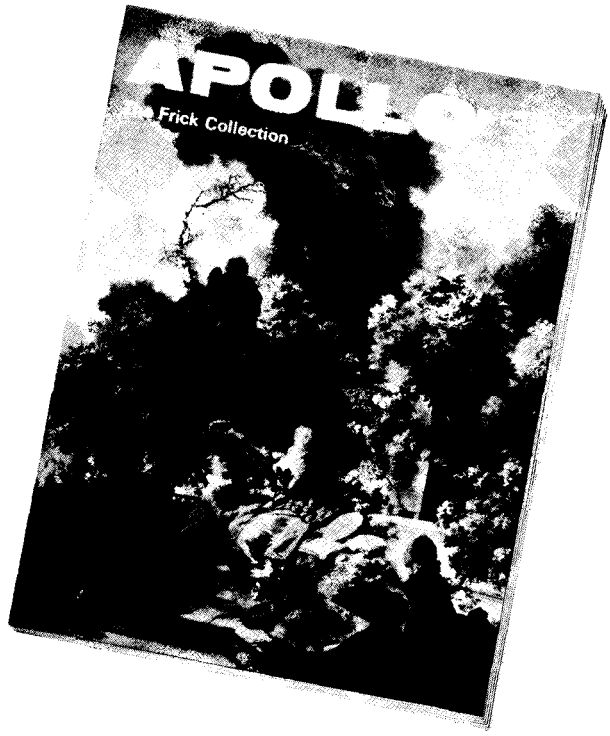

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the new kinds of industrial wastes he is creating, and these methods will have to be altogether different from those nature developed for the former types of organic wastes. Nothing, for example, could be more unlike the ways of nature than compacting wastes or shredding them mechanically, then separating their components by sophisticated chemical procedures.

All proposed new technologies of waste management have in fact one initial step that is completely opposite to the course of natural processes. Whereas nature disperses the wastes—dilutes them, so to speak—all modern techniques for their disposal or treatment involve initial steps of collection and concentration. And it is precisely these initial steps of assembling the wastes and preferably sorting them at the source that will require behavioral changes on the part of the public.

If it is true, as mentioned above, that our present attitudes toward the environment have their origin in the Stone Age, it will be difficult to change them because they are probably woven into our genetic fabric. As the saying goes, you cannot change human nature. But, fortunately, experience shows that certain types of behavior can be readily and rapidly changed by social conditioning. This is not surprising, because the genetic determinants of behavior, like other physical and mental characteristics, can have different existential manifestations depending upon environmental circumstances. The phenotypic expressions of the genetic endowment—to use scientific jargon—are determined by the environment. This is true of all animals and even more so of men, whose tastes, habits and thoughts are largely shaped by social influences.

A long and entertaining list could be made of superficial or profound changes that have occurred in human beings through the agency of social processes. It will suffice to mention a single type of change as illustration—namely, the spectacular decrease in average family size during recent times. Families of six to ten children were the rule in the past and were common until very recently. Furthermore, large families were reasons for social pride. In contrast, families of more than three children are becoming rare and are almost considered antisocial. The rapid decrease in average family size is particularly impressive because this change is certainly creating emotional disturbances in many cases and constitutes a trend that conflicts with evolutionary forces. The biblical admonition to multiply and populate the earth expressed an attitude that had biological justification until a few decades ago, because it ensured the success of the human race, and that also had social justification because it favored economic development. Yet, the pressure of public opinion generated by present economic and social necessities has been sufficient to overcome the biological imperative, and to alter population trends in just a few years.

The reason Homo sapiens did not develop a biological sense of environmental quality—an innate environmental ethic—is that wastefulness and carelessness did not become a threat to human life until late in his evolutionary development. As long as the human population was small and technology simple, men could safely drop their wastes into streams or on the land because natural processes would destroy them automatically. Similarly, the smoke from an isolated hogan in the Navajo country or from an Eskimo igloo in the Arctic is rapidly dispersed in the atmosphere and therefore does not cause air pollution. Once populations become large, however, and technologies complex, the accumulation of wastes in water, on land, or in the air creates problems that are quantitatively and qualitatively new. In fact, most of our environmental problems are so new that we do not yet know how to evaluate them.

In general, the cost of environmental pollution is measured in terms of economic losses and causation of disease. But just as important, although impossible to measure, are the costs involving more subtle human values. For example, the constant exposure to noise, ugliness and garbage in the street conditions the general public and children in particular to accept environmental squa-

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How much do you know about childhood in the past?

	TRUE	FALSE
1. Children before the 19th century were regularly beaten.	☐	☐
2. Large dummies were often made to frighten infants.	☐	☐
3. Wealthy parents sent their babies out to nurse although they knew this would probably kill them.	☐	☐
4. Rolling infants in snow, plunging them in ice water, and wrapping them in cold wet towels were common.	☐	☐
5. Children were tied to chairs to prevent crawling.	☐	☐
6. Most Greek parents killed at least one of their babies.	☐	☐

Only if you were able to answer TRUE to each of the above will you appreciate why "The history of childhood is a nightmare from which mankind has only recently begun to awaken."

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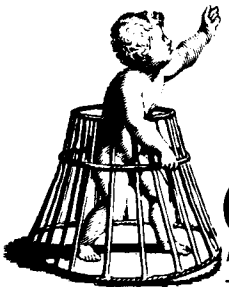

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lor as the normal state of affairs—with a concomitant decrease in the quality of life. There was no occasion for primitive man to develop conscious or even unconscious awareness of this threat. Even now, we do not know how to evaluate the contribution to the quality of life of a luminous, fragrant spring day, or of a sparkling river which invites little boys to go swimming, adults to go fishing, and lovers to go daydreaming.

Man's innate wastefulness and carelessness seem to justify the sense of despair concerning the possibility of arresting the process of environmental degradation. The pessimist can also point to the fact that since solid wastes rarely endanger survival, their elimination does not rate high—so to speak—among natural processes. Discarded radios, plastic containers and aluminum cans could long continue to accumulate in landscapes and seascapes without natural processes being disturbed by such pollutants. Nature does not know how to deal with situations that have been created by man—situations that he alone can perceive as responsible for the degradation of his life.

Fortunately, as mentioned above, historical experience shows that man has often rejected techniques or habits that he had acquired, and social attitudes to which he had been conditioned. It is this proneness to abandon or alter certain undesirable ways of life that sets him apart from the rest of the animal kingdom and that will enable him—if he so chooses—to give as much importance to the aesthetic quality of his environment as he does to the efficiency of his industrial operations.

My own form of pessimism in this regard is the fear that a purely social and ethical approach will not be sufficient to improve environmental behavior. But I have faith in the possibility that a heightened sensory awareness of environmental quality will facilitate environmental improvement. In this regard, I have come to question the wisdom of intellectualizing the problems posed by trash and other types of pollutants with academic phrases such as "ecological crisis" or "visual pollution." Some three years ago, I exchanged letters with a New Jersey grade school teacher who was trying to develop an awareness of pollution among her pupils. The directness of the statements made by the children made me feel that they had really received her message. "I do not like pollution," one of the children wrote, "because it stinks." This kind of sensory awareness seems to me the most effective approach to the search for environmental values. Only when perception of the physical environment generates responses as vigorous and direct as "it stinks" will the concepts of environmental ethic or stewardship of the earth be converted from academic concerns into real action programs.

All aspects of man's life are naturally under the control of his genetic equipment—which has not changed significantly since Cro-Magnon times and is not likely to change in the near future. But this biological truth does not go far toward explaining the complexities of human behavior. For any aspect of life, one can identify in man's evolutionary past evidence of attributes that are so different that they often appear incompatible. The need for self-protection has endowed man with an aggressiveness that can make him a killer under many conditions; but the fact that he is a social animal endows him also with a sense of cooperation, and mutual help, which can take the form of love. As mentioned repeatedly in this essay, primitive man could safely be wasteful and careless and thus tended to be a polluter; but he had also a need for relating to the world around him with all his senses, and this led very early to artistic expressions of this sensory awareness.

The social structure determines to a large extent which of the multiple aspects of man's endowment achieve prominence in daily life. To repeat what I wrote in this column in the Autumn, 1971, issue, I do not believe in the possibility of improving or even changing man's nature, but I have an immense faith in the perfectability of human institutions.

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By Jerzy Kosinski

Packaged Passion

At a time when magazine readership in this country has decreased so drastically that such national institutions as *Look* and *Life* have had to cease publication, at least one group of magazines has increased in number and in circulation, saturating the popular magazine field with accounts of *True Romance, Modern Romances, Intimate Romances, Real Romances, Your Romances, My Romance, Secret Romances, Daring Romances, Personal Romances, Revealing Romances, Real Love, True Love, Modern Love, True Life Confessions, Confidential Confessions, Real Confessions, True Confessions, Thrilling Confessions, Daring Confessions, Actual Confessions, Romantic Confessions, Exciting Confessions, Intimate Story, True Story, Bronze Thrills, Secrets, Confession Secrets,* to name just a few of them. Despite stiff competition from Hollywood movie and crime/detective magazines, home-and-skill-improvement periodicals, men's magazines ard countless pornography tabloids, these romance/love/confession publications have successfully created and glutted the fantasy market during the last three decades, providing textual and pictorial illustrations of everything from so-called uninhibited sex to gracious living and loving.

One of the secrets of these magazines' commercial success is their availability. Unlike pornography, which is expensive (from $3 to $15 per magazine) and must be sought in special shops, and the semipornographic magazines for "swinging guys and sinning gals" ($.75 to $1.50), these confession magazines are inexpensive (their prices usually vary from $.35 to $.75) and can be found at legitimate, almost unavoidable, dealers — supermarkets, drugstores and newsstands throughout American cities and suburbs.

Collectively, millions of copies are sold every month. To indicate their popularity, we take one publication — *True Story* — as a typical representative of the confession genre. According to the 1972 "Simmons Audience Data on Adult Female Readers," *True Story's* total distribution per issue is 4,193,000, the median age of its readers is 33.1 and there are 2.46 readers per copy, giving *True Story* a reach of over 10 million.

The 4.2 million female readers of *True Story* have a median household income of $8,000 per year; approximately 1,685,000 or 40 percent are employed, of which 30 percent are employed full time.

Of the 4.2 million female readers of *True Story* 1,231,000 are between the ages of 18-24; 2,305,000 are between the ages of 18-34; 3,199,000 are between the ages of 18-49. In the over-18 age group 3,364,000 or 80.2 percent are heads of households; 2,784,000 or 64.4 percent are married; and 2,139,000 or 51 percent are mothers.

Of the 4.2 million female readers of *True Story* 2,581,000 or 62 percent are in households with one or more children under 18, 1,334,000 or 32 percent are in households with one or two children under 18, and 1,246,000 or 30 percent are in households with three or more children under 18.

Of the 4.2 million female readers of *True Story,* 2,337,000 or 56 percent live in metropolitan areas, of which 1,214,000 or 29 percent live in metropolitan central city areas.

✪ This is the second of JERZY KOSINSKI's columns for the SCHOLAR. His new novel, *The Devil Tree,* was published in February.

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Because of their vast readership, the confession magazines must be considered a major source of popular entertainment, deserving attention in terms of the social and national myths they simultaneously foster and sustain.

According to the magazines' editors, all published articles are authentic, unsolicited, "true-life dramas" selected from manuscripts submitted by readers; the photographs are supposedly of "real-life" situations. The stories remain anonymous, the magazines claim, and the names of persons and places are fictitious simply to protect the authors' privacy. Unlike the cinema star gossip magazines, the editors insist that their material originates not with clever journalists or Hollywood superspies equipped with mini-recorders and infrared cameras, but with ordinary Americans who have written about their life experiences out of a pure and decent impulse to share them with millions of other ordinary Americans. Implicit in this claim is the notion of mutual dependence: the author needs someone to listen to his or her plight, and the reader ostensibly benefits by learning how certain predicaments were handled.

But behind a superficial appeal to the reader's sense of voyeuristic adventure is a more insidious appeal to his sense of safety, indeed of nonadventure. In contrast both to the sensational Hollywood magazine which concerns itself with the unreachable — the film and television star — and to the pornographic magazine — which examines the exaggerated actions of anonymous male and female bodies — these confession magazines insist on familiarity and objectivity. By emphasizing that they are the confessions of ordinary Americans, the stories suggest that they are revealing no more than the average social and human condition, in a bid to establish the reader's sympathy with the protagonists. At the same time, since these protagonists are involved in obvious aberrations from the stated norms of social behavior, the audience is allowed to feel a certain superiority over the unfortunate protagonists: the female reader is comforted by the discovery that, although her life may seem unrewarding, she has managed to avoid the disasters of nymphomania or frigidity that other ordinary women encounter. As average as the male reader feels in terms of his income, taxes, mortgages and emotional capacity, he emerges closer to the stated norm of prescribed social conduct in comparison to the "other" men who "confess" to various acts of lust or depravity. Ultimately, the reader is deceived into thinking that he has achieved relative moral stardom within his uneventful private domain.

As might be expected, the magazines do not attempt to present anything but what they define as the most conventional relationship between the sexes. One predominant pattern emerges in every magazine: man is the agent of rationality, torn between societal responsibilities to his profession and to his family, while occasionally victimized by the demands of his own sexual instincts. Woman, on the other hand, is the agent of passion, completely at the mercy of an insatiable, instinctive sexual urge; she is continually astounded by her own capacity for wildness, and incapable of either assessing or controlling it. A cursory look at the content of six or seven magazines indicates this distinction between the male and female protagonists.

Although all the stories function within a rather rigid code of propriety and of elementary moral standards ("I had a clean house but a dirty mind"), those supposedly written by women either celebrate the transgression of social taboos ("A straightforward report on 'How to talk dirty in bed and love it!' "), or emphasize the impossibility of avoiding sin ("Frigid with my husband — wild and wanton with the guy next door"). The male point of view on the other hand produces stories implying a certain amount of moral character and judgment: "She drowned her sorrow in sex: while I made war, my girl made out"; "My mother raised me in a brothel: now she came back to ruin my life."

Meanwhile the female confessors continually sacrifice all moral or social concern to physical satisfaction: "Decency, honor, love — they mean nothing when faced with that wicked urge of my body"; "Fun is all

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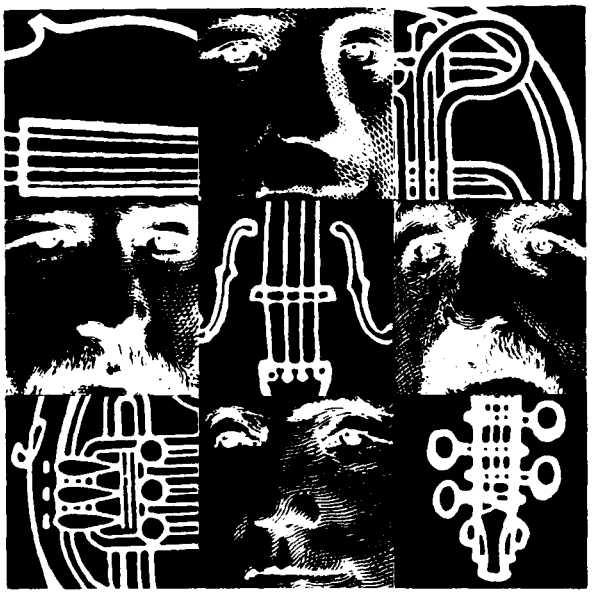
Evenings With the Orchestra



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that counts — so what if I was a lousy mother"; "I traded morals for money."

Thus, the magazines establish a stereotype of human relationship that has remained unchanged in spite of new trends in popular culture. Political and racial polarization, the war in Vietnam, the homosexual and women's liberation movements, have been incorporated into the articles but have in no sense altered the magazines' assumptions, or had any impact as *ideas* on their basic formula: the reduction of situations to a vindication of male dominance. Beyond the matter of pure availability, it is this "simplification factor" that accounts for the magazines' continuing success; by appealing to men as conventional social protectors and providers, and to women as the ideal bedroom animal, the editors have created a model so basic, so crude, that it denies the complexities of modern existence and pretends to offer an easy alternative to a confusing reality.

Despite the magazines' claim that these are authentic stories, the most superficial analysis indicates that they have all been written according to a standard formula and edited to the point of predictability. Traumatic events seem to be invented, not for their dramatic impact, but as an excuse for verbal exaggeration, and since the inflated expression is attached to such a limited range of situations and emotions, the language becomes repetitive and bombastic. The result is a disproportion between the event and the reaction to it — no matter what the circumstances, hysteria is the usual response in story after story. The peculiar details that might distinguish one author from another are subordinated to a familiar emotional monotone.

Almost without exception, the accounts are written in the first person, reminiscent of confessions or diaries. Experience as narrated is "autobiographical," focused backward, to illuminate the author's past. But unlike real autobiography, which may work like fiction to extend the reader's imagination beyond the event as recalled by the author, and unlike other forms of fiction, which generally allow the reader to consider himself and his own experiences in relation to the narrative, these magazines offer nonevocative reading. The reader is insulated; the narrated event — confined to someone else's "real" past — is already "over." Moreover, the classic resolution of most of these stories shows its protagonist suddenly speaking as an objective observer, denouncing the experience he has just narrated both because it did not achieve anything practical, and because it may have involved or led to immoral behavior. In a curious mode of self-abstraction, he discredits the adventure without admitting even the basic educational value of that adventure. Experience leads to no enlightenment about the world or the self, which might be applied to future experience; the narrator judges his situation as if nothing had happened, as he would have judged it before his last escapade. The story no longer needs to be decoded by the reader; while the author admits to his failure as a protagonist of a meaningful experience, the reader is encouraged to feel additional pity and superiority.

But the reader's final disengagement has been prepared for all along. All the stories depend on situational stimuli that call for responses from a preexistent, almost Pavlovian emotional grammar. As in soap opera and melodrama, the characters remain basically happy or miserable, basically good or bad, and only the strongest feelings — the favorite being pity — are allowed to surface. Time is telescoped so that moments of intense fear and relief or joy and suffering are juxtaposed, but the motives behind these emotions are never shown. The reader is never required to be involved beyond his simplest feelings and perceptions. The dramatic situation is encoded in order to reinforce in the audience a sense of predictability, of normalcy. Like T.V.'s "All in the Family," which condenses bigotry to fit into thirty minutes so that an average bigot can easily feel that his attitudes are ordinary or even moderate in comparison to Archie Bunker's — and like common T.V. serials, no matter how varied and traumatic the protagonists' experiences are, the stories always end with a palliative vision; some measure of order and balance is always

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restored. The reader returns to the emotional kindergarten while his psyche slips back into the trouble-free sleep.

Without exception, the romance magazines carry a substantial number of advertisements ranging from cigarettes, detergents, cosmetics and kitchen accessories to products designed to remove unwanted hair, to relieve pain, to lengthen nails, to slim the thighs or increase the bust. Even though these ads and statistics indicate that women are the major target — from the middle-aged housewife to her teen-aged daughter — the booksellers insist that the magazines are read by men almost as often as by women. A more pertinent explanation may be found, however, in the fact that in these stories the image of women and men feeds conventional fantasies of sexual and social domination. Primarily, woman is an animal whose needs and interests are purely physical:

SHARON: I guess I'm into sensuality because what gets me wilder in bed than ten tigers in heat is oral sex. By that I don't mean just fellatio and cunnilingus. They're the most important part of it. But there's lots more. I love to go over every tiny inch of a man's body, kissing, licking, sucking — just go on and on with it. . . . But before I could reach my goal, his hands were pushing me away. I looked up in surprise, to see an expression of disgust printed on every feature of his face. "Pete. What's wrong?" I asked, a chill running through me. . . .

PETE: "Sharon, I can't believe you meant that. A girl like you — a sweet, nice girl. It's filthy — I've always thought so. I'd never ask a woman to do that to me — at least not one I respected."

For the first time that night I discovered how wild and uninhibited a woman could be. Sharon was like a female animal, totally without restraint or shame. Then, when the passionate fires subsided, she purred like a kitten, stroking my chest, wanting to talk about what we'd done. . . . It was insane, I admitted. But Sharon could make a man do insane things. . . .

Because women are continually looking for sexual stimulation and satisfaction, men are defined in terms of their sexual potential:

". . . your husband is alive, but he was injured in action earlier today and —"

"How bad?"

"Quite bad. He received a spinal injury. He is paralyzed from the waist down."

"He's paralyzed," I cried. "Oh, Lord, why? Why did it have to happen?"

"It's not the worst thing in the world," Tracy said slowly.

I stared at her in shock. "How can you say such a thing? Don't you understand what that means, Tracy? *He — he's no longer a man!*"

Even time is measured by sexual clockwork: "I know now — many orgasms later. . . ." Woman's ultimate craving for sex thus allows her to ignore physical violence and fear, and elicit pleasure even from rape:

. . . He slapped his hand across my face, and a little line of blood trickled down my nose.

I stumbled to the door, but his body was in front of it, and he began pulling off his trousers.

"I'll scream!" I threatened.

I couldn't scream. Or maybe I didn't scream because I didn't want to.

When he pushed me down on the bed, I felt the insistent tide of pleasure wash over me in spite of the blood that seeped into my mouth.

"You want it. You want it so badly you'd gladly get raped to get it," he said.

He went on and on, pounding that truth into me, and I couldn't feel pain — only the pleasure that wouldn't go away, the pleasure that ultimately shut out his words and caused my body to respond to the rhythm of his.

He looked down at me, triumphant. I told him I hated him, but I hated only myself.

This interpretation of woman as animalistic is the source of a very important "reverse flattery" designed to keep her happy with her unthinking state: she is praised for being instinctive, closer to the earth, and continually in touch with her savage roots and primitive urges:

Allison was a child, but her body and instincts were those of a woman. Although consciously Allison was innocent, subconsciously she was trying out a woman's ways on Dale. . . .

*

With a wild laugh he yanked at my filmy nightgown, tearing it from neck to hem. Then he sprawled beside me, his lips on mine in a savage, bruising kiss. I twisted, pounded his

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chest with my fists and tried to kick, but it was useless. Slowly the fight went out of me and strangely the fear seeped away, too. My heart was almost beating to pieces and not because of the exertion. Something savage and eager surged through me as if my inner self had been unchained at last.

*

That night I found out the true meaning of sex and learned what it was to be a real woman — and to have a real man! Art's selfish haste and Luke's former gentleness hadn't prepared me for this primitive, magnificent mating.

This attitude toward women leads not only to a deification of sex as woman's major obsession and prerogative. It also implies that there is an optimum feminine sexuality that can be achieved, and a standard of "perfect sex" between a woman and man that is the sole basis of happy existence. If not achieved, the resulting sexual imperfection can wreck marriages and ruin lives:

. . .We'd had long conversations and discussions about every aspect of our lives and pasts, and especially about our failed marriages. We were both candid and honest, admitting that sex problems had caused the break-ups. We'd read and heard before and after our divorces that if a marriage had a strong sex basis it could survive anything. And we were both living proof of the trust of that conclusion, we said to each other many times.

*

I knew our wedding night was thrilling to Bruce. To him, it was everything he thought it should be, but to me, it was a shattering failure. In the days and nights that followed, Bruce wanted me more and more—and although I gave myself to him willingly, each time hoping I could be fulfilled by him, his lovemaking never satisfied me.

Woman's most familiar and reliable role in the majority of stories is predictably that of the idiot child. She is never seriously involved with current issues, and is expected to remain indifferent to the ideas presented by social events and movements such as women's liberation. A woman who thinks is as suspect as one who becomes sexually overdemanding:

God knows I still loved Mitzy, even though I couldn't understand the way she'd been acting lately — wearing hot pants, reading books, talking about sex. . . .

As kewpie doll, woman cannot have a profession, since competition with men in a man's world would directly reduce her viability as a woman. A job is either a temporary means for financial security while husband shopping ("I needed money more than morals. I worked for a rent-a-lover service"), a form of access to eligible males, or—given a husband—another form of entertainment:

. . . One day I could be scared I'd lose Joe; the other I'd be restless looking for some kind of I-didn't-know-what-excitement.

It was boring sitting around the house all day and Joe didn't want me to work. He told me to "find something to do" if I was bored. Just about all that interested me was going to the beauty parlor and shopping for clothes or trying out new ways of wearing makeup.

If a woman is energetic or needy enough to get out of the house, her choice of job will be determined by sexual factors:

MALE: Is it the variety of men or the variety of acts that turns you on the most?

JANET: Oh, the acts, definitely. No question. As I've said, I dig making it with different guys. Frankly, that's why I got a job as a stewardess. I knew that if I was working in any kind of office and started sleeping with this guy and then that one, my life would get too complicated.

In this increasingly repressive universe where sex is the central theme, there is only one desirable social role: the wife. Marriage is assumed to be all women's primary goal because it offers instant, legitimate social status; thus any suggestion of thought on a woman's part has to do with her entrapment schemes:

It was all part of my plan to latch onto a man. I was tired of waiting for Mr. Right to enter my life. I was ready to settle on Mr. Anybody who would take me.

*

Problem number one. What did I want? I

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wanted a man. He had to be somebody with a good job and position in the community. Looks didn't matter as long as he wasn't absolutely homely. Feelings too were out of the question. Perhaps in time I could learn to love him . . . as long as I could respect him that was enough.

Next problem: how to get him? Well, what would such a man expect of a wife? A comfortable home, of course, and good meals. I wasn't a bad cook, but why not become sensational? There were a million cook books in the library. I would start with French Cooking. I had plenty of time to practice now on Dad.

Generally, there is a strict division between premarital sex and the kind of physical relationship acceptable in a marriage, a distinction that sets up further important sexual categories and antagonisms:

I'd had enough sex. As much as I had loved Ross's love — maybe almost as much as I'd loved Ross — I regretted deeply that I had given him the love that should have been saved for another man, my husband.

Although marriage is a social necessity for women, it is not always an ultimate good. No matter how great her carnal appetite before the wedding, it is assumed that marriage inevitably leads to sexual boredom, to a reversal of woman's primal nature. In most cases, however, this reversal is accepted as a natural consequence of monogamy. When the tamed wife periodically renews her image as sex kitten, she goes to premarital lengths not for her own pleasure but to renew her husband's "orgasmic" energy:

. . . Almost before I knew what was happening, Ken had the black lace panties off me. I didn't have the satisfaction of the slow build-up for our lovemaking that I dreamed about. But black lace panties turn men on — fast.

But sexual incompatibility and boredom are only secondary, predictable problems; a woman's relative "failure" in the world and her disillusionment with marriage is as often due to financial, as to sexual, inadequacy:

So, if there were stars in my eyes when I married Larry, I had a reason. Everything was magic, things had to go right for us and work out just perfect. When he took the job at the gas station, I didn't mind living on a mechanic's salary. I guess I expected him to own the station in no time.

But it didn't work out that way. Larry's appealing shyness and modesty about how terrific he was carried over into the job area, too. He was too easy-going to be pushy, the way you have to when you want to get ahead, and he was perfectly happy to go on "making do" on a mechanic's salary forever.

A good marriage is thus a solvent marriage; domestic comfort and security still reign supreme, and a good shopping spree can compensate for any emotional misunderstandings:

. . . I lay snuggly against Ken's warm back and stared at the ceiling. The romance that was lacking in my marriage was mostly my fault. . . .

I will buy myself some new clothes, I vowed. I'll also buy the velvet sofa and redecorate my whole house. I drifted into a peaceful sleep, thanking God I was lucky enough to have a husband like Ken.

Aside from wife — and occasionally mother — there are various minor roles woman can play. She can be a sexual therapist, for example, for whom attraction is replaced by pity, and who consequently treats man with contempt:

. . . Seconds later he gave a cry and collapsed in a sweating, happy mass against my breast.

"How was that, Nita?" he asked cheerfully after a minute. "Pretty great, huh?"

"Is that all?" My voice was shaking a little. . . .

I began to feel slightly detached, and once I even counted silently to myself (one-one-thousand, two-one-thousand) to see how long it took him from the moment of penetration to the moment of climax. On that particular occasion he was especially brisk; by my reckoning it had taken only ten seconds.

*

. . . I knew that if I said no, he would feel that it was because he was crippled; so because of my pity, I said yes to him. I said yes to a dingy room in that small town's only hotel. And I said yes to a brief hour of love-making that had no love in it at all.

After it was over I felt as though I had com-

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pleted an act of penance — penance for not giving myself to Fred. . . . What I had done had been an act of therapy, an act of kindness. I didn't feel soiled by it, but I knew that I would never do it again, either.

In general, however, these "kinky" roles are rare, both because they demand extraordinary women and because they contradict the usual positive vision of the male. Normally, the man is a multidimensional animal, possessed of a mind as well as a body.

. . . because there are differences between orgasm in men and women. . . . A woman can benefit from learning the basic facts about male orgasm. This includes learning what goes on in a man's mind as well as his body. . . .

To begin with, you should know that the most important sex organ a man has is his mind. Pleasure in sex is inseparable from the man's emotional reactions. A man who thinks he is loved and desired actually feels more pleasure than a man who is uncertain about his partner's affections.

Because he is endowed with powers of reflection, man can realize his problems and solve them. Unlike woman, who is never engaged in a learning process, a man occasionally recognizes his potential for (although never full achievement of) self-knowledge. It is interesting to note that whereas a woman is never defined in professional terms, the man's failures are almost justified by the fact of his taxing social role as the typical American businessman in such stories as "Too Young To Be an Old Man":

. . . I was an all-work-and-no-play husband. I guess I was the typical American businessman: tense, ambitious, paranoid, overweight. The difference was that I had a perfect wife, but I tried to mold her in the image of myself. . . .

Finally, a man quite often represents conventional morality in opposition to a mother who represents indecency, even depravity: "I caught V.D. from my own mother!" "My mother the campus tramp. She got "A" for Affair . . . All my life I'd known tramps, but I married the first decent girl I met. Now I had to protect her from the first tramp I'd ever known — my mother."

In general, the physical presentation of the magazines is slick, their photographs posed by professional models, the covers glossy and in bright colors. An exception must be made, however, for the several magazines aimed at the black audience, which are printed on lower-grade paper, and whose graphic layout is cruder and less professional. These magazines use black models in photographic illustrations and ads and refer to the black experience in their stories. They are identical to the "white" magazines in terms of advertising, but their situations are even simpler, their characters' reactions even more naïve. The black heroine offers the most exaggerated example of woman controlled by sexual instinct. Although no women in these magazines — black or white — are allowed any serious thoughts, some are granted consciousness, and are aware of their passions. The black woman's sensuality, on the other hand, appears as a restless pursuit of a pleasure she cannot even name; her white counterpart at least engages in conversation, but the black woman is given no identifying characteristics beyond the physical. While the white woman has at least developed certain idiosyncratic — although unsophisticated — tastes and preferences, the black heroine remains undefined, always at the mercy of sudden, anonymous sexual encounters, during which she is even incapable of differentiating between her white and black lovers. While the Caucasian woman may give up waiting for "Mr. Right," she at least acknowledges the categories and is usually given some small measure of choice. The black woman willingly accepts whatever man picks her up, registering only the most impersonal details. Nothing of personal interaction between her and her men is even remotely suggested:

. . . I hadn't gotten far when a big, white car pulled up to the curb. The man reached over and lowered the window. "Want to go for a ride?" he called.

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I kept walking and he drove along slowly. "Mighty dangerous for a girl to be out all alone."

Then he came to a stop. "Come on, sweetheart. I won't hurt you. I'm just as lonely as you are."

I glanced at his face and he looked lonely. I wondered if his wife was dead or out drunk somewhere.

"Come on, kid," he said again. This time his voice sounded serious.

I got into the car and the man pulled away from the curb. It was totally dark and I couldn't make out his face. He said we needed a drink and drove straight to the motel where he said he was staying. I guess he was afraid to take me anywhere else because I might change my mind.

We went into a lovely room that had a big double bed with an orange bedspread and brown carpet. There was just a corner lamp burning. The man removed his hat and there were lines around his eyes. My stomach churned. What had I done?

He came around with the drinks and I gladly drank mine, although it was my first. I just wanted to forget. Then he had my blouse off and was pushing me to the bed. I tried to push him off, but the drink had dulled me so I couldn't. I don't remember his lovemaking, but I do remember him calling a cab for me.

Once in my own room, I remembered very well what I'd just done. I found a small Bible and promised myself never would I do such a thing again. I'd try to talk to somebody and I'd try to find out what was wrong with me. I thought it might be physical because of all the beatings I'd had. . . .

Although it is easy to expose the fantasies of these publications and to renounce them as unrealistic and biased, it is impossible to ignore their enormous popular support. When, on two occasions, I presented collective reviews of these magazines on the "Tonight Show," the response to my remarks was astonishing. The countless letters sent to both the network and to me revealed that the majority of readers considered the magazines accurate in their reflection of "real events" and accepted the stories uncritically, as vivid slices of contemporary life.

It would appear, therefore, that the vast numbers of people reflected in the Simmons survey, not only read but also believe what they read in the confession magazines. Considering the readership statistics, this fact leads to several important conclusions. To begin with, one could say that there is a demand for bad art, an art chosen to remove the reader from his own condition, and by doing so to abstract him from the human condition in general. Ironically, since the reader continually isolates himself from others by reading stories that demand nothing of him and never extend him beyond the most prosaic emotions, he becomes a victim, impoverished by his own unexpanded, underdeveloped self. Although it may be impossible to generalize about the spiritual and mental makeup of 4.2 million women, it is safe to say that the majority of readers probably do not privately oppose the magazines' social, racial and sexual hierarchies. This support indicates, among other things, a fundamental mental and spiritual passivity. As they resign themselves to the imaginative vacuum of the stories, the readers admit to a double bankruptcy: if in their vicarious lives they settle for the fraud implicit in these magazines, one can only speculate on the experience component of their actual lives. Although it may be assumed that man's natural instinct is to avoid experience, to prevent the possible failure and consequent knowledge of the self as an ultimate loser, it is significant that in a society that is continually tending toward the individual's isolation, there is so little awareness of this trend. In fact, there seems to be an increasing desire on the part of mass audiences to reinforce social divisions and barriers, and to ensure individual isolation. As the primary exponents of this sterile self-protection, the confession magazines cannot be dismissed as just another stream of popular trash, as the epitome of preferred bad art. They reveal a significant popular need for yet another soporific: a literature that can defuse the imagination, dismiss emotion, and ultimately leave the reader disarmed, unable to face his very self or to cope with the unknown — his own existence.

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American Politics: 1932-1972

VERMONT ROYSTER

THE POLITICAL JOURNALIST FACES HAZARDS the historian escapes. He is forced to deal with events as they occur, but from a perspective truncated in time. He can try to link the latest event with what went before; he cannot see how what happens at a given moment may be more clearly explained by what comes after, some present causes being revealed only by subsequent events. Thus those who, like myself, have been observers of American politics for the past four decades have had a foreshortened view. We have perforce taken each national election as it came, observed and analyzed it as an event in itself. When diligence has led us to link one election with another, we have as often found our views of the latest election colored by our preconceptions from the previous election as we have let the latest election enlighten us about what happened earlier. The four-year time spans are simply too short.

The result is a myopia we share with the political scientists. And it explains the widely held view that during those four decades the nation has been firmly in the grip of a Democratic party formed from, and held together by, the so-called Roosevelt coalition born in the 1930s, making the nation's politics essentially liberal in outlook and experimental in policy. It explains, too, why the collapse of that old coalition in the 1972 election, insofar as the presidency is concerned, seemed to come suddenly and almost inexplicably.

At any rate, few political observers were prepared for the completeness of that collapse. I do not mean that by election day anyone was surprised by the result; the forecasts of the various polls had prepared everyone for that. But until the issue was joined after the party conventions and until evidence of the failure of

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the McGovern campaign began to accumulate, most of the political writers still thought that the old Democratic coalition could be patched together again to give the Democrats at least as good a showing as they displayed with Senator Humphrey in 1968. Going back a little further, say to the congressional elections of 1970, the prevailing view was that by 1972 the old Democratic magic would do its work and make Richard Nixon a one-term president.

Historians, I think, will see things differently. Some of the forces accounting for the Nixon landslide in 1972 were indeed due to the particularities of the two candidates and their campaigns. But some, as I hope to show presently, are linked to other forces long at work, if at times hidden by the particularities of past campaigns. These long-range forces help explain not only the Nixon victory but also the contradiction of Democratic congressional gains amid a Republican presidential landslide.

Briefly, the thesis put forward here is that, contrary to the conventional view, the Democratic power (or the power of the Roosevelt coalition, if you prefer that term) hit its peak in 1936 and has been steadily eroding ever since. Furthermore, that the Democratic coalition lost its grip on the country as far back as the late 1940s, and that for some twenty-five years the nation has been in a rare period of political indecisiveness, unwilling to give to any political party or any political philosophy a mandate to govern.

The conventional view, of course, has been an understandable one. In the past forty years only two Republicans have won the White House: Eisenhower and Nixon. The Eisenhower years always appeared as a sort of aberration, much like the Cleveland terms sandwiched into the long Republican era that began with the Civil War; Eisenhower, so ran the popular theory, won primarily because of his personal appeal. The Nixon win in 1968, much like Wilson's in 1912, was thought due to a schismatic break in the ranks of the dominant party, the cause in 1968 being attributed to Lyndon Johnson's failures with the Vietnam War.

During this period, Franklin Roosevelt had been elected to an unprecedented (and never to be repeated) four terms despite all the Republican efforts to find a viable alternative. Their attempt in 1936 to revert to pre-1932 politics ended in disaster.

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In 1940 the Republicans offered their own charismatic leader, Wendell Willkie, and, in 1944, an able and tested candidate in the person of Thomas Dewey, all to no avail. In 1948, as those of a certain age remember well, they failed again, to the astonishment of every pollster and political journalist, even though they again had Governor Dewey, and the Democrats were seemingly handicapped by an unpopular president, Harry Truman, and a breakaway revolt by Southern Democrats. That Truman victory, even more than those of Roosevelt, solidified the impression of the near-invincible power of the reconstituted Democratic party.

That impression was confirmed by the quick recapture of the White House by the Democrats after Eisenhower, and by Lyndon Johnson's devastating defeat of Barry Goldwater in 1964. The 1968 election, to be sure, showed that the Democrats could lose not only when the Republicans could find a popular hero but also when the Democrats fell out among themselves. Yet the closeness of that election, and especially the rapidity with which Senator Humphrey recovered from the blows of the Chicago convention, did nothing to dispel the prevalent persuasion.

Nonetheless, when the period from 1932 to 1972 is reexamined as a whole, a different picture emerges. It still shows the coalition forged by F.D.R. as a continuous major political force of the era, a power always to be reckoned with. It also shows, however, a sharp rise from 1932 to 1936 and a slow but progressive deterioriation in its political power thereafter.

The 1932 election is put down in the history books as a political watershed, separating the long era of Republican dominance from the new politics of the New Deal, but that was not so apparent at the time. Franklin Roosevelt was viewed by most journalists of the period, including the usually astute Walter Lippmann, as a pleasant squire from Hyde Park and as a competent but not-very-exciting governor of New York. The election was not a personal victory for him, or even for the Democrats; it was simply a resounding defeat for the Republicans, brought on by the depression.

By 1936, however, a legend was born. Partly by design, partly by accident, the Democratic administration put together what has become known as the Roosevelt coalition: a combination of Southern Democrats, Northern urban bosses, the labor unions, farmers,

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minority groups such as the Negroes, all mixed with a broad appeal to that otherwise undefined middle class, and with a philosophical underpinning provided by the intellectuals of the media and the campus. It was on the face of it an unlikely combination, but its effect in 1936 was devastating. Roosevelt carried all but two states with eight electoral votes; in the popular vote he won 62.5 percent of the two-party vote, not counting a scattering of votes for the handful of minor party candidates. Altogether, it was a sweep as yet unmatched. *

Roosevelt, of course, won twice more. But in 1940 against Willkie, a political Johnny-come-lately, his margin of the two-party vote dropped to 55 percent and the Republicans carried ten states with 82 electoral votes. F.D.R.'s gross popular vote dropped only slightly from 1936, being 27.2 million in 1940 as against 27.7 million in 1936; but the Republican vote rose from 16.6 million to 22.3 million. If this slippage was not more remarked upon at the time it was because his third-term election was unprecedented and because the political writers were still under the spell of 1936. In 1944 Roosevelt had the advantage of being an incumbent president in the midst of a war; Governor Dewey was thus handicapped in much of his campaigning, and yet Roosevelt slipped further. His percentage of the two-party vote dropped to less than 54 percent; the Republicans carried 12 states with 99 electoral votes.

It was the 1948 election, however, that in retrospect marked the turning point, although few observers were aware of it then. Every working journalist I know of (myself included) expected Harry Truman to lose; all were mesmerized by the polls and by reading each other. When he won, all the evidence of the erosion of the old coalition was discredited; the legend of the Democratic power was confirmed. What failed to get the attention it merited was the fact that the Roosevelt coalition had shattered and that the New Deal Democrats, for the first time since 1932, were a minority.

President Truman had a comfortable margin in the electoral

* There are no official figures on the popular vote for president, and sometimes various sources differ slightly. I have used figures from Volumes III and IV, *History of American Presidential Elections,* published by McGraw-Hill. Where precision is not required I have rounded off both the gross figures and the percentages.

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college, 303 votes to 189 for Governor Dewey, and slightly more than 52 percent of the two-party vote. But by this time the two-party vote was by no means the whole of the matter. The Democrats had splintered on both ends of the political spectrum. The States Rights party—or Dixiecrats—led by Senator Strom Thurmond, won nearly 1.2 million votes. The Progressive party of left-wing Democrats, led by former Vice President Henry Wallace, polled almost exactly the same. The total popular vote (including that for five other minor candidates) was 48,836,579. Of this Mr. Truman received 24,105,812, or slightly less than half. He thus became our first minority president since Woodrow Wilson in 1912.

That made 1948 an historic election. It marked both the beginning of the end to the unchallenged ascendancy of the Democratic coalition, and also the beginning of a long period of American political indecisiveness. Ironically, some of us who sat through the sweltering Democratic convention at Philadelphia thought we sensed at the time the break in the ranks and wrote about it in those terms. We erred in not foreseeing the ineptness of the Dewey campaign, and in not recognizing that it is always a long road from a Gettysburg to an Appomattox. By that November we were confounded but not completely wrong.

Anyway, looking back at that election, it is now possible to see at least the first faint shadows of 1972. There is a strong similarity, both in program and political attitude, between those breakaway Henry Wallace Democrats and those who in 1972 led the McGovern movement. The Dixiecrats were the forerunners of the George Wallace movement of 1968, which prepared the way for the Southern shift to the Republicans in 1972. Senator Thurmond is himself symbolic; once a Democrat, then the States Rights candidate, he is now a Republican.

However that may be, there were enough changes signaled in 1948 to put in doubt the conventional view of the Eisenhower victory four years later as due just to his charm and his war-hero record. After all, the Republicans had captured control of the House of Representatives in 1946 and, after losing it in 1948, had recaptured it, as well as the Senate, in the first Eisenhower win of 1952. Moreover, in 1952 the Eisenhower political charm

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had hardly been demonstrated; he was as much a Johnny-come-lately to national politics as Willkie had been twelve years earlier. Besides, the Republicans had to contend with disgruntled Taft supporters, the Democrats were reasonably united behind Adlai Stevenson, himself an attractive candidate, and there was no significant third party to distort the electoral picture.

The concept of the Eisenhower years as a sort of Republican "interlude" in an otherwise undisturbed Democratic era rests on John Kennedy's defeat of Richard Nixon in 1960 and, of course, the huge Lyndon Johnson landslide in 1964. But Kennedy's margin over Nixon was paper thin. Out of 68.8 million votes cast, Kennedy's plurality in the popular vote was only 119,000 over the Nixon vote, the difference being less than one-half of one percentage point, and even that margin was disputed. Since Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia, as a third-party candidate, polled over half a million votes (and got 15 electoral votes) John Kennedy, like Harry Truman, was a minority president. The result was no mandate for either Kennedy or the Democrats. *

Lyndon Johnson, of course, did win by a landslide in 1964, taking 61 percent of the popular vote. Barry Goldwater, the Republican, managed to carry only five Southern states and his home state, Arizona. But as time was to show, the Johnson sweep was compounded of a sentimental appeal to the martyred Kennedy and the ineptness of the Goldwater campaign, especially with regard to the Vietnam War. Four years later, anyway, it was clear that the Johnson victory did not mean what it seemed to mean at the time, a durable resurgence of the old Democratic party.

For four years later it was Richard Nixon's turn. Recalled from the ranks of the discarded, he defeated Vice President Hubert Humphrey—but also by a very narrow margin. Out of some 73 million votes cast, his plurality over Humphrey was 244,000, his electoral college margin 301 to 191. But since George Wallace's American Independent party polled just short of ten million

* *Congressional Quarterly* puts the Kennedy plurality at only 112,827, for a margin over Nixon of only .92 percent. Furthermore, it notes that the results in Alabama were confused by the presence of unpledged electors on the ballot—six who finally voted for Senator Byrd, five for Senator Kennedy. If the popular vote for these electors is allocated by their proportional vote in the electoral college, then Kennedy's plurality over Nixon in the national popular vote count drops to 58,205.

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votes, and won 46 votes in the electoral college, Richard Nixon became president with only 43.4 percent of the popular vote as against 42.7 percent for Vice President Humphrey. Once more, then, a minority president—and this time a Republican.

So it seems to me that if you look back at the whole period, some definite trends can be discerned, although the interrupting countermovements made them difficult to notice at the time. The journalist and the political scientist had the problem of the observer on the bank of a slow-moving river; at any given moment the river's debris may point in several different directions and, due to eddies and countercurrents, may appear to move in opposite directions. The observer needs time to see the true movement of the river current.

Anyway, consider: With the single exception of Lyndon Johnson, no Democratic president after 1944 won by a true majority of the votes. Since then the presidency has seesawed between the two major parties, three Democrats (Truman, Kennedy and Johnson) and two Republicans (Eisenhower and Nixon). Three of those presidents (Truman, Eisenhower and Nixon) have had at least one house of Congress controlled by the opposition party. Three of them (Truman, Kennedy and Nixon) were minority presidents, two of them Democratic, one Republican.

Plainly, then, the legend of the enduring power of the Democratic, or Roosevelt, coalition is just that—a legend. It lost its grip on the national electorate somewhere in the 1940s, and has not been the controlling force in American politics for the past twenty-five years. Equally plainly, though, the theory of an emerging Republican majority can only be given a Scotch verdict, not proved. The Democrats managed to control both houses of Congress under both Republican presidents, even winning both of them in 1972 against the Nixon landslide.

The causes of all this will be clearer to the historians. What can be noted, though, is that there were always inherent contradictions in that coalition of labor, farmers, Southern Democrats, blacks and the white middle class. What do farmers and city blue-collar workers have in common, or blacks and Southern Democratic politicians? Many of the policies that had to be advocated to please one or another of these groups tended to alienate another

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group. This was not so noticeable during the early New Deal days, but the strains began to be felt after World War II with increasing intensity. The political support of the labor unions, which were pushing for higher and higher wages and were engaging in industry-wide strikes, created dissatisfactions among farmers, non-union labor and the white-collar middle class. Later the civil rights movement, which the national Democratic party necessarily supported, began to strain old party loyalties in the South.

Furthermore, many of the programs adopted by the Democrats while in power failed to live up to their political promises; they neither cured unemployment nor diminished social unrest, while often adding new problems, such as inflation and ever-rising taxes. Thus, while the coalition could be, and was, patched together for particular elections, it was with more and more difficulty as the internal stresses became greater.

If all this failed to shift the electorate to a real Republican allegiance, it was probably due in part to the sentimental loyalties reaching back to the depression or, in the case of the South, to the Civil War. But it was also due to the failure of the Republicans, as a party, to create a politically appealing image. Governor Dewey in 1948 tried to accept much of the New Deal; Senator Goldwater in 1964 tried to reject most of it; neither approach was successful. Thus, while the Democrats were slowly losing their grip on the electorate, the disillusioned or the disappointed declined to shift their allegiance to the alternative party. Nominally, at any rate, the majority of voters remained Democrats even while voting for Republicans.

True, that picture of a large Democratic majority as reflected in the registration statistics is somewhat distorted. If Southern voters did not retain their habit of registering as Democrats, no matter what their real political orientation, the picture might look somewhat different. Nonetheless, the Republican failure to build a solid national majority has been a major factor in midcentury American politics, right up to the election of 1972.

With that election of 1972 we once more face the hazards of the journalist. We will all understand it better after the congressional elections two years hence and the presidential election of 1976. None of the present evidence, however, suggests that the

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nation has emerged from its long period of political indecisiveness. Richard Nixon, a Republican, won reelection as president, and that by a landslide. Meanwhile the Democrats, as a party, retained control of the Congress and even enlarged their margin in the Senate. So, once more, the people have spoken for a divided government.

In that election President Nixon can claim a personal victory, but it is certainly not a Republican one. Even the size of his own victory is clouded by the particularities of the campaign: the fact that he was an incumbent, and only rarely have we turned out presidents in office; the impressiveness to the voters of his overall record, particularly in foreign affairs; the appearance of "radicalism" in the McGovern program and the ineptness of his campaign; the accidents of that campaign, including the Eagleton episode and the last-minute developments toward peace in Vietnam; the skill with which Mr. Nixon campaigned loftily from the White House. But it is probable that these particularities affected the size of the margin only, and that Mr. Nixon would have won in any event, even against more traditional Democratic candidates such as Senator Humphrey or Senator Muskie.

It was clear at the Miami convention, if not before, that the national Democratic party had lost its sense of direction. With the old war cries no longer effective, the Muskies and the Humphreys knew not which way to turn. Senator McGovern and his supporters did. They had the power of evangelical certainty, and it was by this that they wrested the party nomination even though Senator McGovern had won only a minority of the primary votes and had hardly any support from the party regulars or the leaders of the old party groups—labor, for instance, or the Southern Democrats or the urban bosses. It turned out, however, that it was merely the evangelism of a cult.

Paradoxically, though, the same public opinion polls that showed Senator McGovern distrusted, or his politics disliked, also showed throughout the campaign that the Democrats as a party were still more trusted than the Republicans. After four years Richard Nixon, like Dwight Eisenhower before him, had failed to convince the public that the Republicans offer a party to which all men can repair.

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What this paradox means is that *both* parties have failed, each in its own way. The Democrats have failed to recognize that the old politics is worn out, that the issues of the thirties and forties are no longer those that stir the people, the depression being passed and the nation being confronted with new problems. Consequently, although the Democrats still command many old loyalties that help them at the state and local level, they can no longer pull together their disparate groups to command a majority at the national level. Republicans, on the other hand, are more in tune—or, at any rate, President Nixon is—with the present mood of the country, weary of the old liberal slogans and ceaseless experimentation. So far they have failed to translate this, possibly because it is essentially negative, into a political philosophy capable of inspiring the country. Neither party, in other words, has found the key to present politics. The result is a stalemate.

The 1972 election is a dramatic illustration of this stalemate. But as we can see by looking backward, it is only the confirmation of a long trend, or, perhaps more accurately, its culmination. For the past quarter of a century the nation has been, in fact, on a political teeter-totter board, the balance being easily shifted from one election to the next by the vagaries of circumstance.

Perhaps, as some say, that culmination also marks another turning point for a new political consensus. But the test of that lies in subsequent events, to be measured by the historians. As we enter the last quarter of the century, there is no proof that the nation is ready yet to award to either party that sought-for mandate to govern. A journalist can only conclude that for that decision, the nation waits.

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The Notebooks of Martha Graham

When Martha Graham turned in her notebooks to her publisher, she did so with the thought that he might find them of use in editing her book of memoirs—a book largely derived from tape-recorded discussions. After sitting up most of the night to read these notebooks, he proposed that they be published separately in their entirety just as they had been written. For these are an intimate record of the creative process as manifested in one of the great artists of our time. The complete notebooks will be published in the fall of 1973. The excerpts printed here were chosen to illustrate their diversity, the various ways in which a dancer-choreographer finds inspiration and material.

TONIGHT IN DEATHS & ENTRANCES while standing I suddenly knew what witchcraft is — in microcosm — It is the being within each of us — sometimes the witch, sometimes the real being of good — of creative energy — no matter in what area or direction of activity. The witches' sabbath is the anger we know at times. The sacrament is taken but the wine of life is the blood of death — It is the abomination which is partaken of rather than the essence of life — when I lose my temper it is like a witches' sabbath — the Black Mass — the world is given over to the powers of darkness & the rule of the blood — It is Kali in her terrible aspect — It is Shiva the destroyer — It is Lucifer — "as proud as Lucifer" — the obverse of God —
This, too, is what D & E is about—only I did not know enough to quite see it through —

All the repentance is of no avail. It is "giving for" one mood the other state of consciousness — doing it quite consciously — in face of all temptation to do otherwise & to "ride the broom-stick." Strength comes from a use of the muscles — The athletes of God wrestled & grew strong. They chose, & they acted.

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What I do must be done in full sunlight of awareness — I must learn a means of changing the mood — the state of consciousness — without double-mindedness or tho't of gain.

From "Joan of Arc"

The human situation:
common spiritual as well as physical structure

Folklore Fellow communications — (Publication)

"not an account of Joan of Arc's life, but rather an attempt to describe the awakening of her supernatural vocation"
Julian Green — Introduction
Péguy Joan of Arc

a chronicle of the interior drama —

perhaps the years of which she never spoke until later
the year of interior vision
what would she behold — (as from Péguy)

could there be a double image —
2 people as Joan ("Letter")
The conflict in the soul
To the calling — the dream —
To the world —
The 2 within each person —
The Chosen One
The One who chooses
making visible the two worlds —
The cross-roads
The instant of choice —
The conflict
She sees herself as
woman beloved
as wife
A as Mother
as Sorrowing one —

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That one each of us is as our neighbor is —
B The possessed one
The one like —
Mary Magdalene
Veronica —
The one alone —

The conflict in the artist's life —
How not to be alone in face of what has to be done —
The fear
aloneness —
The Dark Night of the Soul is not belonging any place
to any one —
The Necessity —
To do what has to be done —

If the story of Joan of Arc is to be danced then its substance concerns that which cannot be spoken —
It is a conflict each knows in lesser or greater degree —
Either one succumbs to the sweetness of the gravity pull
with its inevitable death —
or
One

There is no nobility in the choice — not even courage —
There is only necessity for freedom —
freedom
from what . . .

There is a constant conflict between
common sense
comfort
and
that which must be done —
The vision

"In the mystics of the West, the highest forms of Divine Union impel the self to some sort of active, rather than of passive life."
Underhill—Mysticism 172

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From "Jocasta"

Tragic Scheme
Jocasta after she has entered the house and is about to commit suicide —

Her women about her knowing her intention
a kind of elegy —
a seeing as in retrospect her past —
a re-enactment of her life — its moods of tenderness, love, passion, loss —
each episode broken by the chorus of women —
The Rituals of Destiny
The transitions between moods — perhaps Fate or figure of Prophecy in great cape comes between and breaks the action —
"union of hearts" Soph. Trag. 191
best marriage
Odysseus to Nausicaa
Od, Vi — 180-5
"union of hearts makes friendship" Democritus

"It is hard to fight against anger; for whatsoever it wishes, it buys at the cost of the soul." Heraclitus
Soph. Trag. 194

"In my beginning" — T. S. Eliot — East Coker

Fenellosa — "Noh"
"Noh has been a purification of the Japanese Soul for 400 years. Kaboki Enshu classified the 15 virtues of Noh, among which he counted mental & bodily health as one, calling it 'Healing without medicine.' "
"Dancing is especially known by its circulation of the blood, to keep off the disease of old age." 48
"The Heart is in the Form" 52

Crime of Jocasta

Chorus on stage — massed —
Jocasta backs in —

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Turns to face chorus
Throws arm over face — stands as tho' struck
The Chimera of Desire —
The Mockery of Desire

Dance of women —
Dance of Jocasta
as though she were a wooden doll —
Bewildered — deranged — caught in trap —
(Something of the trapped lion)

1) Women standing silently like granite on stage
Still for several seconds of music —
2) Jocasta enters —
Jocasta's gesture —
The intimate scenes —
between the women of a household in a time
when it was hard to be a woman — & very hard to be a great one & wise —
It meant anguish —
Chimera?

The embodiment of the sin —
The objectification of the
crime —
The Sphinx
(young girl)
Tragedy of lost youth
Riddle of Sphinx
man —
The quest of woman
after man —
The half woman — half man —

Women like Henry Moore's figures —

Jocasta trapped by agingness
moment of worship at the
feet of the young girl —
the Sphinx — Youth —

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The Victim — man — son — lover
Prophet —
Figure of Death —

From "Woman of Samaria"

The Magdalen — the woman of Samaria
"The story of the woman of Samaria (John IV) is blended with the medieval traditions concerning Mary Magdalen, who is assumed to be the same with the woman 'which was a sinner' in Luke, VII, 37, and also with Mary, sister of Lazarus."
(Maid & Palmer — 39)
The Lord of Mar's Daughter —
(The bird-lover) 270 — P. 584
Breaking the bough in the grave of Diana.
Folk-Lore XVIII — 89-91
"Encyclopedia of Religion & Ethics" (Fairy)
Vol V — 679
golden bells on the bridles — Tam Lyn
"The bridles rang"
The dance is accompanied to music of the pipers.
"Childhood of Fiction" MacCulloch
"Secret Commonwealth" — Andrew Lang
The Ballad in P
291 Myths & Mythmakers — Fiske
F54
809 Evolution of Literature — Mackenzie
M.19
Studies in Literature — Couch — 25 —
"Undoubtedly ballad comes from the late Latin verb ballare 'to dance,' & should mean a song accompanied by dancing."
Sonnet
Sonetto — a song accompanied by instrumental music —

Professional minstrels responsible for ballad
Prof. Ker—28
"The ballad is an Idea, a poetical Form, which can take up any

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matter & does not leave that matter as it was before."

All under the leaves & the leaves of life
I met with virgins seven,
And one of them was Mary mild,
Our Lord's Mother of Heaven.

And what are you seeking, you seven maids
All under the leaves of life?
Come tell, come tell, what seek you
All under the leaves of life?

"The old ballad was re-adapted to fit a new scandal in high life."

points
1 — impersonality
2 — extraordinary rapidity of movement.

Leesome Brand
Refrain —
The broom blooms bonnie & sae it is fair —
"They appealed in their day to something young in the national mind."

Fairies — origin
Fata — Fate
Arabic — pre-Adamites who rebelled against God.
native goddesses
a folk memory of druidesses who have been priestesses
enchantresses
beliefs in ghosts
folk-memory
W. Y. Evans Wentz.
has sought to prove that "fairies exist, because in all essentials they appear to be the same as the intelligent forces now recognized by psychical researchers."
may have been nature — spirits — divinities

What is Hallow-een?
coming of winter — death?

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queens — "white women"
Welsh Ellyllon = Druids
The Dead — "The furious host"
"Washer at the Ford" a revenant
see Chaucer —

Child IV-456
Kittridge — "Sir Orfeo" Am. Journal of Philosophy — VII-190

bees humming
(violins)
at first of song —
bells?

From "Phaedra"

Phaedra —
Phantasmagoria of Desire —

Rather than do in dance form the play *Phaedra,* I would like to show the incidents which led to the play as story —

There are 2 times in the 24 hours we call a day when terrors walk and we are under the spell of the uncontrollable forces — one being desire — These times are in (1) the mid-afternoon heat — what is called the time of siesta — (2) in the dark crucial hours of the night — early morning really — when in extreme illness the crisis occurs & often, when the energy is too low — that death occurs — this is between 2 & 3 A.M.

I feel with Phaedra that it is not a night scene, but the heat of afternoon — like the terrible time before the monsoon — before the rains come —

This time of day is for sleeping in tropical places or desert places — Even while one endeavors to sleep, or to lie down, the restless imaginings of the heart pace & toss —

It is as tho' at this time a small insistent throb of heart-disturbing melody or faint maddening beat of water upon water is in a foun-

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tain, or the insistent dryness of a drum, is heard. I think of those records of jungle sounds — There are 2 — one, the dry season, one, the wet season —
The sounds of the animals & insects & birds are so changed, so altered by the demands of Nature, as the supreme Dictator of Life —

It is the time of the drought with Phaedra —
It is the time of the search of the blood for a kindred pulse —
It is the desperate time when the need is for renewal, the blessed rain & the feeling of fertility again
I feel it is also the desire to contact youth, to be rejuvenated again, made virgin by the
experience with
appearance of youth —
It is tragic & eternal.

The stage I can only imagine dimly. It could be hung with many shafts of thin narrow silk which seem to impede Phaedra's pacing, seem to catch her in their ghost-like tentacles — in which also she might veil herself at times —
I had thought also of a suspended bed — where she lies at times & can see the stage area itself beneath her peopled by the beings of her imagination — She descends from it and enters the action, she retreats to it climbing wearily a small stair to her lonely bed. I have not as yet spoken to a designer. I am not certain who it will be.

As you suggested I am not putting the incidents in sequence — It seems better to allow them a little more freedom to fall into place —

The characters involved are —

Phaedra
Hippolytus
Theseus —
Artemis
Aphrodite

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Aricia
(child-like)
Persephone
Chorus of 3 couples
Pasiphae

The action involves —
Phaedra —
with her theme or characterization there is a constant recurrence. I do not suggest this to you as a musical form but it has a certain quality of a rondo. It constantly returns in new forms & images but centered around the main expressive instant of obsession by desire — over which there is no control or ease until death —

From "Notes for a Motion Picture Project"

Motion Picture Project.
Cave of the Heart
To make objective all those moods of action which demand in stage presentation the devices of repetition, immobility, development rather than pure statement alone of intention.
example — May part —
could some staging device be used — a return to a nature symbol of some kind, for instance —

Is there some way of stating in other terms — camera eye — the relationships?
Medea as a sorceress —
perhaps —
Jason as an Argonaut
Or of making objective the ancient dark world from which Medea is.

The malignancy of corresponding plants?
The relentlessness of the stages of a storm — or catastrophe —
A chorus?
Muses

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Fates
Tides of sea —

What could happen on walk in with Yuriko?
What is happening under cloak to Yuriko
to me
to Erick
to May
(The tide of the sea coming in — engulfing the beach until it overflows in a crash against rocks)

Perhaps the figure of Medea very large on screen — until it is her breast or heart — & part of face — & then the action taking place superimposed on her breast

*

People say —
How did you begin?
Well — that is the question
And who knows —
Not I —

How does it all begin?
I suppose it never begins, it just continues —
Life —
generations
Dancing —

One takes it up when one arrives with all the richness of blood as one takes up one's ancestral physical heritage —
Of course, there must be strength of bone & muscle & heart & faith — but one takes up at the time the necessity of one's heritage & in time it may become one's "calling," one's "destiny," one's "fame" — one's "immortality" —

I am a thief — and I am not ashamed. I steal from the best wherever it happens to me — Plato — Picasso — Bertram Ross — the members of my company never show me anything — except you expect me to steal it —

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I am a thief —
and I glory in it —
I steal from the present and from the glorious past — and I stand in the dark of the future as a glorying & joyous thief — There are so many wonderful things of the imagination to pilfer — so I stand accused — I am a thief — but with this reservation — I think I know the value of that I steal & I treasure it for all time — not as a possession but as a heritage & as legacy —

Shelter Island —
a pirate's lair — (place)
a recluse from the traditional puritan —
It is strange it should begin to be written here — in a pirate's sanctuary — because I, too, am a thief

A Pirate's Lair —
It sounds like a mystery story & strangely it is as all Cinderella stories are —

The curious claw in which the island rests — the gift & protection from the sea —
not the bravery of Martha's Vineyard — That would be the perfect place & title — but the hidden slightly illegal thing of Shelter Island with its illicit trade & its pirates — because I am a pirate — I steal, I am a thief, & I enjoy it, because I steal from the illustrious ancestors of the past —
I am a Pirate —
I bring lovely things from unknown & unknowable places —
Spices — silks — jewels — jades — ivorys —
thoughts & strange images — even additions to the ancient tho'ts — because I am a 20th century pirate —
I steal what I need for this time in which I live —
This is an ecstatic Voyage — Please do not embark with me unless you know the destination
an arrivement at a port of call (the self) where the cargo is demanded —

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Thoughts for Our Time: Three Novels on Anarchism

ROBERT LANGBAUM

THE TRIUMPH OF MARXISM IN RUSSIA in 1917 cast a shadow over anarchism, its most important revolutionary rival. The effectiveness of the Marxists in seizing power proved the ineffectiveness of the anarchists. Anarchism seemed merely romantic; the revolutionary cause came to be identified with "scientific," which is to say authoritarian, socialism. All this has changed, however, since the rise in the 1960s of an anti-Soviet, antiauthoritarian Left. Now that the young identify the antiauthoritarian Left with revolution, it is time to recall the days when Marxism by no means dominated the world of revolutionary action. The style of much New Left thought and action can be better understood if we reconsider through a few representative novels—novels that deal with living political issues—the impact on its time of anarchism or libertarian socialism.

The distinction between anarchism and Marxist socialism became clear only after 1872, when Marx killed the First International to keep it from becoming the instrument of the then dominant Bakuninist anarchists. Yet up to 1910 or so, anarchism remained the more apparent movement, the movement with revolutionary glamor—largely because of the spectacular events the anarchists sponsored or had attributed to them. It was because they had failed at organization, failed to maintain an effective International, that the anarchists, acting as individuals or in tiny groups, turned to terrorism, to what they called "propaganda of

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the deed," as a way of gaining an attention disproportionate to their strength.

In 1878 there were two attempts on the life of the kaiser, and attempts on the kings of Spain and Italy. The climactic event was the assassination in 1881, after many attempts, of Tsar Alexander II. The Haymarket incident of 1886, the lethal bomb-throwing when the police were dispersing a labor demonstration in Chicago, caused an anarchist scare in the United States. Between 1894 and 1901 anarchists assassinated President Carnot of France, the Spanish prime minister, Empress Elizabeth of Austria, King Umberto I of Italy and the American President McKinley. This was the period in which anarchism and terrorism became closely associated. The avant-garde artists of the time were fascinated by the terrorists' bold gestures against the bourgeois order that they too hated. Terrorism is also the center of interest in two such conservative novels as Henry James's *The Princess Casamassima* (1886) and Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent* (1907).

It is a political assassination that James's Hyacinth Robinson swears to accomplish, and Conrad's informer Verloc is supposed to warn the police of terrorist plans. Not only is *Secret Agent* based on a real explosion in Greenwich Park where the would-be terrorist accidentally blew himself up, but Conrad alludes in an introduction written in 1920 to "the dynamite outrages in London, away back in the eighties"—dynamite conspiracies that culminated in 1885 with an explosion in the House of Commons. It is understandable that intelligently conservative novelists like James and Conrad would want to treat such sensational events as dire signs of the times—understandable because they respected society as, in spite of all its injustices, a precious and precarious human achievement. They felt the need, therefore, to analyze the motives of idealists who are willing to murder, and James at least felt the need to analyze, because of the challenge, the principles that hold our society together and give it value.

In *Princess Casamassima* and *Secret Agent* anarchism and socialism are vaguely confused—as indeed they were confused until the Marxists increasingly forced the separation—but it is clear that James and Conrad have in mind anarchism understood as

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follows. The main line of anarchism, running from Proudhon through Bakunin to Kropotkin, may be defined as antistate and anticapitalist, as antiauthoritarian and antigovernmental both in its revolutionary tactics and its positive program (the anarchists, for example, differed from the Marxists in refusing to work politically within the parliamentary system), and as more interested in destroying power than in taking it over. Since in both novels the destructive plots come to nothing, both novels, as we used to read them, seemed to deal with an ineffectual, obsolete movement.

But now, as I have suggested, all looks different. Marxist communism rules one-third of the world, and contends with us not as a revolutionary movement but as a rival imperialism. Krushchev's revelations about Stalin and the break between the Soviet Union and Red China have formed the rallying point for an anti-Soviet revolutionary movement which in its disregard for ideology, dogma and party discipline resembles nineteenth-century anarchism. The New—or, as it is called in Europe, extraparliamentary—Left is also like anarchism in its inability to form an enduring mass movement based on the working class. Until the short-lived appearance of syndicalist trade unions in the early twentieth century, anarchism appealed mainly to people peripheral to the industrial system—to aristocrats, intellectuals and artisans; to impoverished peasants in agrarian countries like Italy and Spain; and, in industrialized countries, to those down-and-outers too unskilled to work in factories, whom Marx contemptuously dismissed as *lumpenproletariat*.

Similarly, the New Left draws its adherents from bohemia and the universities, and sympathizes less with unionized industrial workers than with unemployed blacks in the United States and impoverished peasants in the Third World. In the Paris student uprising of May, 1968, the workers remained aloof and the Communist-led labor unions were distinctly hostile. Like the nineteenth-century anarchists, the American New Left turned in its weakness, after it lost its hold over the mass of university students, to strategic acts of terror. We have had our Weathermen, our bombing of science buildings (at the University of Wisconsin)

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like the Greenwich Observatory in *Secret Agent*; we have even had Weathermen blown up like Conrad's Stevie by their own explosives (the kids on New York's West Twelfth Street). The last few years have seen an increase in worldwide terrorism—hijackings, explosions, assassinations—that recalls the late nineteenth century. As then, the motives are often nationalism mixed with revolutionary ideology—for example, the Palestinian guerrillas; but a certain proportion of recent terrorist acts can be attributed to such neoanarchist groups as the Italian Red Brigades and the Baader-Meinhof or German Tupamaros.

This would seem the time then to reconsider *Princess Casamassima* and *Secret Agent* as political novels—and to turn back to the greatest political novel of them all, Dostoevsky's *The Possessed,* which also deals with terrorism. Although not specifically about anarchism, *The Possessed* belongs here because populism, the name that pulls together the various pre-Marxist Russian revolutionary movements, embraced many anarchist ideas—most notably in its concentration on the self-governing peasant *mir* or commune as the basis for future social organization. The Russian reaction to populism produced the indispensable word *nihilist,* which helps us understand how anarchism, the gentlest of political philosophies and the one that takes the most optimistic view of human nature, came to be associated with terrorism. *The Possessed* is required reading for any one who would understand the last ten years, because Dostoevsky, who was writing about the Russia of the 1860s, asks what happens to the children of a liberal generation that has called into question all received values. Dostoevsky goes further than James and Conrad in that he connects the gentle nihilism of the fathers with the murderous nihilism of the sons.

Since they are notably conservative, these three novels make us wonder about the political value of the way major novelists treat politics. Their treatment, even if not good for political *action,* ought at least to be good for political *understanding.* But even there I have doubts, since the effect of first-rate (as opposed to propagandist) novelistic treatment is to make distinctively political issues dissolve into general human and moral issues. This is true even in so apparently pro-Communist a novel as Malraux's *Man's*

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Fate, where revolutionary optimism is opposed to a larger tragic view of man's fate. It is true of Silone's *Bread and Wine,* where the hero abandons Marxism but not the Christian social compassion that led him to Marxism. It is the whole point of Solzhenitsyn's novels, where we see the inevitable return within Soviet society of Christian values the revolution had abolished. Social democrats like Koestler in *Darkness at Noon* and Orwell in *1984* criticize the revolution from the standpoint of older humanistic values and thus take a comparatively conservative stance. Must we conclude then that to give great weight to human and moral issues, as art must do, makes for quietism and is inevitably conservative?

In *Princess Casamassima,* the admirable old violinist, Mr. Vetch, shows the danger for revolutionary politics of too much human awareness when he reflects that he "had outlived the democratic glow of his prime. He had ended by accepting everything"—which is to say, by taking an interest in current parliamentary, rather than revolutionary, politics. For he saw no way of revolutionizing society "that didn't seem to make a bigger mess than the actual muddle of human affairs." Mr. Vetch is surely a spokesman for James when he reflects that

> The idea of great changes . . . took its place among the dreams of his youth; for what was any possible change in the relations of men and women but a new combination of the same elements? If the elements could be made different the thing would be worth thinking of; but it was not only impossible to introduce any new ones—no means had yet been discovered for getting rid of the old.

This is of course the heart of the conservative argument, that human nature will remain constant under any system; whereas the radical believes that human nature can be changed.

The best political novels seem to emerge from the conservative critique of radicalism rather than the other way around. The reason may be that in the West, the conservative side has not, since the dissolution of the Christian monarchical system, represented any burning idealism—although there have been sporadic and spurious attempts to revive such a conservative idealism, most

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recently in fascism and nazism. Dostoevsky differs from Western novelists in that he could still look to Russian Orthodoxy as an alternative idealism. But even in Dostoevsky, the political interest lies in his critique of *radical* idealism and in the fact that his most intelligent, energetic characters are susceptible to this new idealism from the West. The radical attack on conservatism, as in Dreiser, turns into an exposé of rotten conditions without much moral complexity or ambiguity. This is good for political action, since the reader is confirmed in the antiestablishment convictions with which he starts. The conservative attack on radicalism, however, makes for better literature because the reader, who is assumed to be a liberal, has to be brought round less to a condemnation of the radical idealism he starts by admiring, than to an awareness of its dangers and complexities, of what happens when it comes into conflict with human motives and passions. The pattern resembles that in the conservative tragedies of Racine, where a conservative ideal like honor or duty conflicts with a passion like love. In Racine the ideal is sustained, and we approve at the same time that we are awed by the tragic cost to the individual. In these modern political novels, instead, the individual passion is sustained, and the suggestion is that the radical ideals need revision.

In *Princess Casamassima,* we start by sympathizing with Hyacinth Robinson's radicalism. We understand how a young man with his fine intelligence, who has been raised in poverty and has had to endure the traumatic revelation of shameful birth, inevitably gravitates toward revolutionary circles. We are brought round, however, as we see how Hyacinth's sensibility leans toward the opposite pole of values—values he encounters in the Princess Casamassima, through whom he learns about the charm of the ancient European civilization that he and his friends have sworn to destroy.

She, on the other hand, wants Hyacinth to introduce her to the human misery at the bottom of society—and also to the subversive forces that she, with her feelings of social guilt, imagines as the destructive reality beneath the appearances of the social edifice. " 'Then it's real, it's solid!' " she exclaims when Hyacinth tells her he has laid eyes on the elusive anarchist leader, the German Hof-

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fendahl. She also feels in touch with reality when she learns that Hyacinth has sworn an oath to Hoffendahl to commit a political assassination when ordered to.

Hyacinth's opposing loyalties to the people, on the one hand, and to the achievements of high civilization, on the other, is dramatized by his parentage—the French courtesan mother who murdered his English aristocratic father. It is illustrated by his trade of bookbinder, serving aristocratic tastes. James showed a good understanding of anarchist circles in pitching his story between aristocrats and highly skilled workingmen. The anarchist workingman, Paul Muniment, adored by Hyacinth and the princess as the real thing, works for a firm of wholesale chemists. Hoffendahl may be modeled after the German militant anarchist Johann Most, who came to London in 1878 and was a bookbinder. So was the twentieth-century anarchist Rudolf Rocker a bookbinder; Proudhon, the father of anarchism, was a printer; the two greatest anarchist leaders, Bakunin and Kropotkin, were aristocrats.

Hyacinth has been raised as a proletarian; his noble descent is a secret. As his secret aristocratic nature manifests itself, we understand that the qualities of mind and heart that make a revolutionary are products of high civilization. It is Hyacinth's chivalric instinct that makes him volunteer to swear his fatal oath before Hoffendahl. Muniment speaks truer than he knows when he says ironically to Hyacinth that Hoffendahl " 'wants a perfect little gentleman, and if you're not one—!' " And Hyacinth speaks truer than he knows when he asks, " 'Are *you* the real thing, Muniment?' " For Muniment turns out not to be the real thing as revolutionary or gentleman.

Similarly, it is the princess's aristocratic nature that makes her thrill to such a gesture as Hyacinth's oath and want it for herself. Having succeeded to the point of ennui as a leader of taste and fashion, this brilliant and beautiful woman has turned to revolutionary action as the one remaining avenue to "reality." We have to read through her aristocratic idiom to understand the combination of seriousness and frivolity in her motives when she considers that "To do something for others was not only so much more human—it was so much more amusing!" Yet the frivolity is

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there, and it makes her in the end something less than the real thing as a revolutionary and an aristocrat (she is, after all, an American society woman married to and separated from an Italian prince). Her revolutionary interest is further compromised by her sexual interest in Hyacinth, an interest she later transfers to Muniment. When Muniment learns that the prince has cut off her funds so that she will no longer have money to give to the movement, he makes it clear that her usefulness to the movement and to him is now at an end. " 'You will go back to your husband,' " he says. And there is reason to believe that she will. Her story suggests that the emotional needs and social affinities that determine our identity remain what they are in spite of political commitments.

What about the Muniments? What are their motives? They are go-getters, people who are *making it* in the worlds of the present and the future. Paul sees himself as a future prime minister. His invalid sister Rosy, who seems at first to be done with Dickensian sentimentality, turns out to be a snob and social climber. " 'Oh I know they'll look after me,' " she says to Paul.

> And she sank back on her pillow with an air of agreeable security.
>
> He was aware that whenever she said "they," without further elucidation, she meant the populace surging up in his rear, and he met it with his usual ease. "I don't think we'll leave it much to 'them'."
>
> "No it's not much you'll leave to them, I'll be bound."

Paul's revolutionary activity ensures their success in the world of the future. As for the princess, who ranks so high now, " 'I pity the poor Princess,' " says Rosy. " 'Yes, you'll succeed, and so shall I—but *she* won't.' " Neither will Hyacinth succeed, once the princess enlarges his sensibility by giving him his first dizzying glimpse into the world of art. Not succeeding is the mark of their spiritually aristocratic distinction.

After he has signed his own death warrant through the oath to Hoffendahl, Hyacinth feels the intellectual freedom to explore the opposite possibility—to appreciate the ancient civilization his violent act will help destroy. He goes first to Paris, city of art and revolutions, where he thinks of his Communard grandfather

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"who had known the ecstasy of the barricades and had paid for it with his life." In the Place de la Concorde, site of the guillotine, he envisions, along with the square's historical and architectural splendor, the French Revolution—"not its turpitude and horror, but its magnificent energy, the spirit of creation that had been in it, not the spirit of destruction." Paris fills his mind with "the sense of the wonderful precious things [society] had produced, of the fabric of beauty and power it had raised"; and the revolutions were among these precious things. The vision here is completely dialectical—an appreciation, on the one hand, of the power that lies behind the beauty of a civilization, and an appreciation, on the other hand, of the revolutionary power that must be raised against the established power.

It is in Venice that Hyacinth swings temporarily to the anti-revolutionary side, because in Venice he sees poverty everywhere and finds it transformed by the beauty of the civilization. He writes to the princess that she has dampened his revolutionary ardor, for by extending his horizon she has enabled him to tolerate " 'toil and suffering [as] the constant lot of the immense majority of the human race. . . . What has struck me is the great achievements of which man has been capable in spite of them' "—in spite of toil and suffering and of despotisms. He fears that the revolution will sacrifice these " 'splendid accumulations of the happier few' " to the principle of equal distribution.

Hyacinth finally commits suicide because he is trapped between two opposing loyalties, to the people and to civilization, and is too morally fine to push through to a resolving action. Hyacinth's fineness shows in his even more important personal reasons for suicide. He feels he has lost out to those who get what they want—he thinks he has lost the princess to Paul, and the shopgirl, Millicent, who has alternated with the princess in his attention, to an aristocratic rival. His most important reason for suicide is loyalty to his mother, his fear that the assassination would revive her case, making the newspapers say that the son's murderousness is inherited from the mother. Since it is a sign of Hyacinth's moral integrity that he cannot carry out the political assassination, we see how *Princess Casamassima* carries us *through* politics to recon-

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stitute just those personal values that theoretically ought to be *sacrificed* to politics.

Yet in this novel the political theme reinforces the personal. Hyacinth triumphs over Muniment and the princess, not only in magnitude of consciousness and personal fineness, but politically as well. They are sure he has wavered too much ever to receive the letter ordering the assassination. In fact, he does receive it and is trusted; whereas Muniment has not been trusted to deliver the letter to him, and the princess has been used only for her money. Political values would seem to be reinvalidated to the extent that they coincide with moral values.

Conrad is less sympathetic toward radicals than James. Yet *Secret Agent* is more consistently political than *Princess Casamassima,* although Conrad too breaks through politics in the end in order to reconstruct the old nonpolitical values. Liberal critics—Irving Howe, for example—are put off by Conrad's obvious prejudice against radicals, by his philistine remark that anarchists are motivated by a "dislike of all kinds of recognized labor." This, I agree, does not inspire confidence, until we remember that the book is a satire and that everyone is denigrated—even the Assistant Commissioner of police, the one admirable character, who himself sold out by making a socially advantageous marriage.

Conrad wants to show, first of all, how absurd are the pretensions of a few broken-down old revolutionaries to change the world when they cannot agree among themselves on what they want, and when they are themselves ineffectual spongers, all comfortably subsidized by women in their revolutionary careers. They have made being revolutionaries a vested interest. Thus Comrade Ossipon is outraged when some unknown outsider sets off an explosion at Greenwich, "for the even tenor of his revolutionary life was menaced by no fault of his." Their political professions are matched against their personal characters and motives.

As comfort-loving as the anarchists, the secret agent, Verloc, is only doing them one better by belonging to their clandestine societies and mouthing their slogans while acting as informer against them to the Tsarist embassy in London. Their operative

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morality is no higher than his; yet he has what they really want—he is better paid and more comfortable than they, and he has the moral advantage of at least supporting his wife along with her feebleminded brother.

Verloc represents a whole society composed of mutually supporting vested interests. Chief Inspector Heat of the police has always understood that he had a vested interest in criminals, just as he has in Verloc, who keeps him informed of what the anarchists are doing. After the explosion, Heat tries to protect Verloc; and the Assistant Commissioner of police tries to protect the paroled anarchist Michaelis, who is patronized by "the great lady" (such designations show the satirical intent of the book), who also patronizes the Assistant Commissioner's wife. Almost everyone in this book is in one way or another a secret agent and a criminal. Toward the end both police officers, out to trick each other, steal to Verloc's shop separately, in disguise, slinking like criminals to avoid the constable on the beat.

As a cover, Verloc runs a pornography shop because he wants to be in touch with the police: "It did not take him out of his own sphere—the sphere which is watched by the police. On the contrary, it gave him a publicly confessed standing in that sphere." Elsewhere we are told that Verloc had "the air of moral nihilism common to keepers of gambling hells and disorderly houses; to private detectives and inquiry agents." Yet "Mr. Verloc's expression was by no means diabolic." It was instead that of a fat pig.

Verloc's corpulence and indolence, of which so much is made, is a sign of his moral nihilism—his inability to recognize moral consequences, his "philosophical unbelief in the effectiveness of every human effort." Anarchism, because of its emphasis on destruction, easily slides into nihilism. But the moral nihilism Conrad is concerned with infects the whole society. Conrad's interest is in the whole society. The anarchists are the eruption or boil thrown up by the infection—they show us what ails the society. It is the sociological analysis that makes Conrad's novel more consistently political than James's.

One sign of this is the treatment of London as setting. London is the setting of both novels, and both novelists see the modern

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metropolis as producer of revolutionary activity. For James, London is the place of squalid slums and elegant parks and squares—the place of infinite variety and thrilling possibilities. For Conrad, London is squalid throughout. Its sights and sounds teach the lesson of moral nihilism. In the introduction to the 1920 edition, Conrad tells how the idea for *Secret Agent* came to him from the chance remark of a friend about the dynamiter who accidentally blew himself up. Then, Conrad says, he had a vision of London:

> of a monstrous town more populous than some continents and in its man-made might as if indifferent to heaven's frowns and smiles; a cruel devourer of the world's light. There was room enough there to place any story, depth enough there for any setting, darkness enough to bury five millions of lives.

The variety of Conrad's London breeds only sinister possibilities.

We see why in a passage about an Italian restaurant where, disguised as a foreign revolutionary, the Assistant Commissioner dines on the evening he steals to Verloc's shop. The patrons

> were as denationalized as the dishes set before them . . . . Neither was their personality stamped in any way, professionally, socially, or racially. . . . It was impossible to form a precise idea what occupations they followed by day and where they went to bed at night. And he himself had become unplaced. It would have been impossible for anybody to guess his occupation.

The anonymity, depersonalization and deracination of the big city make for moral nihilism.

Even after the Assistant Commissioner has removed his disguise, we hear over and over that he looks foreign. With his reluctance to be caught up in the London rat race and his secret hankering after his old colonial post, the Assistant Commissioner is an outsider—as is almost everybody in this novel. The only insiders are "the great lady," who patronizes Michaelis and the Assistant Commissioner's wife, and "the great Personage," the home secretary, who is too busy to listen to the details of revolutionary activity. Both are deliberately presented as shadowy presences whose

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shadowy moral qualities are helping—as in *The Possessed*—to undermine the society they head. The substantial world is made up of people who are outsiders, either because they are foreign like Verloc, the anarchists and the secretary of the Russian embassy, Vladimir; or because, like Verloc's wife, Winnie, they harbor a secret design which makes them ignore normal social procedures. Mrs. Verloc's secret design is to protect her feeble-minded brother, Stevie; for Stevie's sake she married Verloc.

The Verlocs' isolation from normal social procedures is dramatized by Verloc's striking habit of keeping his hat and coat on at home and even eating that way. It is dramatized by the lack of communication between the Verlocs. Winnie, who believes "things do not bear much looking into," does not know what her husband's secret activities are. He does not know why she married him, or how deep is her passionate compassion for Stevie. Each conceals from the other a kind of criminal design. And this moral nihilism at home comes to a climax in Winnie's murder of her husband when she discovers that he has used Stevie for the dynamite plot, that Stevie is the man who blew himself up.

As in *The Possessed,* moral nihilism reaches to the very top levels of society. It is not a revolutionary but a counterrevolutionary, the Russian diplomat Vladimir, witty lion of London high society, who makes Verloc attempt the dynamiting. The Russian embassy wants an outrage that will force the libertarian British to repress the *émigré* revolutionaries who find refuge in Britain (as did Herzen, Marx and, in Conrad's time, the anarchist leader Prince Kropotkin, whom he probably knew). In a scene worthy of *The Possessed,* the Assistant Commissioner, after having learned from Verloc that Vladimir is behind the dynamiting, comes face to face with the Russian in an establishment setting—"the great lady's" drawing room.

The two complete nihilists are, on the one side, Vladimir, whose wit is destructive; and on the other side, the tiny fabricator of explosives, called the Professor, who believes in total destruction of society. Both men want to destroy British society by making it repressive, by destroying British legality. " 'You revolutionists,' " says the Professor,

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"are the slaves of the social convention . . . since you want to revolutionize it. . . . To break up the superstition and worship of legality should be our aim. Nothing would please me more than to see Inspector Heat and his likes take to shooting us down in broad daylight with the approval of the public. Half our battle would be won then; the disintegration of the old morality would have set in its very temple. That is what you ought to aim at. But you revolutionists will never understand that. You plan the future, you lose yourselves in reveries of economical systems derived from what is; whereas what's wanted is a clean sweep and a clear start for a new conception of life. That sort of future will take care of itself if you will only make room for it."

This sounds like the doctrine of the nineteenth-century Russian terrorist, Nechayev. *The Revolutionary Catechism,* which Nechayev wrote in 1869 with Bakunin, does not mean by revolution

destroying one kind of political structure merely to replace it with another by tending to create the so-called "revolutionary State." The only revolution that can save the people is one that destroys every established object root and branch, that annihilates all State traditions, orders and classes in Russia.

To be strong, says the *Catechism,* the revolutionary must every day "be prepared for death." Conrad's Professor is so prepared. No one dares arrest him, because he lets it be known that he has wired himself with an explosive that will blow him up along with anyone around.

In Nechayev, nihilism seemed to have reached its ultimate horrible expression. Nihilism is a tricky word. As Conrad uses it, it means the rejection, whether unconscious or conscious, of all values. In Russia, where Turgenev made the word famous in his novel *Fathers and Sons* (1862), it first referred to the turn of the young intellectuals away from the romantic idealism of their progressive fathers toward a kind of Benthamite materialism and utilitarianism. But as the term came to be associated with the new revolutionary movements, especially the new terrorism, it came to mean the rejection of all values for the sake of the one supreme value of revolution. Dostoevsky, in his analysis of Nechayev

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through the figure of young Peter Verkhovensky in *The Possessed,* shows that even this one remaining value is a sham—an excuse for satisfying criminal impulses.

In Peter, Dostoevsky catches most of Nechayev's characteristics—especially the amazing charisma that enabled the twenty-year-old Nechayev to take by storm the middle-aged Bakunin, and that enabled him at the end in a Russian prison to turn his very guards into disciples who were caught by the authorities plotting his escape. The one quality we find in Nechayev's writings that Dostoevsky omits is extravagant compassion for the oppressed peasants from whom he sprang. The mystery of Nechayev's career is that such compassion should lead to such murderousness.

Conrad deals with this mystery. James simply admires the humanitarian feelings of his characters—their capacity to pity misery and injustice. Conrad is, I think, more political and psychological in that he subjects pity to an incisive analysis. He sees how politically unworkable is an unrestrained and undiscriminating pity. Winnie Verloc's younger brother, the feebleminded Stevie, is so upset by just talk of cruelty and pain that he becomes violent. And Winnie, who as a girl dedicated herself to protecting Stevie against the brutality of their father, finally murders her husband out of compassion for the dead Stevie. Most poignant of all is the scene in which Stevie becomes violent with a cabman who beats his sick old horse. The cabman explains that he has to make the horse go if he is to feed his " 'missus and four kids at 'ome. . . . This ain't an easy world,' " the cabman adds, whispering mysteriously the tragic answer to all revolutionary optimism. Poor Stevie, torn between "the desire to make the horse happy and the cabman happy, had reached the point of a bizarre longing to take them to bed with him." But not being mad, he knew that this remedy had the "one disadvantage of being difficult of application on a large scale."

Thus pity and the other values that make for an idealistic political movement are negated. Yet in the end, older, permanent values are reconstituted. The reconstitution starts when Vladimir is able to stir Verloc out of his indolence, to scare him into making the dynamite attempt. Vladimir begins to appear in Verloc's

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dreams as a devil figure—scaring him in a way that goes beyond a mere threat to his comfort, making him face the moral consequences of his way of life. It is this minimal moral awakening that starts the chain of events that will turn Verloc into a corpse and Winnie into a tragic heroine.

After Winnie murders Verloc, she loses the courage that has distinguished her throughout. Without Stevie, the ruling principle of her life, she panics at facing the gallows and offers herself and her money (all Verloc's savings) to one of the anarchists, Comrade Ossipon—whose advances she had always rejected—if he will carry her off to the Continent. Ossipon pockets her money, puts her on a train to France, then, as the train starts, jumps off, leaving her to continue alone and penniless.

In the last chapter, Ossipon sees a news item headed: " 'Suicide of Lady Passenger from a cross-Channel Boat.' " He is haunted by one sentence: " '*An impenetrable mystery seems destined to hang for ever over this act of madness or despair.*' " The sentence starts a moral awakening in this most amoral of the anarchists; and as he reads the newspaper account of the scenes preceding the disappearance from the boat, his conscience envisions a nameless lady of sorrows, clothed in black, a figure of tragic dignity.

" 'Here, what do you know of madness and despair?' " Ossipon says suddenly to the Professor, who has been talking of destruction. The Professor answers with dangerous abstractness:

> "There are no such things. All passion is lost now. The world is mediocre, limp, without force. And madness and despair are a force. . . . Everybody is mediocre. Madness and despair! Give me that for a lever, and I'll move the world. . . ." He paused, smiling sardonically under the fierce glitter of his thick glasses.

When Ossipon, in his attack of conscience, offers the Professor all the money he stole from Winnie, the Professor, in spite of dire poverty, accepts only enough money to order chemicals for his explosives. It is an ironical comment on purity that he and Stevie are the only purely motivated characters in the novel. Are we to infer that purity as a concept lies outside the realm of sane political discourse?

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Ossipon and the Professor part, walking in different directions —the one diseased, his "brain pulsating to the rhythm of an impenetrable mystery. . . *'This act of madness or depair'*"; the other "terrible in the simplicity of his [destructive] idea calling madness and despair to the regeneration of the world." The question is which madness and despair will regenerate the world. Clearly Conrad prefers the tragic self-destruction that follows Winnie's and Ossipon's recognition of their own sins to the revolutionary destruction that would follow the Professor's concern only with the sins of others. Once again politics are negated in favor of moral values; and it is difficult to see in this satirical novel that any good word at all is being said for politics.

Although it is the earliest of our three novels and the only one in a foreign language, *The Possessed* (1871-72) is, as I have suggested, the most relevant. Dealing with the 1860s in Russia, *The Possessed* throws light on the American New Left youth movement of the 1960s, especially as manifested in the Weathermen, because the radical youth movements of both decades grew out of disillusionment with an older liberalism—in Russia, the liberalism that produced the emancipation of the serfs in 1861; in America, the liberalism that produced the civil rights gains of the early 1960s (but countenanced the Vietnam war). In both decades, it seemed to the young that the reforms had been merely legal, that the real conditions of peasants and blacks had not changed. The conclusion they drew was that the establishment would never give away anything important unless forced to, that violence was the only answer.

The New Left has drawn its adherents largely from the children of affluent liberals—bearing out Dostoevsky, who blames the radicalism of the sons upon the liberalism of the fathers. In destructive and violent nihilism, Dostoevsky sees the logical consequences of that subversion of traditional values, especially religious values, which has always been inherent in the liberal tradition of free-thinking. The attack on the whole liberal tradition makes Dostoevsky at once more radical and more reactionary than James and Conrad.

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Although reactionary, Dostoevsky has always been admired by radicals because he thinks like a radical. He sees things through to their ultimate causes and consequences, and sympathizes only with extreme ideas that have been salvaged as burning torches from the fires of personal crises. Dostoevsky belonged in the 1840s to a socialist group; when the group was dissolved by the government, he had laid upon him a sentence of death that at the last minute was commuted to imprisonment in Siberia. In prison he came to see the error, not of his generous impulses, but of the materialistic principles on which they were based. He came to believe—a belief amply confirmed by Solzhenitsyn's accounts of Stalinist Russia—that social compassion would bear terrible fruits unless rooted in Christian principles.

In *The Possessed,* the political difference between the liberals of the 1840s and their sons is illustrated by old Verkhovensky's horror over Chernyshevsky's novel, *What Is To Be Done?*; for Chernyshevsky marked the transition to the new fanatical radicalism of the 1860s that was to lead to terrorism and the first attempt in 1866 on the life of the very tsar who freed the serfs. " 'I admit that Chernyshevsky's fundamental idea is right,' " says Verkhovensky, " 'but that only makes it more horrible! It's our own idea,' " but " 'so incredibly distorted and twisted around! . . . You don't really imagine, do you, that that's what we were striving for?' " (Andrew R. MacAndrew's translation).

Verkhovensky and Mrs. Stavrogin profess revolutionary ideas but live in the old upper-class style—playing along with conventions they no longer believe in, while subverting the rules by which the upper class disciplines itself. They have carried on, ever since they were widowed, a Platonic love affair, she supporting him while he allegedly wrote an important history that never was forthcoming. Gentle, refined, human, Verkhovensky is curiously likable, even though he is a lazy, self-deceiving sentimentalist who expects to be embraced by the returning son whom he has neglected and whose estate he has pilfered. Mrs. Stavrogin, to cover up her son's affair with her young ward, forces Verkhovensky to propose marriage to the girl; and Verkhovensky, feeling guilty toward Peter, writes him a letter full of paternal affection, asking his consent to

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the marriage. It is a sign of the difference in personal style between the generations that Peter, on returning from three years abroad, refuses to play the filial game but exposes his father brutally and in public:

"He has seen me twice in his life, and even then by accident, and suddenly, on getting married for the third time, he decides that he's failing in his parental duties and beseeches me from thousands of miles away to forgive him and not to be angry with him! 'Please don't be angry with me'—that's so typical of your generation."

The young act out what for their parents is merely an *ideal* of freedom.

Once all values have been called into question, we arrive at certain extremes among the younger generation. We arrive at Kirilov, who " 'denies there is any such thing as morality and . . . advocates the latest principle—total destruction in the name of the ultimate good.' " He who conquers fear of death " 'will be a god himself. And the other God will disappear.' " Thus to commit suicide, Kirilov's aim, or to murder, Peter Verkhovensky's aim, is to assert ultimate freedom. " 'The supreme gesture of free will is to kill oneself,' " says Kirilov, a good man. " 'In your place,' " says Peter, a bad man, " 'I'd have shot someone else rather than myself.' " The same ideology results in different action according to the person's moral quality.

The conflict between the generations shows itself in another way, especially applicable to our time. Aging liberals—like the novelist Karamazinov (Dostoevsky's caricature of Turgenev)—take up the new radical ideas in order to be in the swing and feel young again. Also bored upper-class people find the new radical ideas exciting and play with them, not realizing they are playing with fire. The silly vain governor's wife, Julie von Lembke, thinks she can play with fire in deciding " 'to be nice to the young people and thus prevent them from going over the brink.' " She hopes to unite aristocratic elegance and radical rowdiness around "the common adoration of her person," and to this end she makes Peter Verkhovensky her confidant. Thus the revolutionary, become fashionable, moves in the highest circle of the establishment.

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Julie thinks she is using Peter, but he is using her. He makes a fiasco of the grand literary party that was to crown her ambition to reign over all strata of the town's society; and he uses the confusion at the party to cover the arson and murder he planned. The arson and murder symbolize the town's social dissolution.

The poor simpleminded governor, driven mad by his wife's inversion of all established values, shows insight when in response to the fires he orders her arrested and cries out: " 'It's sheer Nihilism! Whatever burns can be only the work of the Nihilists!' " He is right in saying: " 'The fire is in the minds of people and not on the roofs of houses' "; just as earlier he was right in accusing Verkhovensky, who is not only Peter's father but was also Stavrogin's tutor: " 'For twenty years you've been sowing the seeds of all we are reaping now.' "

The governor refers to intellectual guilt, but behind the arson and murder lies also a story of social guilt. For the liberal Verkhovensky lost his serf Fedka at cards—he sold Fedka to the army to pay his gambling debts. Fedka turned to crime, was imprisoned, escaped. Now Peter Verkhovensky further exploits Fedka by corrupting him to do murder, for which Peter even refuses to pay the price promised. In accusing him, Fedka shows his own awareness of the feudal bond that has been violated: " 'If you wasn't my master by birth who I carried in my arms when I was still a young lad myself, I'd kill you here and now.' " The point is that liberals and radicals, for all their abstract sympathy for the people, fail in personal responsibility to the individual poor man as old-fashioned Christians would not.

Fedka, who murders in order to survive and knows he does evil in murdering, is a Christian and can be saved as Peter cannot, because Peter murders on philosophical grounds that justify him. Stavrogin, the most complex character in the book, stands somewhere between them. Stavrogin is in a way the most culpable because he is the most intelligent, as well as the richest and most aristocratic, of the young people; it is he who taught them their radical ideas when they were all together in Switzerland. Once back in Russia, however, where the novel takes place, Stavrogin refuses the leadership of the group that Peter wants him to assume.

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(It is uncertain whether Peter really worships Stavrogin or finds him politically useful as "the fairy-tale prince" who will have the charisma to rule after the revolution.) It is Stavrogin's splendidly human inconsistency that keeps him from being the intelligent monster that Peter is.

Capable of the most noble and the most despicable deeds, Stavrogin exemplifies magnificent powers gone berserk for lack of a tradition and a faith. He is more than once compared to Prince Hal and Hamlet. Stavrogin sows his wild oats with radicalism and Peter, as Prince Hal sows his with Falstaff; and he keeps the same reserve as Shakespeare's prince—merely toying with radicalism and Peter, as Prince Hal toys with Falstaff. Stavrogin is like Hamlet (understood in the nineteenth-century manner) in that he is habitually smitten with " 'the sad, sudden demon of irony.' " His excess of consciousness, his ability to see the other side of every question and therefore the absurdity of all positions and actions, keeps him from becoming a political fanatic; but it also keeps him from realizing his potential for a richly human existence.

It is sin—his rape of the Christlike little girl Matryosha—that forces him to enter into life seriously. Stavrogin is sexually excited just because Matryosha is the passive, mute, uncomplaining victim of her mother's brutally unjust beatings. He is excited to do her evil because he sees she is good. And in this engagement in the moral life lies his chance for salvation. The document in which he confesses the rape shows "a grim, naked need for punishment, for a cross, for public execution. And yet that need for a cross appears in a man who doesn't believe in the cross." Stavrogin's suicide in the end—which matches the suicide to which the rape forced Matryosha—is also anti-Christian. But it shows his moral awakening—his remorse for violating not only Matryosha but also other women in the novel, his remorse for a career as sexual and intellectual seducer. The awakened sinner is in Dostoevsky's theology only a step away from the redeemed Christian.

All this contrasts to Peter's political murder of Shatov. The ostensible reason is that Shatov has resigned from the movement and might denounce the others. Like Dostoevsky, Shatov has turned from socialism toward Slavophilism and Russian Ortho-

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doxy; but it is clear from his character that he would never denounce anyone. The real reason is that Peter wants to bind his cell to him by making the members participate collectively in murder. The episode is modeled after the notorious murder of Ivanov which, as Dostoevsky saw it, was engineered by Nechayev for just such reasons: "One of the main events in my tale," he wrote in a letter, "will be Ivanov's murder by Nechayev." For Dostoevsky, the *deepest* reason for the murder is that Peter (or Nechayev) is a criminal who uses revolutionary politics as an excuse for crime. Actually, the murder destroys the cell since it stirs a moral awakening in the other conspirators (it was after Ivanov's murder that Bakunin broke with Nechayev). But Peter escapes without suffering any consequences from the murder.

Old Verkhovensky and Mrs. Stavrogin, instead, revert to the Christian beliefs they never were able to shake off. Verkhovensky, after showing the courage to salvage his pride by walking out on Mrs. Stavrogin, actually moves toward a deathbed conversion. The book takes its title from his insight into the meaning of the Gadarene swine in the Gospels. To cure a man possessed by devils, Jesus sent the devils into the swine, which in their frenzy rushed downhill into a lake and drowned. " 'It's *us,* us and the others—my son Peter and those around him,' " Verkhovensky cries out. The intellectuals—liberals and radicals—are the swine who have taken into themselves the devils of Russia. Like the swine,

> "we'll hurl ourselves from the cliff into the sea and I'll be the first perhaps, and all of us, mad and raving, will drown and it will serve us right because that's all we're fit for. But the sick man [Russia] will recover and will sit at the feet of Jesus, and they [the other nations] will look at him in surprise."

Dostoevsky's prophesy has not come true. Far from destroying themselves, a group of revolutionary intellectuals did in fact take over Russia. But we have still to ponder Dostoevsky's insight into the relation of intellectuals to radicalism and of radical intellectuals to society. For the relation is as he describes it, even if we turn his condemnation of intellectuals into a compliment. By the devils with which the intellectuals are possessed, Dostoevsky means his-

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torical awareness and the abstraction of a society's discontents into "ideas." For the poor and uneducated live below the level of history and have to be taught that the miseries they take for granted as part of existence are caused by certain institutions and a certain class structure that came into being at one point in time and can be abolished at another. The middle- and upper-class radical intellectuals have to teach the poor the social discontent they then propose to remedy. We have only to recall eighteenth-century France and nineteenth-century Russia to realize that the two great modern revolutions started as elite movements that expressed the boredom, discontent and guilt of the intellectuals and upper class *before* they expressed popular discontent.

This paradox has taken on a new application since the 1960s, when the New Left has flourished not only in the most affluent countries but in certain countries (West Germany, Italy, Japan) that are both richer and more *democratic* than they have ever been before. What seems to have happened is this. Industrialism, whether employed by capitalist or communist countries, is clearly on the way to solving the age-old problem of poverty. But neither side knows how to solve the problems of industrialism—all those problems, especially centralization and depersonalization, embraced by the current term "quality of life." The Soviet dissenters fight for the political freedom we take for granted; while our consumerist economy and culture make it difficult for individuals to substantiate that freedom in their own lives. Here anarchism, with its anti-industrial bias, becomes relevant again as a set of operative attitudes and ideals. For the anarchists—who denied the social contract theory of the origin of government—refused to delegate individual sovereignty to the "people" or the "proletariat"; they believed that man was inherently social and could live communally without impairment of individual freedom. The anarchists refused to sacrifice considerations about quality of life to political and economic considerations, feeling that a revolution that did so would produce only a change of masters. Reviving such attitudes as these, the New Left has been most effective as an elite cultural revolution, a revolution in life style. But like the nineteenth-century anarchists, the New Left turns

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to violence when it tries to politicize such attitudes, when it tries to reconcile what the novelists discussed here seem to think irreconcilable—politics, and those ideals, ethical and aesthetic, that stem from the inner life.

Now we can return to our original question about the value for political action and understanding of novels that negate revolutionary political values in favor of traditional moral values. There are at least two lessons to be drawn, I think, from these novels. They show that societies fall from the top, when the ruling class no longer believes in its justification for ruling, and that revolutions are initiated from the top, by middle- and upper-class intellectuals. The lesson for the ruling class is that they ought to cure their spiritual unease by means other than playing at revolution, if revolution is not what they want. The lesson for the radical intellectuals is that politics cannot subsume the whole world, that politics is part of something larger and that politics turns, when it touches other realms of value, into something else. These novels can lead to political understanding and even to right political action by demonstrating the limits of politics. They suggest that radicals must not try to politicize the other realms of value but must operate politically with the other realms in mind—if they are not to lose in the fervor of action and the rigidities of ideology their original aims born in those other realms: if they are not in the end to confess like one of Dostoevsky's revolutionaries, " 'I started out with the idea of unrestricted freedom and I have arrived at unrestricted despotism.' "

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Strangers

LOUIS SIMPSON

Surely by this time the furniture salesman
I met one night on a train
returning from Indianapolis—

Everyone else had climbed into his sarcophagus
except this man, in the only place
that there was a light to read by.

He gave me a friendly smile.
I smiled back, and buried my head in my book.
At any distance, or in a crowd, they can spot me,

the one face that will listen
to any incoherent, drunken story—
Surely, as I was saying, by this time

he has settled the argument with his boss.
And if his wife's health has improved
I would like her to stop whispering.

*

I met a man in the Bowery
who said, "Say, can you help me?
I just got a job lined up.
All I need is the fifty cents
for a bus to Union City."

He breathed in my face, pure wine,
and talked—about army life
in Mexico where he served

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with General Black Jack Pershing.
The trouble wasn't with the army,

the trouble was with his wife.
Finally he was wise to her,
every day where she was going.
Finally he told her, "Baby,
I'm wise to you and the lieutenant."

I gave him the fifty cents.
He grabbed it, started walking,
then running down an alley.
If this wasn't a true love story
I would like to know what is.

*

The man who had worked for the Shell Oil Company,
he said, for seventeen years,
in New Mexico and Arizona—

He kept removing his glasses
to dab at the corners of his eyes
with a sleeve of his coat, and sniffing.

The glasses have an earpiece missing.
Instead there is wire, looped for the ear
and fastened to the frame with tape—

At any time he may pick up his glasses.
They are of no earthly use to me
and are only taking up space.

✪ LOUIS SIMPSON is the author of *Selected Poems* and four other books of verse. He has also published *James Hogg: A Critical Study; Riverside Drive,* a novel; and *An Introduction to Poetry. North of Jamaica* is his most recent book.

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The Prisoner

EDWARD KESSLER

Loving you
Was living beyond my means.
Now days come due
Here at the bottom
Of the world's heap.
No wind works
Changes on this air;
Rare sun breaks in
To interrupt the dark.
If I feel, I feel
Warm at a distance.

Still hungering,
Like my spider cellmate
I spin myself
To catch the night's
Debris, whatever falls
Of its own weight:
A leaf, a stone's dust,
A wood-white moth
Trembling its conclusion
To the floor.

I am perfectly safe
From us, our diversions.
Only in dream
Am I sentenced to live
Again in our garden,
Feasting on flowers under trees
Squandering their shade,
Fenced in from the neighbors.

✪ EDWARD KESSLER, who teaches at the American University, wrote *Images of Wallace Stevens.*

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From *Diary of a Snail*

GÜNTER GRASS

FORWARD—THAT'S THE NAME OF A SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY. The schoolbooks used to call a general, Blücher by name, Marshal Forward. In the Hitler Youth they used to sing (I too sang): "Forward, forward, the ringing trumpets blare. . . ."

A stupid word that has often enough accelerated regression. An inflated, and for that reason quickly deflated word, whose air is enthusiasm and whose pump is faith. A word that leaps over tombs and mass graves, translated into all languages, a catchword familiar to all loudspeakers, which is examined only in retrospect (Conversations between Refugees). Let's look and see whether forward isn't already behind us. Interrogate the rundown heels of our shoes. Clear-cut decisions, but the signs contradict each other. In the midst of progress we find ourselves standing still. The excavated future. The mysticism of statistics. Gothically ornate ignition keys. Automobiles wrapped around trees. . .

Later, Franz, when you're disillusioned,
when you've learned—the hard way—the refrain of the "It's no use" song,
when you've sung it in company,
forgotten it out of spite
and learned it again at night school,
later, Franz,
when you see
that this way and that way and even this other way won't work,
when things start going bad with you
and you've spent your portion of hope,

✪ GÜNTER GRASS's *Diary of a Snail* has been described as "a blend of fantasy and autobiography." Translated by Ralph Manheim, it will be published this year by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. "Franz" and "Raoul," who are addressed in these excerpts, are two of Mr. Grass's children.

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when you've forgotten love in the glove compartment
and hope, the well-meaning boy scout
whose knee socks are always slipping,
has lost itself in ashen grayness,
when knowledge lathers in chewing,
when you're through,
when you've been knocked cold:
flattened shredded dessicated—
a man about to give up—
when at the goal, though first,
you recognize applause to be
delusion and victory a punishment,
when your shoes have been soled
with melancholy
and your pockets bulge with slag,
when you've given up, at last given up,
given up once and for all, then—Franzeken—
after a pause long enough
to be called embarrassing,
then stand up and start moving,
moving forward . . .

. . . for when we—all of us cubical men—started to meet at my house on Niedstrasse a year ago, to besiege our long table and exasperate each other, we put down, between overloaded ashtrays, a wee little beginning. It was lame from the start; we all insisted that our wee beginning must regard itself as an experiment, because each man at the table, although each in his own specific way, harbored the intention of giving up very shortly if he hadn't done so long ago, at the latest when the Great Coalition* was ended; only Jäckel Senior spoke with the assurance of a historian and called the situation normal.

Hard to let each other finish speaking. That bored poking about with pipes and appurtenances. Evasions into the vestibules of academic intrigues. Compliments to Anna, who "looks in"

* The coalition between Social Democrats and the Christian Democratic Union, headed by Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger, a former member of the National Socialist party.

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rather absently for a moment. Precautionary omissions and enjoinders to come to the point.

And so we spoon-fed our wee beginning. It was given paper and parenthetical wisdom to eat. In three pages (no more) we registered the pusillanimity (from which we dissociated ourselves) of the Social Democrats, their internal squabbles that paralyzed the party, their communal complacency, their fuzzy image-making, their cumulation of offices and jurisdictional disputes, their right-wing opportunism and left-wing arrogance, their leadership torn between procrastination and ambition, their lack of determination (despite undeniable instances of zeal and ability) to win the impending Bundestag elections. The impetus—this was our panacea—must come from outside. Under certain circumstances (which remained to be created) a number of small but active groups succeed in shaking the weary party out of its resignation. Provide a spur. Play the pacemaker. Prepare the terrain. Found (Social Democratic) voters' clubs. Catch and channel the wave of protest . . .

Our arrogance was rich in cynical sound effects. Desperate long-distance runners trying to outdistance each other by the length of a joke. Lying gasping on our faces, impelled only by the crawling instinct to look for starting holes. Rubbing pepper into a snail's foot.

Right now I have no desire to brush in atmosphere or doodle little men, although outside, while chairs were stiffening our bones, drama was stalking on a wide screen. Dutschke in the lead, the student demonstration advanced tightly linked and conflict-oriented, heroic and beautiful (in the segment captured by the camera) against us puny revisionists; and for us, promoting revisionism. Accustomed to noise, we sat on the fringe, pedantic harpers on words, who want everything, even the vaguest things, named with precision.

After Gaus had had his outburst, after Sontheimer had been incapable of any decision, after Baring had regarded his contribution as not negligible, after I had been irritatingly pigheaded, and all of us had once, Gaus several times, been right, Jäckel Senior spoke as a historian and called the date of the elections

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a goal toward which we must move progressively step by step. . . .

❧

Listen, Raoul, your plan appeals to me, even if it won't work. Put it aside. Don't get mad right away. Fly off the handle slowly. And don't say: "Why does this happen to me, always to me?"

I've told you a hundred times that your big and little mishaps don't mean that the world or neighborhood is against you.

I've taken you and your cuts in the head to the doctor on Sundays.

I've shown you how to lard a leg of mutton with garlic.

I often see you coming in too much of a hurry and catch you when you jump.

I anticipate you, help you to blow off steam. (You and your mother are too much alike for proximity at table.)

Before anger makes you feather-light, hold on to me, for instance; I'll brake you (and Doubt will brake me).

How politely indulgent you are when absentmindedness makes me say "yes," although I've previously said very plainly: "No record player."

Your order is a chaos full of hard work.

Even if it spills over, I like you to pour me wine.

Your plans appeal to me. Come, let's make plans!

For the fun of it, the way I'd like my funeral to be planned: merrily and insidiously.

Whom shall we invite?

Not just friends.

What there will be to eat afterwards (before, as we've planned, my taped voice welcomes the guests)?

Leg of mutton larded with garlic—as your father has taught you.

But I'm still more or less alive. My plans are simmering on a low flame. For the present I'm busy preventing. And aiming at small gains. Making gray holes in the blackness. Covering dyed-black-in-the-wool election districts: Catholic-pagan picture-

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book regions, where the organization of voters' clubs—you know our plan—is made difficult by people's fear for their reputation and clientele, their fear of the priest, the school principal, the neighbors, philistine fear in regional costume.

Or when in the afternoon (after visiting factories) I sit with shop committees and listen as work and working conditions are described to me as a curse dispensed on a smooth-running conveyor belt: injustice guaranteed by contract.

Or in discussions, when the sons of the bourgeoisie start exculpating themselves by trying to redeem the world via a microphone. When grimly I try to pull the weeds of German idealism, which spring up again as inexorably as ribgrass. How they persist in pursuing a cause—even the cause of socialism—for its own sake. . .

Or the faithful under their cheese domes, how fresh they keep themselves—Raoul, let's go on being heretics. Come, let's make plans.

❧

On my return from Snailville I strike myself as fast-moving. It lies to the south of Upper Dawdle on the road to Creepy Corners, and along with the townships of Sluggish Falls, Dally-in-the-Woods and Backlog, belongs to an election district where the Socialists have been making progress since Bebel, but getting ahead only very slowly and relatively. (Since we have been suffering from consciousness, a false consciousness has come into being.)

You can see, children, that I had to make special preparations for Snailville, a small town whose architecture and homey atmosphere remind one of Burgsteinfurt, Weissenburg, Säckingen and Biberach; it was necessary in particular to adapt my standard speech, "Twenty Years of Federal Republic," to the Snailville mentality by making certain cuts and adding historical passages, because several days before my arrival—coming from Marl, we still had May 1 in Dinslaken ahead of us—a debate had taken place behind Renaissance windows in the Snailville town hall, and

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had been followed by a vote. By fifteen Black* votes to six on our side (and two Liberal abstentions) the town council had issued a proclamation indirectly aimed at us. Here it is:

"Citizens of Snailville! Changes against which we have long been warning you are threatening to materialize. As we learn from the leaflets of radical innovators, the thousandth anniversary of our formerly diocesan city is to be celebrated under the scandalous slogan: 'Let us not fear the great leap!' The innovators are planning to mask their true intentions behind sports contests. Hopping races are to be held not only in the schools but also—provocatively!—outside the Town Hall. We see through their devices! It has also reached our ears that a proposal to rename our beloved Snailville is in the offing. 'Snail's Leap' is the name they have in mind for our city. We call upon all citizens to thwart this sacrilege. No leaping for this town. Though we do not reject progress out of hand, we distrust haste. We have always arrived in good time. Often we have owed our survival to arriving too late. It is imperative that we halt the speed-up that is threatening Snailville and cancel certain measures already under consideration. Nip them in the bud! Our fortune is our perseverance. We do not hurry."

(Since then I have visited other towns equally concerned with preserving their homegrown stasis, jumbles of narrow, winding streets clogged with through traffic, towns that seemed to be preserved in exhaust fumes and might have been called Snail Bend or Slugheim.)

The night when I addressed the numerous citizens who had gathered in Snailville's historical Market Hall on Vogteiplatz, I managed in my exordium to interpret the snail in the city's coat of arms as a symbol of progress. Obviously I recommended no leaps and above all no "Great Leap Forward." I also kept clear of such words as expansion, areas of concentrated effort, crash program, infrastructure, and planning. But when I had elucidated the fundamental difference between conservative clinging snails and progressive mobile snails and, holding fast to my image, re-

* The Christian Democratic Union, known as *die Schwarzen,* "the blacks"—the clerical party.

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duced all motion to snail measure, an increasing number of my listeners resolved to be clinging snails no longer and showed a willingness to interpret their city's heraldic animal (in the spirit of my gastropodological disquisition) as a *Cepaea nemoralis* edging inexorably forward on its creeping sole. "Progress is a snail," I said. (And when I termed Willy Brandt's slow, steady ascent a "snail's career," I was rewarded with amiable, startled applause.) No enthusiasm, but at least they listened when in the light of its hundred-year toil, I spoke of the Social Democratic party as a snail party. My speech ended with an appeal to my audience not to shut themselves up in their shells, but snailwise to persevere in their journey and let their antennae reach out into the future.

Of course the ensuing discussion, even when such questions as sliding-scale pensions and the city-planning bill came up, revolved exclusively around interpretation of the snail as such, and —as one would expect in Germany—the snail principle. A speaker from the Extra-Parliamentary Opposition—even Snailville has its E.P.O.—went along with me rather hesitantly, characterizing the "Long March through the Institutions," often invoked by the student protest movement, as a snail program. When with Trotsky I offered him the handy word "permanent," he consented to see the revolution as dialectical confirmation of the snail principle. (I dropped the magic word Hegel, and permitted myself two long quotations from Engels, only the first of which was my own invention.)

A successful meeting. In autographing paperbacks brought by members of the audience, my magic marker dropped decorative snails on the paper (along with my signature) for the benefit of young ladies of voting age. Later we sat in the Vogteikeller and praised Snailville's Riesling. Since a good many listeners (and voters) had come from Upper Dawdle and Dally-in-the-Woods, —a bus had been chartered in Backlog—the Social Democratic candidate, a high-school teacher whom I would have liked to call Hermann Ott, spoke of a meeting that would have lasting repercussions, although there was reason to doubt that its success would show up as early as the next election returns. (On toward midnight I even managed to enlist the collaboration of several

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local citizens, including the head physician at the hospital and the curator of the Museum of Local Art and History; since then Snailville has had its voters' club.)

A town, children, of medieval stamp, which industry dares approach only hesitantly. In the afternoon I visited a factory where stopwatches are assembled, and chatted with the shop committee in a room whose walls were decorated with framed photographs of famous sprinters—including such celebrities as Harry and Fütterer. Their dedications praised the Snailville stopwatches and termed the town's reputation "international."

(When the time came we registered a 4.8 percent increase in the Social Democratic vote. We did not leap, but slithered from 20.3 to 25.1 percent: Snailville is getting ahead.)

While our race was going on,
the public aged and died.
No witness at the finish, no applause, only our own sounds.
Be patient, I'm clinging forward, I'm coming.
Many overtake me and later fall by the wayside:
Object lessons in unsteadiness
I lie behind myself.
My track dries away.
On the way I've forgotten my goal.
Now I shall withdraw;
what's left of me is fragile.
I hear that it's windy outside
but promising in the short run.

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As We Like It

How a Girl Can Be Smart and Still Popular

CLARA CLAIBORNE PARK

IN THE MAJOR LITERATURE there are no useful Bildungsromans for girls. A boy's development into manhood through testing experience is one of the oldest themes in literature; Homer's Telemachus presents the first model of how to grow into the kind of man one's society approves and has need of. From the *Odyssey* to "The Bear," literature affords a long procession of raw youths; almost all manage to become men. Girls, however, had to wait out a twenty-five-hundred-year literary history before anyone made fiction of their growth. When Evelina and Emma did at length appear on the scene, a capable girl—let us imagine, for example, the young Florence Nightingale—might have been pardoned for feeling that whatever else they did, these characters scarcely enlarged her sense of possibility. The scope of their activities was even more restricted than that of the ladies who created them—who did, at least, write books. Only the dearth of images of the possibilities open to a developing girl can explain the immense influence of a novel that most males never read—Louisa May Alcott's *Little Women.*

Yet young females, like young males, create themselves according to the models their society provides for them; and like young males, those who read look in literature for images of what they could be and what they ought to be. Stories of female trial and initiation are by their nature difficult for male writers to provide, and we should remember that from Sappho—*floruit* 600 B.C.—to Jane Austen, there were hardly any writers who were not male. Male writers, of course, can and do provide models for females, but not very many. A cursory check of the dramatis personae of any Eliza-

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bethan play will demonstrate what is still true of modern fictions: female characters are greatly outnumbered. (A London director estimated last year that there are five times as many parts for actors as for actresses.) Still, quantity is not everything. Literate girls could find without difficulty images which, although they lacked the dimension of development, still provided a warm variety of ways of being female. They could—like everybody else—read Shakespeare.

As classics go, Shakespeare isn't bad reading for a girl. The conventions of tragedy and romance offer horizons considerably wider than those available in Fanny Burney and Jane Austen; the courts of Europe and the seacoasts of Bohemia provide backgrounds in which a girl can imagine herself doing far more interesting things than she could at home. It is true that, unlike those paradoxical dramatists of male-chauvinist Athens, Shakespeare never allows a woman a play of her own. He provides neither *Antigones* nor *Medeas*; no feminine name appears in his titles except as the second member of a male-female pair. Yet a girl can read Shakespeare without calling upon the defenses necessary for Milton or Hemingway, or Lawrence or Mailer—writers she must read calloused for survival, a black in Mr. Charlie's land. Shakespeare liked women and respected them; not everybody does. We do not find him, like Milton, luxuriating in the amoebic submissiveness of an Eve in Paradise, and we can surmise that he would have found little interest in the dim Marias and complaisant Catherines whom Hemingway found nonthreatening. He is not afraid of the kind of assertiveness and insistence on her own judgment that Eve displays when she gets busy bringing death into the world and all our woe; the evidence of the plays is that he positively enjoyed it.

From Mrs. Jameson on, critics, male and female, have praised Shakespeare's women. "The dignity of Portia, the energy of Beatrice, the radiant high spirits of Rosalind, the sweetness of Viola"—William Allan Neilson's encomia can stand for thousands of others. Juliet, Cordelia, Rosalind, Beatrice; Cleopatra, Hermione, Emilia, Paulina—Shakespeare's girls and mature women are individualized, realized, fully enjoyed as human beings. His respect for women is evident in all the plays, but it is in the middle comedies

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that the most dazzling image recurs. It is an image significant for what it can tell us about the extent—and the limits—of acceptable feminine activity in the Shakespearean world, a world which in this as in other things remains, over time and change, disconcertingly like our own.

Limits? What limits? It would seem that no girl need feel herself diminished when she reads *As You Like It, The Merchant of Venice* or *Much Ado.* Rather, she is given a glittering sense of possibility. Who would not, if she could, be beautiful, energetic, active, verbally brilliant and still sought after by desirable men, like these Shakespearean heroines? Hebraic and Pauline tradition might subordinate the female; secular codes might make her, like Juliet and Portia, her father's to dispose of as he wished, to a man who, once her husband, could exercise over her the same absolute dominion. Yet Juliet and Portia, like Rosalind and the ladies of *Love's Labour's Lost,* clearly think of themselves as autonomous people. Submissive mildness is not lacking in Shakespeare; Bianca and Hero and Mariana would content a Milton and reassure even a Mailer. But such characters are never central to the action—logically enough, because they do not act. Apparent exceptions are seen to prove the rule: beneath Cordelia's gentleness is a strain of iron stubbornness that Milton would probably have welcomed much as Lear did.

Bianca and her like do not interest Shakespeare. When he does bring this kind of woman to full individuality it is, significantly enough, not to present her as an effective human being but to offer her to our sympathies, like Desdemona and Ophelia, as a helpless victim. What catches his imagination in *As You Like It, The Merchant of Venice,* and *Much Ado* is a young woman of an entirely different kind: one who, by her energy, wit and readiness to give as good as she gets, successfully demonstrates her ability to control events in the world around her, not excluding the world of men. Perhaps we should not be surprised that the greatest Elizabethan was attracted by the qualities of his sovereign, who told her lords that

though I be a woman, I have as good a courage answerable to my place

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as ever my father had. . . . I thank God I am endued with such qualities that were I turned out of the realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in christendom.

But perhaps we should be surprised; there are no such women in Marlowe or Jonson or the other dramatists who could have been expected to remember the qualities of the Virgin Queen. In drama as elsewhere, men find such women hard to handle, and often hard to take. Shakespeare knew how to manage them—at least on stage. That he could create women who were spunky enough to be fun to be with, and still find ways to mediate their assertiveness so as to render them as nonthreatening as their softer sisters, is one of the secrets of his perennial appeal. His is one of the surer methods of keeping a love story from liquefying prematurely, durable enough to remain serviceable to Yale professors who write bestsellers.

We should note at the outset something that Shakespeare's wide-ranging geography and tapestried history can easily obscure: that whoever and wherever they are, the sphere of action he allows his women is severely limited. As Betty Bandel shows in her fascinating unpublished Columbia dissertation, "Shakespeare's Treatment of the Social Position of Women," Shakespeare never dramatizes, even peripherally, a learned woman (although women may be, even should be "wise"). Nor, in so many plays that deal with politics, does he ever present a woman who is active in politics in her own behalf, in spite of the example of the sovereign under whom he spent his formative years. The type of "la très sage Héloise" interests him no more than Joan of Arc, and although his women often intervene forcefully in political matters, it is always in the interest of the male to whom they are attached, whether husband, lover or son, and usually—as with Lady Macbeth —their influence is for the worse. Professor Bandel points out that even when a tradition of independent action clearly exists, as with Cleopatra, Shakespeare does not use it; he leaves undeveloped Plutarch's suggestions of the queen's political ability and power. "The play is not the play of a woman ruler; insofar as Cleopatra is concerned, it is the play of one of the sisterhood

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'that trade in love'." Similarly, it would have been easy, in *All's Well That Ends Well,* to give Helena the credit for the skill that cures the king of France; the knowledge of herbs and simples was an acceptable part of the feminine role. Instead, she merely administers the medicine bequeathed her by her father the physician.

But what Shakespeare does not do is far less immediately striking than what he does, and what he does is to glorify as never before the image of the bright young girl. In *Much Ado,* in *As You Like It,* in *The Merchant of Venice,* the image recurs, lovingly differentiated, but the same in its essentials: a young woman who is to delight the audience by her beauty, vigor, self-confidence and wit.

It is Beatrice and Benedick who provide the real interest of *Much Ado.* As we have seen, when Shakespeare himself couples a masculine and a feminine name, the feminine comes last, but although Juliet follows Romeo, and Cleopatra, Antony, in the mouth of both common reader and critic, Beatrice precedes Benedick. From the beginning, it is Beatrice who determines the tenor of the relationship: "I wonder you will still be talking, Signior Benedick. Nobody marks you." Benedick's parry is instant—"What, my dear Lady Disdain, are you yet living?"—but it is a response to her initiative; the lady has taken the offensive, and Beatrice will give as good as she gets. The young woman and the young man are endowed with the same kind of wit and the same enjoyment of verbal competitiveness. The pleasure of watching them lies in the equality of the match.

It is significant that Shakespeare went to the trouble of inventing Beatrice and Benedick; there is no trace of them in his Renaissance originals. It is already clear in *Love's Labour's Lost* that he enjoyed this kind of relationship, and this kind of woman. Born in a merry hour, when a star danced, Beatrice clearly is delightful to her creator. The older men in the play also find her attractive and charming; although her uncle warns her she will never get a husband if she "be so shrewd of her tongue," the tone of the reproof is light and it leads merely to further cheerful repartee. Don Pedro considers her "a pleasant-spirited lady" and actually makes her a semi-serious proposal, to which she replies

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that so grand a match would only do for Sundays. Like Benedick, she has a good time making jokes against marriage, and there is no tinge of bitterness in them. Both are good-natured beneath their repartee; they are obviously well-suited, and it's no wonder their friends decide to bring them together.

Beatrice's capacities match Benedick's; so does her cheerful self-assertion. That, it would seem, is the point of what's going on; that is what Shakespeare intends his audience to enjoy. Yet if we examine more closely this apparent glorification of equality between the sexes, we will discover that what it in fact demonstrates is exactly what its glitter obscures: that if the bright young girl is to be made acceptable—to audiences, to readers, perhaps even to her creator—ways must be found to reduce the impact of her self-confidence, to make sure that equality is kept nominal.

There is an undercurrent of uneasiness in the audience's response to Beatrice. Ellen Terry warned that Beatrice's encounters with Benedick "can easily be made to sound vulgar and malicious," and cautioned the actress taking the part to speak with "the lightest raillery, with mirth in voice and a charm in manner." Don Pedro may find her charming, her uncle may value her gaiety, but young males are more vulnerable. *Much Ado* is not out to test the limits of our tolerance for feminine assertiveness. Shakespeare's bright young girls are meant to please, not to make us uncomfortable. A way must be found to mitigate this lightest of threats. We need some reassurance that Beatrice cannot hurt us, and Shakespeare will provide it.

Beatrice and Benedick are both scoffers at Cupid, and as their personalities are similar, so the stratagems that are to make them fall in love seem at first glance strictly parallel. Equally matched, male and female apparently are to be treated with strict equality. Their friends arrange for each to overhear a put-up conversation; planted in it is the information that in spite of all appearances, each is hopelessly in love with the other. We might expect that the two conversations, parallel in their effects, also would be parallel in content, but this is by no means so. Benedick merely overhears a circumstantial account of how much Beatrice is in love with him. Beatrice, however, must hear herself accused of

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scornful carping which "turns every man the wrong side out," of disdain, of pride, of egoism. "Her wit," says her cousin Hero,

> Values itself so highly that to her
> All matter else seems weak. She cannot love,
> Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
> She is so self-endeared.

Although she and Benedick have been presented up to this point as two of a kind, Benedick is not thus criticized. Young females are expected to temper their behavior to the vulnerability of the male, and those who fail to do so expose themselves to the censure of their peers. We remember that earlier, although Beatrice bore up well under Benedick's taunt that she got her wit from a joke book, her retort (that he was called "the prince's jester") sent him off to complain to his friends that "she speaks poniards, and every word stabs." Merry Beatrice is no Katharine, but she is tainted with shrewishness. Although her cousin's criticism is touched with hyperbole, Beatrice is evidently meant to take it to heart. And so she does. Benedick does not hear her recantation, delivered in soliloquy, but the audience must.

> What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
> Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?
> Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
> No glory lives behind the back of such.
> And Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,
> Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand. . . .

At the end she is still joking; when Benedick tells her that he takes her for pity, she replies that she yields only to save his life. But the audience can feel quite comfortable. The slight ambiguity of her character need never be resolved. We need not decide whether or not there is a bit of the shrew in Beatrice; since we know that she will need no taming, it does not matter.

This is, of course, the ideal: the high-spirited woman who will tame herself. She offers both men and women that most precious of assurances—that they can have it both ways. To women, a girl

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like Beatrice affirms their bright potentialities, but also the warm safety of their conviction that these should never be displayed in any way that could threaten men. The men in the audience—like the men in the play—can enjoy her company, free from both the threat of insubordination and the necessity of putting her in her place. Only the most flamboyant of Petruchios enjoys playing the tyrant; it is much pleasanter not to have to.

If Beatrice is delightful, Rosalind is even better. Neilson (who, as president of Smith College, occupied a privileged position for girl-watching) describes her as having "the wit of Portia and Beatrice softened by the gentleness of Viola"—exactly as we like it. In *As You Like It,* however, Shakespeare does not hesitate to tip the equal balance that affords the fun of *Much Ado* in favor of the lady; in wit and energy, Rosalind has no male rival. Insofar as any other character is able to match her repartee, it is Celia, who although she is usually remembered as the gentle foil, the "other kind" of girl, turns out to have a surprising number of the snappy lines. Orlando, however, is merely a nice young man; as is true at Radcliffe and Harvard, the girls come out with noticeably higher College Entrance Examination Board verbals.

Rosalind, however, is more than witty. *As You Like It* is her play. This is, of course, unusual in Shakespeare. Heroes act, but heroines commonly do not, which is why, unlike Antigone and Lysistrata, none of them gets a Shakespearean title to herself. Neither does Rosalind—although Thomas Lodge had accorded her one—but nevertheless it is she who moves the play. She is energetic, effective, successful. She has the courage to accept exile; she decides to assume male dress, and, playing brother, she guides her friend to the Forest of Arden. The late comedies no longer present these forceful young women, and the faithful Imogen of *Cymbeline* retroactively exposes the extent of Rosalind's autonomy. It is not Imogen but her husband's servant who originates the idea of male disguise; the necessity for her journey originates not in her own position but in her relation to her husband, and as soon as she lacks a man to guide her, she gets lost. Her complaint at this point measures her distance from Rosalind: "I see a man's life is a tedious one." (Her previous remark to Cloten also bears

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thinking about: "You put me to forget a lady's manners/By being so verbal.") Through Imogen we can appreciate the unique position of Rosalind in her play. Rosalind's decisions control the progress of *As You Like It,* and it is by her agency that the four couples assemble in the concluding nuptial dance which, as in *The Boke of the Governor,* "betokeneth concord" and embodies for the audience the harmony restored that is the essence of Shakespearean comedy.

Yet Shakespeare arranges for her to do all this without making the ladies censorious or the gentlemen nervous. He has various methods of rendering her wit painless and her initiatives acceptable. The most obvious way is to confine them to love matters, a proper feminine sphere. Rosalind is a political exile, but she shows no disposition to meddle in politics; it is not through her agency that her father is restored to his rightful place. Her wit is not, like Portia's, exercised in the service of sensible men engaged in the serious business of the world, nor are her jokes made at their expense. Her satire is, in fact, narrowly directed at two classes of beings—sighing lovers, and women. In the course of the fun she works her way through most of the accusations already traditional in a large antifeminist literature* (inconstancy, contrariness, jealousy, unfaithfulness, et cetera) to the point where Celia tells her, "We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird has done to her own nest." Add that we know all along that she herself is the butt of her own jokes, being herself both lovesick and female, and it would be a fragile Benedick indeed who could feel himself stabbed by her poniard.

The most useful dramatic device for mediating the initiatives of the female, however, is the male disguise. Male garments immensely broaden the sphere in which female energy can manifest itself. Dressed as a man, a nubile woman can go places and do things she couldn't do otherwise, thus getting the play out of the court and the closet and into interesting places like forests or

* The survey of this tradition is one of the most valuable contributions of Professor Bandel's dissertation, which reviews the position of women in English literature from Anglo-Saxon times to Shakespeare.

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Welsh mountains. Once Rosalind is disguised as a man, she can be as saucy and self-assertive as she likes. (We can observe a similar change come over sweet Viola of *Twelfth Night* as soon as she begins to play the clever page.) The male characters will accept her behavior because it does not offend their sense of propriety, the female characters because (like the audience) they know she's playing a role. With male dress we feel secure. In its absence, feminine assertiveness is viewed with hostility, as with Kate the Shrew, or at best, as with Beatrice, as less than totally positive. Male dress transforms what otherwise could be experienced as aggression into simple high spirits.

The temporary nature of the male disguise is of course essential, since the very nature of Shakespearean comedy is to affirm that disruption is temporary, that what has turned topsy-turvy will be restored. It is evident that Rosalind has enjoyed the flexibility and freedom that come with the assumption of the masculine role, but it is also evident that she will gladly and voluntarily relinquish it. "Down on your knees," she tells the proud shepherdess who scorns her faithful swain, "and thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love." Rosalind, clearly, is thankful for Orlando's, and although she is twice the person he is, we are willing to believe that they live happily ever after, since that's obviously what she wants.

Portia is another lady who outweighs her man. Bassanio is one of the most firmly nonmemorable of Shakespeare's characters, but Portia is nonetheless delighted with him. It is true that she has more excuse than Rosalind. Bassanio may be no more than a pleasantly affectionate incompetent in need of a rich wife to free him from his debts. But Portia is not free to choose her husband; Shakespearean fathers may dispose of their daughters as they will, and she must marry the fellow who chooses the right casket. Among suitors who include a drunken German, an Englishman who speaks no European language, and an African prince in whose negritude she finds no appeal, Bassanio looks good. She can make up, after all, what he lacks in intelligence and force. His improvidence and poor judgment have put his friend's life in jeopardy, and he lacks the wit to extricate him. It is not he who

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possesses the resourcefulness to pass himself off as a lawyer, or the brains to find a technicality to win on. Portia sends her newly wed husband off to Venice to bid goodbye to the friend he has ruined, since this is evidently all he is capable of. She herself posts off to assume the male attire that will make possible her triumph over Shylock.

Portia recalls Beatrice and Rosalind, but unlike them her intelligence is allowed to engage with matters more serious than the pairing of lovers. The law, the quality of mercy, the survival of a man—alone of Shakespeare's heroines, Portia is allowed to confront a man over matters outside a woman's sphere—and to win. (A somewhat similar confrontation occurs in *Measure for Measure*—not mediated by male dress—but Isabella's opposition to Angelo is swiftly reduced to sexual terms, and she thereafter loses the center of the stage.) Even the male disguise will hardly be enough to render harmless such a formidable lady. We may expect that special means will be necessary to mitigate this unusually serious threat.

One way is to reduce the significance of her male adversary. Shylock is a man, but not one with whom the audience was expected readily to identify. The Elizabethan response to Shylock, unlike our own, was not ambiguous. Shakespeare's audience unquestionably would have found it reassuring that the man Portia confronted and vanquished was not a person of her own status in society, but a misbelieving Jew.

The audience, however, needs more explicit reassurance than this. It is provided. Here, in the only play besides *As You Like It* where Shakespeare allows a woman's action to control the outcome,* Shakespeare makes sure that Portia does not have her day in court until she has explicitly affirmed her subordination to her husband-to-be. Portia's betrothal speech to Bassanio rivals in its length, its emphasis, and its poetry even the *locus classicus* where Shakespeare showed the proper attitude of a girl whose assertiveness was unmitigated by charm and good nature toward

* If *Macbeth* and *Antony and Cleopatra* present themselves as exceptions, we should reflect both that the actions of Lady Macbeth and Cleopatra do not uniquely determine the outcome—and that the outcome is catastrophe.

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a husband likewise not notably endowed with either. Katharine's submission to Petruchio is famous:

> Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
> Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee. . . .
> Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
> Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
> And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
> And not obedient to his honest will,
> What is she but a foul, contending rebel,
> And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
> I am ashamed that women are so simple
> To offer war when they should kneel for peace,
> Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
> Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

And a great deal more of the same. Katharine's speech, considering what she's just been through, might be considered a bit overwrought. Portia's, however, seems to well up quite spontaneously, and it is just as strongly phrased. She wishes herself "a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times/More rich," just to be good enough for Bassanio. Yet, says this lady who is about to astonish the Venetian courts,

> . . . the full sum of me . . .
> Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd;
> Happy in this, she is not yet so old
> But she may learn; happier than this,
> She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
> Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
> Commits itself to yours to be directed,
> As from her lord, her governor, her king.
> Myself and what is mine to you and yours
> Is now converted. But now I was the lord
> Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
> Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now
> This house, these servants, and this same myself
> Are yours, my lord. . . .

"Thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,/Thy head, thy sovereign"—or "Her lord, her governor, her king." But this is not an admission

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wrung from ill-natured, headstrong Katharine, this is Portia speaking, brilliant Portia, confident Portia, who will soon be off to accomplish what no male Venetian seems able to. She speaks in this vein for twenty-four lines—Katharine's submission takes forty. No audience, as far as I know, has complained of the length. It is interesting, then, to compare Shakespeare's treatment of one of the rare occasions when a man submits. In such a case, our patience is assumed to be short. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Master Ford makes an apology to his wife for incorrectly suspecting her virtue. He imprudently begins "Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt." This is too much; he scarcely gets out five more lines before Master Page interrupts him:

> 'Tis well, 'tis well, no more.
> Be not as extreme in submission
> As in offence.

Once again we are shown that when the sexes are reversed, parallel situations lose their similarity.

Brilliant and fascinating women are a pleasure to watch, once we can be sure they will accept the control even of the Bassanios and Orlandos of the world—at least this was so in Elizabethan England. That was, however, a long time ago. Shakespeare's feminine models certainly can be seen as significant to the pre-twentieth-century reader. But today's young girls have never heard of Rosalind and Beatrice. To consider that Shakespeare's comic heroines have something to tell us about the twentieth-century feminine image would seem to be academicism gone overboard.

And yet—have you by any chance seen *Love Story,* or read it? Millions have, if you have not; for many, the story of the doomed love of Jenny Cavilleri and Oliver Barrett III stands as an epitome of what the relationship between young male and young female should be. The popularity of *Love Story* is genuine and significant; it expresses what a very large number of people believe. If we scrutinize it we will discover something that we may find encouraging or disconcerting: Professor Segal has demonstrated that the Shakespearean formula is still a winner.

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Invent a girl of charm and intellect; allow her ego a brief premarital flourishing; make clear that it is soon to subside into voluntarily-assumed subordination; make sure that this is mediated by love. Today, however, the archetypal bright young girl is to be found not in courts or forests, but in the Radcliffe library.

When a likely Harvard jock tries to borrow a book, Jenny, like Beatrice, takes the offensive. "Do you have your own library?" she asks, and the parry and thrust that follow impart a sense of *déjà vu*. It glitters with I.Q., and the heroine wins it. It is only the first of a series; she wins them all. However tricky her Benedick's riposte, she always tops it. She's lovely when she takes off her glasses; she is brilliant, but she is nice too, sweet and warm and young, and the audience cries at the end much as it did when Juliet died some years ago in another successful love story. We who teach college students, especially female ones, had better watch out how we knock *Love Story;* those tears are wet, and as many of our students have told us, they don't care what we say, it's a beautiful story. And if we take the unaccustomed trouble to consider it from a young girl's point of view, we must concede that it is a compelling one: who wouldn't want to be beautiful, clever and good, like Jenny?

Like Shakespeare, Professor Segal writes for the box office, and like Shakespeare in the romantic comedies, he writes not to disturb, but to reassure. Oliver and Jenny are no more likely to disrupt the social order than are Florizel and Perdita. The Harvard they inhabit is as remote from today's vexed colleges as the Forest of Arden. *Love Story* is built to last—on the hypothesis that demonstrations and demands for relevance are temporary phenomena, but that images of youthful brilliance, generational misunderstanding, love and early death are likely to retain their traditional interest. So, evidently, is the bright young girl. We may refuse to accept Jenny as an avatar of Rosalind and Beatrice, but we are bound to recognize her, complete with the assertiveness, the charm and the fundamental acquiescence in traditional sex roles that allow us to have our cake and eat it.

Jenny's verbal one-upmanship must not be allowed to mislead us. Her aggressiveness is only apparent, part of the delightful

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game that assures us that this prize is worth having. Since Jenny wins each verbal passage, her Benedick has to discover this in bed, the minimal measure of how far the social mores have progressed since Shakespeare. The necessary reassurance comes with the required explicitness: "Our first physical encounter was the polar opposite of our first verbal one. . . . This was the real Jenny —the soft one, whose touch was so light and loving." The real Jenny is as different from the clever one as the "unlesson'd girl" is from the shyster lawyer. The clever Jenny has a scholarship to study in Paris; the real Jenny gives it up without hesitation when Oliver asks, "What about our marriage?" The bright Jenny keeps up the repartee and never loses a set, but the real Jenny has given up all for love. When Oliver is disinherited by a stern father, Jenny teaches music to support him through law school. She gives up participation in music groups. "She came home from Shady Lane exhausted, and there was dinner to cook." Woman's work is never done. Oliver, after all, is making a sacrifice too; he has had to give up football. There is no suggestion that the independent exercise of her highly-trained abilities gives her the slightest satisfaction; her work is obviously temporary. When Oliver lands the lucrative job proper to an all-Ivy jock who has graduated third in his class, the only WASP in the top ten, Jenny retires contentedly into an expensive apartment on East Sixty-third Street and assumes the activities proper to a woman whose husband is supporting her. She cooks for him (even later, when she's dying, she fends off his attempts to help because that isn't "man's work"). She goes to work on getting pregnant. And she obediently enters upon the conspicuous consumption that he sees as the blazon of his triumph.

It pleases us to see that, like Rosalind and Portia, she's wiser than her man, and it's made clear that she uses her charge accounts, as she does everything else, only because he wants her to. We are allowed to understand that her own values are less crudely materialistic, but that she is too wise not to indulge her husband's fierce competitiveness in these unimportant matters. For all the verbal victories are kept carefully only verbal. The one matter of substance on which she and Oliver disagree is his implacable

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refusal to understand his father, and although she is shown to be absolutely right when she calls her husband a heartless bastard, she obediently abandons her attempt to soften him, and the final reconciliation between father and son is brought about only through her death. Jenny, we are given to understand on the last page, is more than a tender memory, she is an enduring influence —but an influence of the traditional womanly kind, whose strength is in its gentleness and willingness to give way.

So Jenny dies, and millions weep for her, including many who will not afterwards admit it. I teach at an extremely unsophisticated college, but unsophisticated students are not without perspicacity. The force with which my students insist on the enduring beauty of *Love Story* is intensified by a certain irritation growing out of their suspicion that their sophisticated teachers are, as usual, trying to put something over on them. They suspect that we are quite simply lying; that either we did cry at *Love Story,* or, that if we did condescend to read it, we would. I suspect they are right. Our need for images of brightness and beauty, fidelity and tenderness, is insatiable. Sophisticated modern literature refuses to give them to us, and rightly; the cleverer we are, the surer it is that we will repudiate in today's fiction the old patterns that free us to weep at *Romeo and Juliet* and smile at *As You Like It.* Yet love stories are hardy, as Segal knew when he chose his title. Stereotypes do not necessarily detract from their durability, for truth, unfortunately for us sophisticates, is an essential component of stereotypes. Women commonly do smooth their assertiveness into acceptability, and it is those who do so who are experienced as charming—by men and by women. Women frequently do exercise a softening influence on the extremes of male competition; they do, like Portia and Isabella and Jenny (and Antigone) speak out for mercy and the relaxation of the lethal rigidities of men. Literature is not unrealistic in representing this as one of the most satisfactory ways in which women interact with men, and Shakespeare may not be unrealistic, either, in bodying forth the repulsion of the race when even women abandon gentleness for ambition and aggression. "Proper deformity shows not in the fiend/So horrid as in woman." Theodore Roszak has recently

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called for a liberation of "the compassionate virtues"—in men as well as in women—and warned that the world will not be better if women exercise their indubitable right to be "every bit the brutes and bastards men have been. . . . Courage, daring, decisiveness, resourcefulness, are good qualities, in women as much so as in men. So too are charity, mercy, tenderness. But ruthlessness, callousness, power, lust, domineering self-assertion—these are destructive, whether in man or woman." But literature, which is still overwhelmingly produced by males, has not been very helpful in providing the young girl with the Bildungsroman that would show her how to combine the compassionate virtues with the expansion of ego-strength that is her due as a human being. Shakespeare does better than the rest; as accurately as if he had died yesterday, he represents the limits a girl can reach and still be sure of the approval of her society. But it remains true that no major writer since those curious woman-obsessed Athenians has made a woman's active heroism his central concern, and that a girl who wants, in George Eliot's words, "to make her life greatly effective" can search the literature of her own civilization and find even in George Eliot only treatments of how to fail in the attempt. The point of the male Bildungsroman, however, is that it deals not with failure but with success. *The Mill on the Floss* and *Middlemarch* come as close to the model as the feminine situation has allowed, yet Maggie is destroyed by her surging emotions, and Dorothea Brooke is explicitly presented as an Antigone with no brother to bury, a Saint Theresa with no convents to found. George Eliot wrote *Middlemarch* to show the forces that prevent a woman from being a hero. Unless or until these forces lose their strength, the best a girl can hope for is to be a heroine, while waiting for the new literature that will render *Love Story*—but not, we hope, Shakespeare—hopelessly out of date.

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The Man Who Wishes to Feed on Mahogany

ANNIE DILLARD

Chesterton tells us that if someone wished to feed exclusively on mahogany, poetry would not be able to express this. Instead, if a man happens to love and not be loved in return, or if he mourns the absence or loss of someone, then poetry is able to express these feelings precisely because they are commonplace.

—Borges, interview in *Encounter,* April, 1969

Not the man who wishes to feed on mahogany
and who happens to love and not be loved in return;
not mourning in autumn the absence or loss of someone,
remembering how, in a yellow dress, she leaned
light-shouldered, lanky, over a platter or pears—
no; no tricks. Just the man and his wish, alone.

That there should be mahogany, real, in the world,
instead of no mahogany, rings in his mind
like a gong, that in humid Haitian forests are trees,
hard trees, not holes in air, not nothing, no Haiti,
no zone for trees nor time for wood to grow:
reality rounds his mind like rings in a tree.

Love is the factor, love is the type, and the poem.
Is love a trick, to make him commonplace?
He wishes, cool in his windy rooms. He thinks:
of all earth's shapes, her coils, rays and nets,
mahogany I love, this sunburnt red,
this close-grained, scented slab, my fellow creature.

He knows he can't feed on the wood he loves, and he won't.
But desire walks on lean legs down halls of his sleep,
desire to drink and sup at mahogany's mass.
His wishes weight his belly. Love holds him here,

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love nails him to the world, this windy wood,
as to a cross. Ah, this lanky, sunburnt cross!

Is he sympathetic? Do you care?
and you, sir: perhaps you wish to feed
on your bright-eyed daughter, on your baseball glove,
on your outboard motor's pattern in the water.
Some love weights your walking in the world;
some love molds you heavier than air.

Look at the world, where vegetation spreads
and peoples air with weights of green desire.
Crosses grow as trees and grasses everywhere
writing in wood and leaf and flower and spore,
marking the map, "Some man loved here;
and one loved something here; and here; and here."

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Lightning Storm

SUSAN FROMBERG SCHAEFFER

All silver-stripe, cloud
Night long
The carpentering rain has been
Hammering at the house,

Quicksilver.
Now our turrets are glowing
And we are sealed up tight,
Ship-shape.

If there is a world
Beyond those windows of water
Streaming icicle-thick,
We don't know it.

If someone has taken
A razor, and slit the sky's
Tight sheet, neat
Causing this gray drape of water

Which falls like a waterfall
From a great cliff in China
We only know
We are safe on the one, solid

Gray shelf of stone.
For weeks now,
We have kept the precious message
Safe in the medicine chest

Where it tells us, tomorrow
The sky will be all blue, and electric,

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The water green, white-foamed
While our house slides silently

Off on its slow, easy float.
For weeks, we have been letting in
The doves who fluttered their feathers
At our windows, and slept in pairs

At our doors.
And it will not be long now before
They begin to wake on their perches
And sing for the little oil pictures

Of the small waves leaping in front
Of our porch like fish,
Flickering sometimes like leaves,
To take to the houses

Of the people
Who think
They are still living on land.

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The South as a Counterculture

SHELDON HACKNEY

ALL AROUND US extraordinary crises threaten to intrude into the serenity of our daily lives, and we are aware as seldom before of the striking disjunction between the personal and the public realms. At this time, when the habits of mind formed by our national historical experiences with individualism, affluence, progressive growth and military victory seem to be interfering with our ability to face up to the problems of racial justice, poverty, environmental despoliation and war, we should ask how our regional heritage speaks to our present needs. As the nation's largest and oldest counterculture, the South has much to teach us.

This, no doubt, seems a bizarre assertion to those familiar with the making of the contemporary counterculture. Much of the impetus for the cultural rebellion of youth lately has come from the assault of the civil rights movement on the South in the 1960s, so it would be a supreme irony if there were strong resemblances between the culture of the South and the culture created by young Americans seeking alternative values.

As analyzed sympathetically by Theodore Roszak in *The Making of a Counter Culture,* today's counterculture is at bottom a revolt against the dehumanizing effect of scientific and technological values, and against the bureaucratic society whose very efficiency depends upon desensitizing people to individual needs and differences. Artificial barriers that separate people, be they psychological, institutional, or social, say the current rebels, have to be torn down. In contrast to the ideal of material progress through rational analysis, the counterculture focuses on the quality of life and the need for individuals to have more power over the decisions that affect their lives.

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The revolt against authoritarianism in favor of the New Left's ideal of participatory democracy has become more generally a revolt against authority of any kind. Only personal experience can serve as the basis of belief, a precept that should be appreciated by Southern Protestants who trace their form of worship back to the frontier. As R. D. Laing, one of the prophets of the counterculture, expresses it, "We do not need theories so much as the experience that is the source of the theory."

The New Left itself began as a collection of young people with personal commitment but without a theory. Despite its polemical sloganeering and factional infighting over tactics in the late 1960s, it has been a movement in search of a theory, an ideological wasteland. Always, as with the civil rights movement, which it overlaps, members of the New Left were as interested in changing themselves, getting their heads on straight, as in changing the world around them. The unspecified nature of this search for self-liberation and personal autonomy is reflected in the vacuity of the expressions that have been generated from within the ranks of the disaffiliated youth. When one is "getting it together" or "getting with it" or "getting it on" or finding out "where it's at," even if "it's nowhere," one is never sure what "it" is. Like, wow, man, it's outasight, whatever it is, but *it* need not be specified because *it* is supposed to be perceived intuitively and not intellectively.

Whatever one thinks of the counterculture, one should not be too hard on its frequent resort to mindless slogans, such as "up against the wall" and "power to the people." The straight culture matches this tendency with commercial hucksterism and the adman mentality. Every time you wince at the call for "relevance," I hope you also shudder at the demand for "fiscal responsibility." When those who wish to "off the pigs" are confronted with the demand to "love it or leave it," wisdom will be found on neither side.

Similarly, one should take care not to judge either the counterculture or the straight culture by their perversions. Hypocrisy and self-delusion are the monopoly of neither. If adherents of the counterculture can be criticized for being so presentistic that they revel in instant gratification and hedonism, the credit card culture sports a hedonism of its own. The self-indulgence of the dude and his

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chick who talk of revolution amidst billows of Acapulco Gold and stereophonic sound is not different in kind from the self-indulgence that is rampant in our consumer society. To balance those who seek instant fulfillment on acid trips, there is the burgeoning human-potential movement among the middle class. For every commune peopled with youth seeking a sense of community and purpose, there is a group therapy or sensitivity session in progress somewhere in suburbia. The team spirit promoted in corporate America is but a different variety of the solidarity sought by the young. The drug scene is matched by the cocktail hour.

Having made these equations, it is still possible to think of the counterculture as a different set of values and not just a different manifestation of the same malaise that is observable in the straight culture. In simplistic terms, it is a matter of the heart versus the head. There is a widespread feeling that the life of reason has failed us because so many barbarities are perpetrated in its name and so many evils exist within its sight. The technocratic rationalism of the war in Vietnam is the thing that lends it a special horror.

Furthermore, so the argument goes, technocracy and bureaucracy stultify spontaneity and thus make individual authenticity impossible. In contrast to the innovative thinkers of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, such as Sigmund Freud, who were interested in the nonrational in order to control it better, we are confronted with Norman O. Brown, who argues that civilization's discontents will remain unless currently repressed instinctual drives are released from control by the superego. At the risk of putting the matter even more simplistically, the counterculture is a protest against the commercialization of life.

What are we to make of all this from our special vantage point in the South? I begin with history, because I accept as truth what Jack Burden says in Robert Penn Warren's novel, *All the King's Men:* "If you could not accept the past and its burden there was no future, for without one there cannot be the other, and . . . if you could accept the past you might hope for the future, for only out of the past can you make the future."

The key to the Southern past is that Southerners are Americans who have taken on an additional identity through conflict with the

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North. The process differentiating the South from the American non-South in the early nineteenth century was based on divergent economic interests growing from differing labor systems, and depending in part upon the Southern context of a sparse, occupationally homogeneous population and the lack of an urban middle class. With that beginning, the Southern sense of separateness has been constructed of many layers of defensiveness, particularism, isolation, guilt, defeat and the reactions to changes initiated from without: abolitionism, the Civil War, Reconstruction, poverty, depressions, industrialization and lately the civil rights movement. Through all this, white Southerners learned to see themselves as an oppressed minority with a giant sense of grievance, an identity they share with blacks, although for different reasons.

The counterattack of the Southern press against the hypocrisy and self-righteousness of the North during the Second Reconstruction is but another activation of this traditional defensive mentality. The same siege mentality can be seen subtly at work among historians and others who attribute the slow pace of modernization in the South to the region's colonial status and the imperial domination of Northern economic interests. Furthermore, the sense of persecution can be seen influencing the literature of the region. When Quentin Compson in *Absalom! Absalom!* comes to call on Rosa Coldfield before going off to Harvard, he is reminded, as he must have been a thousand times before, of the Yankee's persecution of the South. "So," says Rosa Coldfield, "I don't imagine you will ever come back here and settle down as a country lawyer in a little town like Jefferson since Northern people have already seen to it that there is little left in the South for a young man."

Nevertheless, Southerners are Americans, and in a real sense the need to be different was forced upon them by circumstances and by outsiders. The resulting approach-avoidance relationship of South to North explains why one finds in the South the coexistence of hyper-Americanism and cultural peculiarity.

The "approach" side of this curious psychological transaction can be seen best since the Civil War in the New South movement, beautifully dissected by Paul Gaston in *The New South Creed,* one of whose messages is that a conquered people frequently will

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imitate its conquerors. The chief tenet of the New South crusade is that industrialization is the way to secular salvation, and its optimistic dogma has from the first been that the South is destined to be the most prosperous place on earth, a new Eden. The bearers of these glad tidings were not only wise men out of the North, but local prophets as well, of whom Henry Grady was the most renowned in the nineteenth century. Today's champions of the New South tend to be the more institutional, hungry utilities and state industrial development offices, but the message is the same: The South is the land of milk and honey, or at least of water and electricity, and one can move into this land of low taxes and docile labor with little of the difficulty experienced by the children of Israel.

Southerners, when operating on the "avoidance" side of the American mirror, traditionally have had to define themselves in opposition to a presumed American norm, and in that sense at least, the South is a real counterculture. When the South was first created, the North was becoming the special carrier of Yankee commercial culture with its stress upon hard work, thrift and the cash basis of value. The mythical Southern planter, created in novels as an alternative to the emerging Yankee, was therefore a noneconomic man, the result of the South's need for a myth that would distinguish it from, and make it morally superior to, the North. The planter was not the uninhibited hero of whom Norman O. Brown would be proud, but he did have qualities that would recommend him to Charles Reich, whose recent book, *The Greening of America,* prophesied the collapse of the whole achievement ethic in America with the advent of Consciousness III.

The planters of the legend, explains William R. Taylor in *Cavalier and Yankee,* were exemplars of noncompetitiveness. They were generous, loving, gentle, noble and true to their word. Rather than the instinctive nobility of the unspoiled savage, however, the planter had the benefits of a benign and salubrious country life and rigorous training in a civilized code. But it was not the code of the Yankee. The legendary planter was free of personal ambition, particularly of the material sort, and his natural impulses were disciplined, not by calculation of gain, but by his concern for

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family and racial traditions, by rigid standards of decorum and a complicated code of personal honor. That our fictive hero was also weak, improvident, indolent and ineffectual betrays a flaw of disbelief on the part of his creators and explains why (Oh, confounder of women's liberation) Scarlet O'Hara always ended up running Tara. Southern writers shared more than they realized of the mainstream cultural values of the nation.

Northern writers, conversely, played an important part in the creation of the plantation legend, but for reasons differing from those of their Southern brothers. Faced with severe social dislocations growing out of geographic mobility, industrialization, immigration and urbanization, some Northerners began to fear the erosion of the old republican style of life characterized by simplicity and prudence. In growing numbers during the decades before the Civil War, such men began to focus their discontent on the planter and the slave system upon which he depended, as the primary threat to the Puritan virtues upon which the republic was founded. At the same time, many other Northerners were becoming painfully aware that the helter-skelter process of social mobility in America could not monitor the conditions under which men competed, and thus could not guarantee the moral worth of the men who succeeded. The image of the Yankee as an acquisitive, grasping, uncultivated and amoral man was not acceptable to many sensitive Northerners. Some reacted by imputing to the Yankee a transcending social virtue. They argued in effect that the ascetic, single-minded, materialistic and opportunistic Yankee benefited society by making a profit. Others, however, helped to create the planter or the Southern gentleman as the counterpoint to the Yankee. The Southern gentleman was made to possess all of the virtues that the Yankee lacked. He had honor and integrity, indifference to money questions and business, a decorous concern for the amenities of life and a high sense of social responsibility. In the age of democratic expansion, anxious men sought an antidemocratic Good Society and they found it in the mythical, static, Southern plantation.

Southern intellectuals responded obligingly by spending an enormous amount of energy romantically constructing Biblical or feudal or classical Greek alternatives to the liberal capitalism of

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the nation at large. John C. Calhoun, to an extent, and George Fitzhugh, more fundamentally, attacked the dehumanization inherent in the wage slavery of free enterprise. According to Fitzhugh in his books, *Sociology for the South or The Failure of Free Society* and *Cannibals All: or, Slaves Without Masters,* free competition was only legalized exploitation. It was merely freedom for the strong to oppress the weak. Anticipating Herbert Marcuse, one of the political philosophers of the New Left, Fitzhugh pointed out that not only was physical wretchedness the result of this war of all against all, but psychological wretchedness as well. For under capitalism one man's success was marked by another man's failure; fortunes shifted rapidly, and the result was that the human personality was marked by insecurity, anxiety and unhappiness. To complete his rejection of Jefferson, Fitzhugh advocated strong and positive action by the government to build up industries and cities in the South. Rejecting the doctrine of progress and the principle of equality, Fitzhugh held that only within the framework of absolute dependence and superiority could genuine reciprocal affection exist between human beings. A society seeking solutions in fantasy could scarcely get further away from the American consensus.

After the Civil War, the mutual symbolic interaction of North and South continued under the new conditions. While the myth of the New South was being created in a great rush of popular fervor, the myth of the Old South was simultaneously being created, packaged and marketed in the North and the South. Reflecting this divided mind of the South, Joel Chandler Harris recorded his Uncle Remus stories at the same desk where he wrote for the *Atlanta Constitution* editorials infused with New South boosterism. Harris, George Washington Cable, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Noailles Murfree and their fellow writers in the 1880s established the primacy of Southern themes in American letters. Archaic romance and local color stories appealed to Northern audiences facing the reality of rapid social change in their daily lives. Southern sensibilities called for pathos balanced with the theme of sectional reconciliation. Through it all ran an intense sense of place and awareness of the past-in-the-present that are trademarks of Southern literature. The stock Southern character, for Northern

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as well as Southern writers, was still the embodiment of noncommercial nobility, the counterpoint to the shrewd but crude robber baron who ruled the Gilded Age.

The Agrarians, a group of Southern intellectuals centered at Vanderbilt University in the 1920s and 1930s, did not perpetuate this cavalier myth, but they were nonetheless engaged in the old Southern sport of defining an alternative to the national consensus. As their manifesto, *I'll Take My Stand,* put it in 1930, "All the articles bear in the same sense upon the book's title-subject: all tend to support a southern way of life against what may be called the American way; and all as much as agree that the best terms in which to represent the distinction are contained in the phrase, Agrarian versus Industrial." It was a frontal assault on the principles of Northern and modern civilization, a continuing comparison between the disordered present and the heroic past, which has always been the currency of groups disturbed by change.

The Agrarians, echoing George Fitzhugh, denied the virtue of machine-produced wealth and decried the brutalization of man and the philistinization of society that inevitably resulted from an industrial order. As humanists, they insisted that labor, the largest item in human life, should be enjoyed. This was impossible under industrialism. The art and culture they held most valuable was that which grew out of natural folk ways of doing, living and thinking. All else was superficial. Present day devotees of the *Whole Earth Catalog,* organic gardening and the handicraft industry would find this pretty heavy stuff.

More abstractly, the Agrarians placed the relationship of man to nature close to the center of their philosophy. They believed that "there is possible no deep sense of beauty, human heroism of conduct, and no sublimity of religion, which is not informed by the humble sense of man's precarious position in the universe." In other words, "there is more in the land than there is in the man," or, as John Crowe Ransom put it, "Nature wears out man before man can wear out nature. . . . It seems wiser to be moderate in our expectations of nature, and respectful; and out of so simple a thing as respect for the physical earth and its teeming life, comes a primary joy, which is an inexhaustible source of arts and religions and

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philosphies." The thing that differentiates these romantic conservatives most clearly from their descendants among today's youthful counterculturists is that the Agrarians linked community with continuity. They thought that "tradition is not simply a fact, but a fact that must be constantly defended." Nevertheless, paradoxical as it might seem, there is a large area of agreement between the culture of the South as understood by the Agrarians and the contemporary counterculture.

Like all paradoxes, the similarity between the culture of the South and the counterculture has its limitations. The world view of Southern Protestantism, which dominates the mind of the region, makes a virtue out of suffering in a way members of the counterculture would not understand or accept, even though the emphasis upon redemption through a personal conversion experience might find some resonance among young Americans seeking instant salvation along various secular and spiritual paths. Just as the counterculture is unthinkable in a country lacking the affluence provided by the work ethic in league with technocracy, Southern culture would not long survive apart from the rationalism whose hegemony it was created to challenge. The problems of human survival are not going to be solved by consulting the *I Ching* or Tarot cards.

Even so, at the present, when ten times more college students take courses in astrology than in astrophysics, when middle Americans, numbed by their lives as members of endless audiences, are in search of affective relationships, the South has much to offer. To an increasingly fragmented world the South offers an integrated view of life. There is no such thing as being "in fashion" now; styles in clothes and in most areas of life are too various and are multiplying too rapidly for a single standard to exist even for a short time. Contemporary art runs a gamut from the Wyeths to Helen Frankenthaler, and style has become a collective noun. Such currently popular writers as Donald Barthelme and Jerzy Kosinski render life into brilliant snippets of experience that coagulate without melding. Compare this to the vision of William Faulkner in which past, present and future are linked together; in which individuals don't merely rub up against each other in fleeting encoun-

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ters but are enmeshed in each other's lives; in which individual lives over long periods of time are bound together by their connection to place. There is a wholeness to life in the South, even in its harsh and ugly aspects, and this is a useful antidote to a world in which increasing individuality means increasing isolation.

The price of wholeness is finitude. Freedom and the power to act are circumscribed when one is tied to a community. Rather than something that a counterculture must construct in the future after all the restraints of organized society have been cast off, community for Southerners is a set of conditions and obligations to be fulfilled through courage and honor. Strangely enough, Southerners, both white and black, do not feel alienated from themselves even though they feel alienated from the national sources of economic and political power.

It may also seem strange to find illegal defiance of national authority coexisting so comfortably in the South with superpatriotism, but that is a consequence of the dual identity of Southerners, and grows out of their double history. As C. Vann Woodward points out in *The Burden of Southern History,* the South's experiences with defeat, poverty and guilt have set it apart from the nation. In contrast to the national belief that problems have solutions, Southerners harbor the countervailing suspicion that there are limits to human power.

There is a salutary humanistic lesson in discovering the vine of fate entangling Southern history. Whether that vine is wisteria or kudzu may vary according to ideological taste, but the message that there are areas of life not susceptible to rational control or bureaucratic manipulation strikes a resonant note. As a perceptive journalist observed of a group of irate town fathers in Mississippi who had just been struck by another federal court edict, "Of course, they are not really surprised because, being Southerners and therefore fatalistic, they live always half expecting disaster." For those non-Southerners who lived through the 1960s, it seems appropriate to sing "the good it seems they all die young," and although we may not have come to see the world as an unpredictably malevolent obstacle course on which, as in *Catch 22,* Nately's whore stalks us all, we do harbor the suspicion that a thoroughgoing rationalism

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will never be able to control those unseen hostile forces.

Southern history forces us to be aware not only of complexity, but also of defeat and failure. It would be wrong to reject or oppose the improvement in social welfare that will come from the intrusion of the machine into the garden, but we should oppose the Icarian notion that change comes without costs, and that the South will be immune from history. Only through such a constant realization do we have a chance to industrialize and humanize at the same time, to walk the thin line between defeatism and morally obtuse boosterism.

In striving to live with our past without being oppressed by it, the proper stance is one of ambivalent judgment, an ironic distance between oneself and his history that energizes rather than immobilizes. The modern man facing his existential predicament might well be guided by the lesson contained in the following Hasidic legend recorded by Elie Wiesel in his book, *Souls on Fire:*

> One of the Just Men came to Sodom, determined to save its inhabitants from sin and punishment. Night and day he walked the streets and markets preaching against greed and theft, falsehood and indifference. In the beginning, people listened and smiled ironically. Then they stopped listening: he no longer even amused them. The killers went on killing, the wise kept silent, as if there were no Just Man in their midst.
>
> One day a child, moved by compassion for the unfortunate preacher, approached him with these words. "Poor stranger. You shout, you expend yourself body and soul; don't you see that it is hopeless?"
>
> "Yes, I see," answered the Just Man.
>
> "Then why do you go on?"
>
> "I'll tell you why. In the beginning I thought I could change man. Today, I know I cannot. If I still shout today, if I still scream, it is to prevent man from ultimately changing me."

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The American Intellectual Tradition Reflected in the Truman Doctrine

HENRY BUTTERFIELD RYAN, JR.

> The foreign policy of the United States is based firmly on fundamental principles of righteousness and justice. In carrying out these principles we shall firmly adhere to what we believe to be right; and we shall not give our approval to any compromises with evil.
>
> —President Truman as recorded in *Memoirs by Harry S. Truman,* Volume I, *Year of Decisions*

Certain currents in the American intellectual heritage demand that public policy, domestic and foreign, be justified in their terms. These currents are so powerful that American policy makers frequently are able to embark upon pragmatic solutions to specific problems only after constructing a larger ideological framework in which to carry out their policies, a framework that accommodates these currents. Manifest Destiny, which in the nineteenth century provided us with the ideological basis for territorial expansion, is only one example of this phenomenon. In the twentieth century we have seen very notable recurrences of it. The United States entered World War I with the proclaimed mission of making the world safe for democracy, and World War II with much the same mission, fighting within the ideological framework provided by the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms. In the postwar world we again found it necessary to build such a structure before we could take specific actions on the international scene that we deemed necessary to our national interests. The cornerstone of this structure was the Truman Doctrine, which in 1947 formulated a position that guided foreign policy for the next twenty years, pledging the United States to help "free peoples" to maintain their "free institutions" against "aggressive movements" that seek "to impose upon them totalitarian regimes." This ideological basis with its messianic promise and broad, imprecise concepts has had profound effects on America and American policy. Among them are the following:

1. We have become much more involved in the affairs of other nations than may have been required from the standpoint of strict political or economic interests. Thus we have put ourselves in a position of reneging on this pledge when other situations arose in the world with similar trappings but less strategic significance for us, or conversely, of bolstering threatened governments and societies in a large part of the world almost upon demand.

2. We announced ourselves arbiters of questions as vague as which peoples are "free peoples," which institutions "free in-

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stitutions." The fact that such determinations have in actual practice played little part in our policies has in itself been a cause of important internal problems.

3. Large segments of the population have become dismayed at the disparity between our ideologically based proclamations of policy and the actual pragmatically oriented policies we have followed. This reaction reached crisis proportions in the late 1960s.

4. We have felt compelled to carry on a constant (and unsuccessful) effort to reform the totalitarian governments to which we give assistance. Thus we have hoped to make reality fit our proclamations that American assistance is for "free peoples" with "free institutions."

As for the thesis that the tendency to construct idealistic bases within which to undertake pragmatic measures characterizes the United States, one might object that other nations indulge in the same practice. This may be the case, but I believe it would be hard to find a society in which this tendency is more compelling than in America, particularly twentieth-century America. Nevertheless, my purpose is not necessarily to claim this as a unique American phenomenon but to identify it as an important phenomenon in American policy making, to try to analyze the sources of the ideologies we construct as a result of this phenomenon, and to consider the effects, particularly in the post-World War II era, of policies created in this way.

The tendency to build ideological frameworks has been the despair of the more "realistic" school of political scientists, for example Hans Morgenthau, who regards it as "sentimentalism," and also of some of our statesmen, of whom George Kennan is the outstanding example. A rather more complicated criticism is offered by Stanley Hoffmann who, in *Gulliver's Troubles, Or the Setting of American Foreign Policy,* says that this tendency leads American statesmen to ask the wrong questions. The problem, he says:

> . . . is what I would call formulism or formalism: formulism, because exceedingly complex realities are reduced to the holy simplicity of a hallowed slogan; formalism, because those slogans reveal an insufficient grasp of the political, historical, and social processes that foreign policy must deal with . . . .
>
> For all their generosity and appeal, America's principles are misleading. They often make the men who are concerned with foreign policy ask the wrong question, turn to the wrong analysis, and thus in the end provoke the wrong results.

At this point, I think it appropriate to define some of the currents in our tradition that I believe operate so strongly in the formulations of our policies. They are:

1. A tendency, resulting from our Puritan heritage, to view world affairs in Manichaean terms of virtue versus vice.

2. A desire to spread Americanism and American virtues around the world, and a contrasting tendency to withdraw to America, thereby avoiding the contamination of the outside world. The two tendencies have vied with each other for ascendancy most notably throughout the twentieth century.

3. A stress on individualism in the liberal tradition of Locke and Mill with an abhorrence of collectivist approaches to social organization.

Although one might argue about the genesis of these currents, I believe their existence and their effect on policy can be clearly demonstrated by an examination of the Truman Doctrine and the background to its formulation. On March 12, 1947, in an appeal to Congress to provide $400,000,000 in aid for Greece and Turkey, President Truman made the following remarks:

> To ensure the peaceful development of nations, free from coercion, the United States has taken a leading part in establishing the United Nations. The United Nations is designed to make possible lasting freedom and independence for all its members. We shall not realize our objectives, however, unless we are willing to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions and their national integrity against aggressive movements that seek to impose upon them totalitarian regimes. This is no more than a frank recognition that totalitarian regimes imposed upon free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the

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foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States.

Here we have the ideological principle America needs before acting in a situation that requires a fast, limited, pragmatic response. The United States must go out into the world in defense of political virtue—"to help free peoples to maintain their free institutions," because "totalitarian regimes imposed upon free peoples, by direct or indirect aggression, undermine the foundations of international peace and hence the security of the United States." Note that although Truman makes a bow to the United Nations, for which such a mission might be more appropriate, it is "we"—the United States—whom he calls upon to take action in this situation. Later he would be taken to task from various quarters for not making more of an effort to have at least ostensible involvement of the United Nations in this new program. Nevertheless, mentioning it respectfully and making our action appear to square with its best interests was also an ideological necessity, particularly because the United Nations was founded largely as a result of American initiative and within an ambience of enormous idealism.

In another part of his speech Truman amplifies the universal and moralistic basis of the American position when he says:

> At the present moment in world history nearly every nation must choose between alternative ways of life. The choice is too often not a free one.
>
> One way of life is based upon the will of the majority, and is distinguished by free institutions, representative government, free elections, guarantees of individual liberty, freedom of speech and religion, and freedom from political oppression. The second way of life is based upon the will of a minority forcibly imposed upon the majority. It relies upon terror and oppression, a controlled press and radio, fixed elections, and the suppression of personal freedoms.
>
> I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures. I believe that we must assist free peoples to work out their own destinies in their own way. I believe that our help should be primarily through economic and financial aid, which is essential to economic stability and orderly political processes.
>
> The world is not static, and the *status quo* is not sacred. But we cannot allow changes in the *status quo* in violation of the Charter of the United Nations by such methods as coercion, or by such subterfuges as political infiltration. In helping free and independent nations maintain their freedom, the United States will be giving effect to the principles of the Charter of the United Nations.

Here is a superb presentation of the moralistic mission of the United States, and again, here is the dualistic view of the world expressed with brilliant clarity, for Truman says there are only two ways of life. The first is obviously our way, the other what he regards to be the way of life of our adversaries. As D. F. Fleming writes in *The Cold War and Its Origins*, "No room was left for diversity, for many different kinds of systems. It must be one or the other." There are only two choices, a good choice and a bad choice, one based on the expression of the individual and on guarantees of his liberty—our way—and the other on terror and oppression forcibly imposed by a minority—their way.

The duty of the United States is clear; it is to make our way prevail in the world. Yet critics of this view point out that, even if these indeed are the only choices, there is no reason why our nation should be burdened with the task of making our way the world's way, even if it is the better way. This seems to have crossed Truman's mind, for again he makes slight obeisance to the United Nations, saying that what he sees happening in Greece and Turkey is in violation of its charter, but, nevertheless, it is again "we," the people of the United States, who cannot allow this charter to be violated, "we" who must give effect to the principles of that charter, regardless of the fact that the United Nations did not request us to do so. Furthermore, stating the case in terms, however questionable, of doing the United Nation's work for it ennobled our cause, particularly since that organization at that time represented the height of po-

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litical idealism. Circumventing the United Nations (as Truman was later accused of doing in spite of these phrases in his speech) would have degraded our mission. But regardless of how our policy fit with the goals of an international organization, Truman was making it clear that we had identified evil and, therefore, we were required to act.

Supporters of Truman's position could very well argue that indeed he had identified an evil and a danger, that indeed it was incumbent upon him to act, and that the United States was the only power in the world that could do so. Certainly if he truly considered the situation in Greece and Turkey to be that which he described, and there was reason at that time to do so, regardless of strong counterarguments then and of widespread reevaluations in later years,* he took appropriate measures in terms of concrete political and economic actions. In terms of ideological justification, however, he engaged in typical American overkill that would cause great complications as the years went by.

It is perhaps ironic that later in this same speech Truman gives a totally pragmatic explanation in specific terms of the international situation for the American action he proposes. In any country less insistent upon putting tactical actions in a universal moralistic framework, this explanation would have sufficed:

> It is necessary only to glance at a map to realize that the survival and integrity of the Greek nation are of grave importance in a much wider situation. If Greece should fall under the control of an armed minority, the effect upon its neighbor, Turkey, would be immediate and serious. Confusion and disorder might well spread throughout the entire Middle East.
>
> Moreover, the disappearance of Greece as an independent state would have a profound effect upon those countries in Europe whose peoples are struggling against great difficulties to maintain their freedoms and their independence while they repair the damages of war.
>
> It would be an unspeakable tragedy if these countries, which have struggled so long against overwhelming odds, should lose that victory for which they sacrificed so much. Collapse of free institutions and loss of independence would be disastrous not only for them but for the world. Discouragement and possibly failure would quickly be the lot of neighboring peoples striving to maintain their freedom and independence.
>
> Should we fail to aid Greece and Turkey in this fateful hour, the effect will be far reaching to the West as well as to the East.
>
> We must take immediate and resolute action.

Granted, even here there is a bit of hyperbole and, furthermore, one might well argue that Greece and Turkey were not really being victimized to the extent Truman seemed to believe. Variations of this argument were presented by George Kennan at the time, and by the "revisionist" historians at a later day. Nonetheless, given Truman's interpretation of events, his request for assistance constituted an appropriate response for the United States. The point is, the case for assistance could very well have been made solely on the basis outlined in the five paragraphs quoted above. In them Truman is saying essentially that a power antagonistic to the United States and its allies is threatening to bring two strategically located countries into its orbit, an event that would be bad enough in itself, but that, furthermore, could have a domino effect on other countries, causing them to go from our sphere of influence into our adversary's sphere of influence. Whether this was a correct or incorrect analysis in the light of history, if believed at the time it would have been a legitimate motive for

* In general, these reevaluations, popularly called "revisionism," hold that United States intransigence, as much if not more than that of the Soviet Union, brought about and sustained the cold war, although they vary in their interpretations of United States motives. A fair sampling of this sizable body of work would include David Horowitz's *The Free World Colossus,* Gar Alperovitz's *Cold War Essays* and *Atomic Diplomacy: Hiroshima and Potsdam,* William A. Williams's *The Tragedy of American Diplomacy,* Harry Magdoff's *The Age of Imperialism,* D. F. Fleming's *The Cold War and Its Origins,* and Gabriel Kolko's *The Politics of War.* The first work in the "revisionist" spirit may well be Walter Lippman's *The Cold War,* published shortly after the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine. In it Lippmann argues against the policy of "containment" of the Soviet Union, which was then just beginning.

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international political action. In all probability it would not, however, have been enough justification for Americans because it was limited and pragmatic (we are pragmatic in many ways but rarely, if ever, in our rationales for policy). Although the actions based on such a policy might well have been identical, at least at the beginning, with those based on an ideologically grander policy, American satisfaction would have been much diminished. In fact, it is unlikely that we would have taken any action at all on such a basis, which was apparently very much the view of Truman and the men around him at the time he outlined his doctrine, as we shall see.

The characteristic American phenomenon, one of building ideological castles to house pragmatic kitchens, so well exemplified by Truman's speech, is aptly identified by Hans Morgenthau when he says:

> Wherever American foreign policy has operated, political thought has been divorced from political action. Even where our long-range policies reflect faithfully, as they do in the Americas and in Europe, the true interests of the United States, we think about them in terms that have at best but a tenuous connection with the actual character of the policies pursued. We have acted on the international scene, as all nations must, in power-political terms; but we have tended to conceive of our actions in non-political, moralistic terms.

Morgenthau's point is superbly illustrated by a review of the background of the Truman speech, presented in great detail in *The Fifteen Weeks,* by Joseph Jones, special assistant to the assistant secretary of state for public affairs, who was involved in the formulation of the new policy and in drafting the speech in which it was presented. It may be appropriate to point out that Dean Acheson, then undersecretary of state, who supervised most of the department's work on this project, attests to Jones's credentials to speak on this matter, saying he was "both a participant in and the historian of all this effort." Jones describes the State Department's deliberate efforts to achieve exactly the moralistic tone that so disturbs Morgenthau. He also tells of the excitement felt by all involved, the result of being engaged in a great undertaking of momentous consequences. In an era grown more cynical about sweeping initiatives in international affairs, Jones's phrases tend to bring to mind that World War II song which, expressing the crusading spirit of that engagement, said, "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition/All aboard, we're on a mighty mission."

He tells how a British embassy official delivered a note to the department explaining that Great Britain would very soon have to discontinue financial and military assistance to Greece and Turkey. "Reading the messages, Hickerson [a State Department official] realized at once, as had Henderson [also a department official] that Great Britain had within the hour handed the job of world leadership, with all its burdens and all its glory, to the United States." Jones states that "This sudden spark set off a dazzling process which within fifteen weeks laid the basis for a complete conversion of American foreign policy and of the attitudes of the American people toward the world. It was clear to many at the time that an enduring national conversion to the role of world leadership was taking place." That America's leadership role was to endure may well be true, although the characteristics of that role are surely changing, very likely diminishing. That a basis was laid for the conversion of the attitudes of the American people is unquestionable. Both the president and the State Department, with the help and at the insistence of Senator Arthur Vandenberg, majority leader in the Senate and chairman of its Foreign Relations Committee, made a strenuous effort to convert those attitudes from isolationism, our heritage from the earliest days of the republic, to the messianic ones amplified in this century by Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt.

The business of formulating the policy and drafting the speech that would inaugurate it was begun following the decision, reached almost immediately in the executive branch of the government, that the United States should step into the breach and give assistance to Greece and Turkey.

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The next major step was a meeting with congressional leaders at which the president, Secretary of State George C. Marshall and Undersecretary Acheson would explain what the administration had in mind. Truman, in his memoirs, gives the impression that he laid out the concept of the proposed program and then Marshall filled in its diplomatic details. He does not mention Acheson. In Jones's version, Marshall handled most of the briefing, but in a lackluster manner that left the congressmen with little sense of urgency. At this point Acheson asked to speak and gave such a powerful presentation that the congressmen were stunned and alarmed. What he reports Acheson as saying is very interesting in light of the thesis that Americans see the world as divided between good and evil and believe that good, which we must propagate, can be defined in terms of our own society.

> Only two great powers remained in the world, Acheson continued, the United States and the Soviet Union. We had arrived at a situation unparalleled since ancient times. Not since Rome and Carthage had there been such a polarization of power on this earth. Moreover the two great powers were divided by an unbridgeable ideological chasm. For us, democracy and individual liberty were basic; for them, dictatorship and absolute conformity. And it was clear that the Soviet Union was aggressive and expanding. For the United States to take steps to strengthen countries threatened with Soviet aggression or Communist subversion was not to pull British chestnuts out of the fire; it was to protect the security of the United States—it was to protect freedom itself. For if the Soviet Union succeeded in extending its control over two-thirds of the world's surface and three-fourths of its population, there could be no security for the United States, and freedom anywhere in the world would have only a poor chance of survival. The proposed aid to Greece and Turkey was not therefore a matter of bailing out the British, or even of responding on humanitarian grounds to the need of a loyal ally. It was a matter of building our own security and safeguarding freedom by strengthening free peoples against Communist aggression and subversion. We had the choice, he concluded, of acting with energy to meet this situation or of losing by default.

Note that according to Jones, Acheson spoke not only of "a polarization of power," a perfectly good reason for alarm, but also of the confrontation of good and evil. America (in this case its congressmen) needed to sense that confrontation before it would take action internationally. "For us, democracy and individual liberty were basic; for them, dictatorship and absolute conformity." The administration was proposing steps to protect not only the security of the United States but also "freedom itself."

Acheson, in *Present at the Creation,* an account of his years at the State Department, goes into much less detail about this meeting, recounting only that Marshall "flubbed his opening statement," at which point Acheson says he addressed the congressmen. He states that "These congressmen had no conception of what challenged them; it was my task to bring it home." He describes, however, only his account of the specific political factors involved and none of the ideological issues. All accounts concur, however, that at the end of the session Senator Vandenberg agreed to support the policy and stated his belief that most of the Congress would do the same. Acheson says that when he finished speaking:

> A long silence followed. Then Arthur Vandenberg said solemnly, "Mr. President, if you will say that to the Congress and the country, I will support you and I believe that most of its members will do the same."

Jones goes on to say the following regarding this meeting with key congressmen:

> Acheson had abandoned the manner of a judge and for ten or fifteen minutes had spoken as a fervent advocate. When he finished a profound silence ensued that lasted perhaps ten seconds. It was broken by the voice of Senator Vandenberg. Slowly and with gravity, Vandenberg said that he had been greatly impressed, even shaken, by what he had heard. It was clear that the country was faced by an extremely serious situation, of which aid to Greece and Turkey, although of great importance, was only a part. He felt that it was absolutely necessary that any request of Congress for funds and authority to aid Greece and Turkey should be

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accompanied by a message to Congress, and an explanation to the American people, in which the grim facts of the larger situation should be laid publicly on the line as they had been at their meeting there that day. . . . The very definite impression was gained, and was conveyed to the State Department staff the next day as a working hypothesis, that the congressional leaders would support whatever measures were necessary to save Greece and Turkey, *on the condition,* [Jones's emphasis] made by Senator Vandenberg and supported by others present, that the President should, in a message to Congress and in a radio address to the American people, explain the issue in the same frank terms and broad context in which it had been laid before them. What Vandenberg meant by the broad context may be indicated by something he wrote six days later to a congressional colleague:

"I am frank in saying that I do not know the answer to the latest Greek challenge because I do not know all the facts. I am waiting for all the facts before I say anything. . . . But I sense enough of the facts to realize that the problem in Greece cannot be isolated by itself. On the contrary, it is probably symbolic of the worldwide ideological clash between Eastern communism and Western democracy; and it may easily be the thing which requires us to make some very fateful and far-reaching decisions."

. . . The explicit reaction of all in the government, from the President down, who were concerned with the decision to aid Greece and Turkey was that a historical turning point had been reached, that the United States must now stand forth as leader of the free world in place of the flagging British and use its power directly and vigorously to strengthen free nations. But there is a great difference between thinking or determining this and announcing it as the policy of the United States to a questionable Congress and an apathetic electorate. Because of the searing political lessons of the previous twenty-eight years, beginning with the rejection of membership in the League of Nations and continuing through the isolationism of the twenties, the neutrality of the thirties, and the reaction against President Roosevelt's "quarantine" speech in Chicago in October 1937, the cautious, limited, backdoor approach to involvement in world affairs had become almost a reflex in successive administrations, notwithstanding support of the United Nations and vigorous participation in the negotiation of peace treaties. At the meeting with the congressional leaders Acheson discovered that he had to pull out all the stops and speak in the frankest, boldest, widest terms to attract their support for a matter which in parliamentary democracies without a tradition of isolationism would have been undertaken quietly and without fanfare. This time the frank and bold approach, far from shocking the congressional leaders into timorousness, paid off. They were deeply impressed and felt that on that basis they could go before their constituents. It was Vandenberg's "condition" that made it possible, even necessary, to launch the global policy that broke through the remaining barriers of American isolationism.

Vandenberg's condition that the president explain his policy to the Congress and the American people in the same convincing way, the same broad terms Acheson had used with the lawmakers, terms of a "worldwide ideological clash," is highly significant. If Vandenberg perhaps did not realize that there are two conflicting elements in the American heritage, one isolationist and the other messianic, he clearly realized that there was a strong current of isolationism abroad in the land; indeed he has often been regarded as one of its main spokesmen. Consequently, he also knew that before politicians could safely embark on a program of the type proposed by the administration this current had to be blocked and a desire to deliver the world from evil had to be started. Truman, who obviously had as great a political stake as anyone in this matter, and in addition faced a Congress controlled by the Republican party, realized the same thing. In his memoirs he says:

I could never quite forget the strong hold which isolationism had gained over our country after World War I. Throughout my years in the Senate I listened each year as one of the senators would read Washington's Farewell Address. It served little purpose to point out to the isolationists that Washington had advised a method suitable under the conditions of *his* day to achieve the great end of preserving the nation, and that although conditions and our international position had changed, the objectives of our policy—peace and security—were still the same. For the isolationists this

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address was like a biblical text. The America First organization of 1940-41, the Ku Klux Klan, Pelley and his Silver Shirts—they all quoted the first President in support of their assorted aims.

I had a very good picture of what a revival of American isolationism would mean for the world. After World War II it was clear that without American participation there was no power capable of meeting Russia as an equal. If we were to turn our back on the world, areas such as Greece, weakened and divided as a result of the war, would fall into the Soviet orbit without much effort on the part of the Russians. The success of Russia in such areas and our avowed lack of interest would lead to the growth of domestic Communist parties in such European countries as France and Italy, where they were already significant threats. Inaction, withdrawal, "Fortress America" notions could only result in handing to the Russians vast areas of the globe now denied to them.

This was the time to align the United States of America clearly on the side, and the head, of the free world. I knew that George Washington's spirit would be invoked against me, and Henry Clay's, and all the other patron saints of the isolationists. But I was convinced that the policy I was about to proclaim was indeed as much required by the conditions of my day as was Washington's by the situation in his era and Monroe's doctrine by the circumstances which he then faced.

Following the meeting with the congressmen a tremendous effort was undertaken by the State Department to prepare America for its new role. Acheson launched it the next day at the department, an event Jones recounts in these words:

Tenseness and controlled excitement grew by the moment in the large room as Acheson launched into a full statement of the larger issues, repeating the exposition that had so impressed the legislators. And when he described their generally favorable reaction and the indications they had given of support, and told of Vandenberg's "condition," which the President had welcomed, it seemed to those present that a new chapter in world history had opened and that they were the most privileged of men, participants in a drama such as rarely occurs even in the long life of a great nation. . . . *All* barriers to bold action were indeed down [Jones's emphasis]. . . . Our policy was not directed against any country or even any movement, but was a positive policy directed toward helping free nations strengthen their democracy and their independence and thereby protecting the liberties of the individual citizen. . . . These other specific tasks were assigned: the drafting of replies to the British notes, *the drafting of the specific terms of a request for United States aid which would be suggested to the Greek government* [emphasis added]. . . . The meeting broke up; the members returned to their offices to undertake tasks in which they found release from the professional frustrations of years.

Anyone writing on historical topics obviously must recognize his own prejudices and those of his time before he can fully appreciate the attitudes of the period about which he writes. Clearly, in 1973, with isolationism making something of a comeback, classical cold war attitudes can be almost incomprehensible and tend frequently to be viewed in a very jaundiced way. Indeed, it may be almost as difficult today to comprehend and justify to any degree the ambience in the State Department of Marshall and Acheson as it is to sense fully the spirit and motivations of the court of Charlemagne. But even when one tries to make allowances for variations in outlook, Jones's description of these officials feeling that "they were the most privileged of men, participants in a drama such as rarely occurs even in the long life of a great nation," has a numbing quality to a generation in which many thoughtful persons regard that drama as ending in the agonizing efforts to disentangle from the jungles of Southeast Asia. Certainly if Jones has recorded this attitude accurately, and it is to be found also, if less explicitly, in the writings of other officials of the era, one must wonder how much of America's determination to undertake an enormous crusade was traceable to this official thrill of involvement in great and desperate events. Although such speculation may stray somewhat from my purpose, one must wonder how much of our "mighty mission" stemmed from that human attribute that Johan Huizinga describes in the phrase *Homo ludens* (man the player), when in his book by that name he claims

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that man's love of drama is fundamental in the story of his conflicts.

Whether or not one wants to accept *Homo ludens* as part of the explanation for the events the Truman Doctrine put into play, the Jones statement is still comprehensible in terms of the American tradition. Certainly within the State Department, at least, isolationism was turned off and the department was ready to enter America in the lists against the great and evil champion. When the enemy was subdued, democracy and individualism, the Lockean principles that had proved so fruitful in our own society, would prevail. If we had to engineer the Greek request, that was surely a small enough matter considering the benefits for the whole world that would result, or so the ideology would have it. In strict political terms, we wanted Greece in our camp before it slipped into the enemy's camp, and the protocol of the official request had little relevance.

Jones's concluding sentence in the quotation above is fascinating not only because of what it adds to his description of the prevailing attitude of excitement and, to some extent, of bureaucratic self-importance, but also because of its enigmatic quality: "The meeting broke up; the members returned to their offices to undertake tasks in which they found release from the professional frustrations of years." One can only guess that these officials, probably not taken seriously enough in the military atmosphere of the war years, hampered by President Roosevelt's personal diplomacy, and cramped by prevailing isolationism before and immediately after those years, now saw the dawning of their own day.

Work on a program of public information was begun at once under the guidance of Francis Russell, director of the State Department's Office of Public Affairs. Russell was also chairman of the Subcommittee on Foreign Policy Information of an interagency group known as the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee. According to Jones:

> The specific tasks of the subcommittee were to draw together background information from the three Departments relating to all aspects of the problem, to point out the main obstacles to public acceptance and suggest how to overcome them, to define the program of aid contemplated, to draft the themes to be used in the public approach, to consider what the lines of Soviet propaganda would be and how to counter them, and to prepare information programs for getting the story over to the press, radio, periodicals, and group leaders throughout the country.

Furthermore, in describing the subcommittee's first meeting, Jones says:

> The most striking thing about the ensuing discussion was the unanimous view that the new policy of the United States should be presented to the public in terms of assistance to free governments everywhere that needed our aid to strengthen and defend themselves against Communist aggression or subversion. This was not a proposition that was stated by one and acquiesced in, committee fashion, by others. With gravity it was advanced in different words by representatives of each of the three Departments:
>
> "We should couch it in terms of a new policy of this government to go to the assistance of free governments everywhere."
>
> "We should say we are prepared to back any country that is a democracy."
>
> "We should relate military aid to the principle of supporting democracy. We should say the United States will support free governments to the point where they can defend themselves."
>
> "The only way we can sell the public on our new policy is by emphasizing the necessity of holding the line: communism vs. democracy should be the major theme."
>
> "We should emphasize the idea of a common purpose with all democracies."

It is perhaps ironic that we have accused our cold war enemies of being intractable because of their dedication to an ideological line that makes their policy inflexible and real bargainng out of the question. For as the preceding quotation clearly indicates, we were putting our own policy into a strict ideological framework and announcing it in these terms to the nation and the world. True, the major statement of American policy was Truman's speech on March 12, which did not put the case

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quite as bluntly as some of the suggestions cited above, but it came very close and actually made our commitment even broader by calling for an American policy "to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures." This vague ideologically based policy would give many countries a claim on our assistance when they faced rebellions of whatever legitimacy, and, by treating Franco's Spain, Salazar's Portugal, Stroessner's Paraguay, and Diem's Vietnam, among others, as nations of free peoples, it would create constant opposition among the American Left. Our policy, including that part of it directed toward the totalitarian regimes of the "free world," has been the result of *Realpolitik* as interpreted by successive administrations because, as Morgenthau argues, that is the only basis a nation has for a foreign policy. Yet that basis is unacceptable to the American conscience.

In the days immediately preceding the announcement of the Truman Doctrine, the American public and their representatives were being prepared for the burden they were about to be called upon to carry. To quote Jones again:

> The strategic importance of Turkey ranked high in discussions within the executive branch and in discussions with congressional leaders. They were, however, consciously played down in the President's message, in the public sessions of the congressional committees, and in the public approach generally. There were two main reasons for this. The American people were not accustomed to thinking then, as they are now [1955], in strategic-military terms in time of peace, and too much emphasis upon supplying straight military aid to Turkey might have been alarming to the point of defeating the proposed action. The other was of course that supplying military aid to a country on the border of the Soviet Union, even though purely for defense against Soviet pressures, involved some danger of Soviet reaction, and at the very least there would be cries of "provocation" and "encirclement," which would be used in Soviet world-wide propaganda. It was therefore considered advisable to play down military aid to Turkey and to present that aid, as could be done with truthfulness, in the context of Turkey's over-all economic situation. Military aid to Turkey was not concealed; but it was not emphasized. . . .
>
> While the President's message was being drafted, Acheson's background talks with representatives of the press and radio bore fruit in the shape of a formidable and generally well-informed public build-up for a major policy change. At the same time the congressional leaders who attended the White House meeting were quietly exerting their influence on their colleagues. News and radio men collected and spread the pollen of information and speculation among congressmen, government officials, and the public.

It is interesting to note that in this careful preparation of the American mind Dean Acheson again leads the way. He clearly emerges as a latter-day Paul Revere or Iago, depending on one's point of view regarding the cold war, as the history of that war is revealed by Jones and by Acheson himself. Meanwhile, as America was being prepared for the new policy, drafts, additions, deletions and revisions for the president's message were being rushed around the State, War and Navy Departments. When finishing touches were made under the State Department's guidance it was sent to Clark Clifford, then special counsel to the president. According to Jones, the White House did some rearranging of paragraphs, made some changes, and suggested a few ideas. The general impression he gives is that the changes were minor. Truman gives a rather different account, which is interesting, not only because it provides the eternally amusing spectacle of officials contradicting each other, but because of what it shows regarding Truman's attitude—his determination that this would be a speech that would move America on a crusade. He states:

> The drafting of the actual message which I would deliver to the Congress had meanwhile been started in the State Department. The first version was not at all to my liking. The writers had filled the speech with all sorts of background data and statistical figures about Greece and made the whole thing sound like an investment prospectus. I returned this draft to Acheson with a note asking for more emphasis

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on a declaration of general policy. The Department's draftsmen then rewrote the speech to include a general policy statement, but it seemed to me half-hearted. The key sentence, for instance, read, "I believe that it should be the policy of the United States. . . ." I took my pencil, scratched out "should" and wrote in "must." In several other places I did the same thing. I wanted no hedging in this speech. This was America's answer to the surge of expansion of Communist tyranny. It had to be clear and free of hesitation or double talk.

George Kennan, at the time the groundwork for the Truman Doctrine was being done, already was regarded as one of the government's principal Sovietologists. Consequently he was approached at the National War College at Fort McNair, where he was teaching at the time, and asked to take part in planning the United States response to the problem caused by the British withdrawal from Greece and Turkey. In his *Memoirs: 1925-1950* he tells the story in these words:

> Mr. Acheson . . . asked me to participate in the deliberations of a special committee that was being established to study the whole problem of assistance to Greece and Turkey. The committee met that same evening (February 24), as I recall it. . . . I gave it as my opinion that we had no choice but to accept the challenge and to extend the requisite aid; this was the consensus of the group as a whole; an appropriate recommendation was drawn up. . . . It was (I learn from Mr. Jones's book) on the day before the State Department's final draft of this message [the president's speech of March 12] went to the White House, presumably about March 6, that I came over to the department to have a look at the paper. What I saw made me extremely unhappy. The language to which I took particular exception . . . had been produced at the initiative of the department's public relations office, in a subcommittee of the State-War-Navy Coordinating Committee (SWNCC) which evidently felt itself under the necessity of clothing the announced rationale for the President's decision in terms more grandiose and more sweeping than anything that I, at least, had ever envisaged. . . . I remonstrated, by my own recollection, to Henderson [head of the special committee]. Mr. Jones says I also remonstrated to Mr. Acheson. . . . [In *Present at the Creation* Acheson confirms that, however it was communicated, he was aware of Kennan's viewpoint.]
>
> The situation of Turkey differed quite fundamentally from that of Greece. There was no serious Communist penetration in Turkey—no comparable guerrilla movement. The Turks had nothing to fear but fear . . . but . . . should they be increasingly encircled by Communist-dominated entities, it would plainly be harder for them to maintain this stance [one of "precarious immunity to Russian pressure"]. Aid to Greece was therefore important as a support for stability in Turkey as well.
>
> It should be noted that this view of the problem of Turkey afforded no rationale for the mounting of a special aid program for Turkey itself. The accent was put on internal morale and on firmness of diplomatic stance, not on military preparations. It was for this reason that I was not happy to find in the draft of the President's message to Congress a proposal for aid to Turkey as well as to Greece. I suspected that what was intended primarily was military aid, and that what had really happened was that the Pentagon had exploited a favorable set of circumstances in order to infiltrate a military aid program for Turkey into what was supposed to be primarily a political and economic program for Greece. . . .
>
> Were I reacting today [1967] to the Truman Doctrine message . . . I would also take exception to the repeated suggestions, in the text of that message, that what we were concerned to defend in Greece was the democratic quality of the country's institutions. We would find it necessary to give aid, over the ensuing years, to a number of regimes which could hardly qualify for it on the basis of their democratic character. . . .

Kennan, however, was fighting not simply inflexible officials; he was fighting the American tradition. We will go out into the world if we must, but we will not do so just to fix something here or shore up something there. We live at home in virtue; if we must go forth to defeat vice, we will do so, but we are absolutists, and we will do so in a thoroughgoing way, founded in an ideology that gives us the strength we must have to carry out a mighty mission. We had made a similar effort once before in the twentieth century—to make the world safe for democracy, or in effect, for the American way of life—and failed. Per-

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haps we had not intended to make that effort again, but fate thrust the necessity of doing so upon us, first by hurling us into World War II and now by forcing us to continue the very struggle for which we had shed our blood in that war—the struggle to defend four great freedoms, or again, in effect, the American way of life. Fate now called upon us to bring out the American way of life for all to enjoy, to bring out Lockean liberalism as we had perfected it, to bring out freedom for the individual, in short, to provide all of these advantages to a world threatened by tyranny, indeed, by a tyranny with a collectivist philosophy that made it even more abhorrent.

If Kennan did not recognize the futility of what he was suggesting, did not recognize what Vandenberg, Truman and Acheson recognized, that if there were not total ideological warfare, there would be no warfare at all, yet he recognized the ideological tendency. Indeed he says:

> It was not enough for us, when circumstances forced us into World War I, to hold in view the specific reasons for our entry: our war effort had to be clothed in the form of an effort to make the *world* (nothing less) "safe for democracy." It was not enough for us, in World War II, that the Japanese attacked us at Pearl Harbor and that both Japanese and German governments declared war on us: we did not feel comfortable until we had wrapped our military effort in the wholly universalistic—and largely meaningless—generalities of the Atlantic Charter. Something of this same compulsion became apparent in the postwar period in the tendency of many Americans to divide the world neatly into Communist and "free world" components, to avoid recognition of specific differences among countries on either side, and to search for general formulas to govern our relations with the one or the other.

But Kennan, with his noncrusading notions of limited commitments to achieve limited objectives, and his distaste for proclamations couched in terms of absolute, universal values, apparently came to be regarded as something of an intellectual gadfly, particularly by Acheson. One has this distinct impression from Kennan's memoirs, in which he himself is frank in recognizing this phenomenon. Marshall, who called upon him to organize and head the State Department's policy planning staff, regarded him as an important policy advisor, but the policy planning staff had not been set up at the time of the Truman Doctrine announcement and, even if it had been, it is doubtful that Kennan's views would have had much effect because obviously the doctrine and the effort leading up to it was Acheson's show much more than Marshall's. At that time, and when he became secretary of state two years later, Acheson seems to have regarded Kennan almost as Lear regarded his fool: as someone who was full of strange notions, often penetrating, always articulate, and frequently wise, but whose observations were seldom a basis for policy. So in spite of Kennan, the business of planning the crusade went forward until that afternoon on March 12, 1947, when President Truman announced it to Congress, the nation and the world.

It is interesting to note that from the beginning there were fears that this entire program would be turned into a matter of purely military advice and supply. We have already seen Kennan's premonitions about this in regard to aid to Turkey and the State Department's anxieties about alarming the Congress and the public on this same issue. Meanwhile, Senator Robert Taft, according to Jones, was not troubled by the economic and financial aspects of the program but worried that sending military equipment and advisors would increase the possibility of war with the Soviet Union. But most interesting of all is Truman's observation in his memoirs concerning the very first days of the assistance program's existence:

> Meanwhile, Dwight P. Griswold, former governor of Nebraska, whom I had named to be the administrator of our aid program in Greece, had arrived there. He was vigorously starting to build up a staff and to make arrangements for the reception and distribution of aid supplies. The Greek government, however, continued to show itself mostly concerned with military matters. The Greeks wanted equipment, advisors, money to expend its [*sic*] army,

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and would have given all our aid to the military if we had let them do it. Both Ambassador MacVeagh and Griswold worked steadily to induce the government to broaden its base and to seek the widest possible popular support.

Yet there is something perhaps even more interesting in this paragraph of Truman's, indicating a problem that would bedevil the foreign aid program as much as, if not more than, the fears that it was fundamentally a military operation. The last sentence tells the story: " . . . to induce the government to broaden its base and to seek the widest possible popular support." Why—because then it would be stronger? The fact is that authoritarian governments in the postwar period, as in others, have an impressive record of stability and longevity. No, the Greek government was to be urged to broaden its base of popular support in order to make the pragmatic policy of American aid to Greece square with the American ideology regarding the country's new mission and with America's traditional belief in the liberal ethic. It was the beginning of that hopeless effort described earlier in this article, to reconcile political fact with ideological fantasy by purifying the regimes of other countries, an effort that would be repeated in nation after nation—for example, Brazil, Pakistan, Vietnam and, ironically, in Greece again more than twenty years later.

But there was no way out of this dilemma. A specific situation existed in the Balkans which, in the minds of American policy makers, required a response that, even when held to its minimum as urged by Kennan, would constitute an important play on the international scene. This occurred almost immediately after World War II, when Congress and the administration assumed, probably correctly, that Americans were ready to wash their hands of international politics and to revert to characteristic isolationism. Judging from accounts of the meetings at which the new policy was formulated and from the manner in which the president and the State Department presented it, it seems clear that the government leaders involved believed, correctly in my opinion, that the only way to get any action out of the American people was to present the case in the absolute terms of a universal struggle between the forces of good and the forces of evil, to launch America on a mighty mission of salvation. That is why they could not take George Kennan seriously. That is why Truman's task in speaking before the Congress and the nation was similar in many respects to that of Pope Urban II before the Council of Clermont when he urged the Franks to undertake the Crusades and fight God's war against the infidel.

There are, of course, problems with presenting policy in these terms. As noted elsewhere in this article, it causes grave disappointment among much of the population when, as we go about the pursuit of practical politics, the facts no longer fit the announcements. The common complaint that we bolster dictatorships in a program we claim is protecting free peoples results to a great extent from this sort of outraged sense that our ideology has been betrayed in mid-crusade. Meanwhile apologists for our policy are left to explain lamely that our dictators are better than the other side's dictators. Furthermore, there seems to be a tendency among our officials and lawmakers to overextend our commitments in order to keep policy in line with ideology, partly as a result of their own initiative, partly as a result of claims made on us from abroad, using our own ideology as a lever.

It seems clear that two things have happened since the announcement of the Truman Doctrine. Much of the American public has come to believe that we are overextended in our commitments, and much of it (not necessarily the same segment) has come to believe that there is a wide divergence between our ideology and our actions in the field of foreign affairs. The result of these two attitudes is a desire to withdraw and, perhaps more important, among a sizable portion of the populace a cynicism regarding American ideals. Both attitudes propel us back to our traditional stance of isolationism. One says we have been unable to do what we wanted to do;

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let us give up the job and go home where we belong. The other says we have turned into an evil and hypocritical force in the world, mouthing a phony morality while bombing civilians abroad and ignoring the disadvantaged in America; let us go home and put our house and our soul in order.

Whether or not isolationism in its traditional form will prevail, as it did temporarily after World War I and even more briefly after World War II, remains to be seen. If it does, America will have completed the circle, having gone from one extreme to the other and come back again without ever leaving the American intellectual tradition.

A Living

WILLIAM STAFFORD

Even pain you can take, in waves:
call the intervals happiness. You can
travel; whatever nags you, you can
change it. You can roll this burden away.
In the pinched bend of your street
you can look back, or ahead, or wait.

And there is their talk, for throwing
back like Annie-Over, or a minuet,
a way to act human in these years the stars
look past. And somewhere around you begins
that lifted road lighted by sunset, offered
again and again, laced where the sky lives:

Some day your road.

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The Beat Generation and the Continuing American Revolution

JOHN TYTELL

The reception afforded to writers is one index of cultural health. And when writers dare to voice political ideas, the relationship of audience to artist becomes an even more significant measure of a society's vitality. Since the European surrealists, no literary group has been as conscious of the political situation as the members of the Beat generation. Such fears as William Burroughs's projection of a "thought-control mob," or Allen Ginsberg's awareness of dangerous military excesses—concerns that once were regarded as mere hysteria by hostile critics—now seem to share the gift of prophecy.

During the vacuum of silence that embalmed the early 1950s the Beats stridently proclaimed a humanistic ideology and dramatized the beginnings of a new lifestyle, only to be greeted by scorn in official circles and the distortions of sensationalism in the media. Nevertheless, the romantic ideals and unconventional attitudes of Beat writers informed the generation of the 1960s with a vision of what was most perilous about American life. Rejecting the glut of postwar materialism and an obsessive national conformism, the Beats proposed a creed of individuality and a commitment to the life of the spirit with a passion that recalls the struggles of the American transcendentalists—Emerson, Thoreau and Whitman. William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch,* Allen Ginsberg's *Howl,* Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* and Gary Snyder's poetry provide a view of the intentions and accomplishments of an especially revealing literary movement.

One of the anomalies of the quiescent fifties was the vociferous presence of the Beats, a group illustrating Hegel's notion of dialectic in history as they fashioned a world view that opposed the dominant values of their time. Few periods in our history have presented as much of an ordeal for artists and intellectuals as the decade of the fifties. Norman Mailer, for example, in *The Prisoner of Sex,* wonders how he survived those years without losing his mind. What Allen Ginsberg has called the Syndrome of Shutdown began in the early fifties: the move toward a closed society where all decisions would be secret; the bureaucratic disease that Hannah Arendt has characterized as rule by Nobody; the paralysis caused by the use of technological devices that invade privacy; the perfectly paranoid atmosphere of McCarthyism; the increasing power of the Pentagon with its military bases designed to contain a new enemy supposedly (and suddenly) more threatening than the Nazis. The hysteria of rabid anticommunism was far more damaging, as Thomas Mann told the House Un-American Activities Committee, than any native communism; the patriotic blood-boiling became a convenient veil assuring a continued blindness to domestic social conditions that desperately needed attention. An internal freeze gripped

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America in the fifties, an irrational hatred that created intense fear and repression, and since any repression feeds on oppression as its necessary rationalization, the red witch-hunts, the censorship of artists and filmmakers, the regimentation of the average man, began with unparalleled momentum and design. The contamination caused by this psychic and moral rigidity has been discussed by Allen Ginsberg in his *Paris Review* interview:

> The Cold War is the imposition of a vast mental barrier on everybody, a vast anti-natural psyche. A hardening, a shutting off of the perception of desire and tenderness which everybody *knows* . . . [creating] a self-consciousness which is a substitute for communication with the outside. This consciousness pushed back into the self and thinking of how it will hold its face and eyes and hands in order to make a mask to hide the flow that is going on. Which it's aware of, which everybody is aware of really! So let's say shyness. Fear. Fear of total feeling, really, total being is what it is.

With the exception of the Civil War period, never before had the sense of hopefulness traditionally associated with the American experience been so damaged. The fifties were times of extraordinary insecurity, of profound powerlessness as far as individual effort was concerned, when personal responsibility was being abdicated in favor of corporate largeness, when the catchwords were coordination and adjustment, as if we had defeated Germany only to become "good Germans" ourselves. The nuclear blasts in Japan had created new sources of terror, and the ideology of technology became paramount; science was seen as capable of totally dominating man and his environment. And the prospects of total annihilation through nuclear explosion, of mass conditioning through the media, only increased the awesome respect for scientific powers in the fifties.

The Beats expressed hypersensitive concern for these conditions. In "The White Negro"—the first philosophical manifesto of the Beat movement—Norman Mailer suggested that America was suffering from a collective failure of nerve, and that only a new breed, the hipster, was prepared to forge a new nervous system. At the same time, Ginsberg flatly stated, in "Poetry, Violence and the Trembling Lambs," that America was in the process of a nervous breakdown (the Army-McCarthy hearings were, retrospectively, a visible symptom). Ginsberg argued that a vast conspiracy to impose one level of mechanical consciousness on mankind existed, that drugs were one force powerful enough to rupture that conditioning, and that a huge police bureaucracy would aid in the national brainwash and would persecute those spreading illumination.

Nowhere was the fear of institutional power more pronounced than in the nightmarish collage of *Naked Lunch*. Burroughs, assisted by Ginsberg, who helped him assemble the fragments he had been writing, pictured a future possibility far more dismal and terrifying than Orwell's *1984* or Huxley's *Brave New World,* a dystopia where technology strangles all vestiges of freedom, a police state where the human attributes of love and community are stripped away and defiled. *Naked Lunch* is an hallucinatory vision of the very worst expectations of the fifties. Burroughs's central figure is the junkie, the weakest, most despised and vulnerable of citizens, a Western version of India's untouchable caste. Ginsberg has written that to be a drug addict in America is like having been a Jew in Nazi Germany, and Burroughs reflects this idea of fascist control, magnifying its horror through the distorted lens of the junkie. The view of the drug experience is harshly antiromantic. Clinical, detached, almost scientifically cinematic, *Naked Lunch* is an educative warning against the horrors of addiction. It relentlessly parodies our institutional life, and at the same time makes apparent the deconditioning effects of drugs, which, like Dr. Benway's cures, are an end in themselves. Rarely has any novelist managed so explosive a struggle between the demands of total control and the nihilistic impulse to defeat those in control. The ensuing combat is so ferocious that the voice of the novelist, ordering experience, seems

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distant and lost, especially to the reader already distracted by Burroughs's experimental bias.

If there is an intellectual center in *Naked Lunch,* it will be found in a pervasive suspicion of the dangers inherent in technology:

> The end result of complete cellular representation is cancer. Democracy is cancerous, and bureaus are its cancer. A bureau takes root anywhere in the state, turns malignant like the Narcotics Bureau, and grows and grows, always reproducing more of its own kind, until it chokes the host if not controlled or excised. Bureaus cannot live without a host, being true parasitic organisms. (A cooperative on the other hand can live without the state. That is the road to follow. The building up of independent units to meet the needs of the people who participate in the functioning of the unit. A bureau operates on opposite principles of *inventing needs* to justify its existence.) Bureaucracy is wrong as a cancer, a turning away from the human evolutionary direction of infinite potentials and differentiation and independent spontaneous action to the complete parasitism of a virus.

This passage—anticipating the cancer metaphor in Mailer's *An American Dream* —exaggerates a social awareness into a political ideology, pointing to the new communalism advocated by Ginsberg and Snyder. It is important because it is one of Burroughs's rare projections of anything that might resemble an ideal, for Burroughs's mood is a disgust so intense, so voluptuously vicious as to make any ideal seem false and impossible, and American ideals, especially, precariously incompatible with the realities of world power.

Burroughs's disdain for future possibilities and his staunch antiromantic bitterness make him an exception among Beat writers. He represents a logical fulfillment of the despair of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land.* Curiously enough, the backgrounds of the two writers are similar: both were born in St. Louis, both were descendants of old American families (the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, ironically, in Burroughs's case), both attended Harvard, where Burroughs received a master's degree in anthropology. Both writers, especially in *The Waste Land* and *Naked Lunch,* share a destructive attitude toward form and structure. Conrad Aiken was the first to notice that the critics who took such great pains to discover the links and continuities of *The Waste Land* were misreading a poem that intended to reveal dissonance and kaleidoscopic confusion through violently contrasting fragments; Burroughs's discontinuity—his microcosmic focus on what frequently appear to be unrelatable experiences—is part of a similar attempt to deny the organic unities of nineteenth-century structure in poetry and fiction. Burroughs's use of the "cut-up" method—an arbitrary juxtaposition of randomly selected words and phrases—is part of an attempt to restructure the grammar of perception; the new linguistic order that Burroughs invents initiates the Beats' assault on the conditioning influences of language.

Burroughs takes the motif of the unreal city from *The Waste Land* and compounds it with a nauseating imagery of hideous physical disintegration and degradation that promises a state of future plague. His hanged men episodes in *Naked Lunch* are grotesque parodies of the talismanic material Eliot himself parodied with the grail legend in *The Waste Land.* Burroughs presents these horrors with an unsettling calm, a cold earnestness reminiscent of Swift, a view of the psychological transformations latent in fantasy close to Kafka, and a picture of man as helpless victim that reminds us of Sartre, Beckett and Genet. Entering the absolute nadir of existence, Burroughs's fiction defines a purgatory of endless suffering—Beat in the sense of beaten, oppressed and dehumanized. Yet Ginsberg's and Kerouac's pathway to beatitude stemmed from Burroughs's nightmare of devastation.

Burroughs's affinity with Eliot's objectivity and impersonality raises an aesthetic issue that is crucial for the Beats; because of this affinity, Burroughs, in an interview that appeared in *Evergreen Review,* denied belonging to the Beat movement, and emphasized the differences in form among

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writers he considered more as friends than as literary compatriots. The effect of Burroughs's vision on Ginsberg and Kerouac —who both frequented Burroughs's apartment near Columbia University in the late 1940s—cannot be denied; Kerouac, for example, makes Burroughs an oracular source of the wisdom of experience as Bull Lee in *On the Road.* But Burroughs's fiction, while capable of diagnosing what the Beats saw as threatening about American values —especially the worship of technology— did not project a sense of self strong enough to counter the debilitating apathy of the culture. In this respect, Burroughs is in accord with Eliot's notion that the artist's progress is measured by how well he transcends personality and private emotion. While it is tempting to see this suppression of self as a classical imperative, it is partly an oversimplification to do so. As romantic a figure as Keats declared, in his letters, that the poet had no identity since he was constantly filling in for some other body. Keats was thinking of the poetic persona, the mask, which is the logical direction of artistic development in British poetry from Donne to Browning, and realized almost to perfection in Eliot. Ginsberg and Kerouac felt that the time had come to challenge this concept, as Whitman had previously, by making personality the center and subject of their work. Now this is a rather delicate and relative issue; it is really the *degree* of self allowed by the artist, and the extent to which an artistic mask subsumes the priorities of self. Henry James, reviewing Whitman's *Drum-Taps* shortly after the Civil War, created a touchstone for the classical standard when he criticized Whitman and argued that "art requires above all things the suppression of oneself to an idea." Whitman's idea, which James to his credit later realized, was this expansive and cosmic sense of self: "what I give I give of myself," Whitman proclaimed in "Song of Myself." The classical temper will argue, however, that Whitman enters the atmosphere of emotion, not the terrain of idea. The tradition of Eliot and Pound, we know, suspected the world of feeling and attempted its subordination to ideas—thus, Eliot's theory of "objective correlative," a group of images standing in place of the direct expression of emotion. Partly as a result of this fear of statement, Pound and Eliot created a poetry that veered closer and closer to arcane scholarship, as both men, dependent on literary allusion, on other languages, fashioned poetry that became increasingly remote, intellectual and difficult.

It would be wrong to suggest that the Beats rejected the legacy of Eliot or Pound. Ginsberg, in "Death to Van Gogh's Ear," makes Pound his secretary of economics, and *Howl* is a poem in the tradition of *The Waste Land.* Pound, with his attacks on banking (Ginsberg: "Moloch whose soul is electricity and banks"), on the credit system to which most of the Western world is now in bondage, and with his devotion to the poetry of the East, is regarded with considerable admiration by the Beats; Gary Snyder, in his verse line especially, can be seen as a literary descendant. No, what was rejected was the tendency toward abstraction (which is ironic when we recall the original impulse of Pound's Imagism), and the abnegation of self that is suggested by the footnotes to *The Waste Land.*

In the fifties, when the voice of personality seemed so endangered by an anonymity of sameness, the Beats discovered a natural counter for the silence of the day in a new sense of self, a renaissance of the romantic impulse to combat unbelievably superior forces. The Beats crashed through the restraining mask of the removed artist—the Flaubertian tradition that saw the artist as God, omnipresent but invisible—in a search for what Ginsberg termed "Unified Being." The objective camera eye of *The Waste Land* would be replaced by the "I" of the personal in *Howl;* the difference can be felt simply by listening to the sound of Eliot reading his work—dry, unemotional, ironic, distant —and comparing that to Ginsberg's impassioned, arousing, rhapsody of voice.

The Beats' denial of the artistic mask had extraordinary implications for the nature of language in literary art and the

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quality of experience to be expressed. Prematurely conscious of the potentials for lying on a national scale, the Beats raised the standard of honesty no matter what the artistic consequences. Art is created by the polar tensions of spontaneity and artifice, improvisation and contrivance, and the Beats passionately embraced the extreme of uncontained release and denounced superimposed and confining forms. Kerouac, in "The Essentials of Spontaneous Prose," attacked the concept of revision sacred to most writers as a kind of secondary moral censorship imposed by the unconscious, and compared the writer to the jazz saxophonist in a search for language as an undisturbed flow from the mind. In a sense, the nitrous oxide experiments of William James and Gertrude Stein at Harvard, which resulted in automatic writing, anticipated Kerouac's denial of the artist's traditional selectivity. This desire to remove the literary superego was a sign of how the Beats would struggle with the conditioning influences of language; in many ways it represented a fulfillment of the romantic credo as formulated in the Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads* in which Coleridge and Wordsworth promised to use the language of ordinary men.

Ginsberg has addressed this question in his *Paris Review* interview with great clarity:

> . . . what happens if you make a distinction between what you tell your friends and what you tell your Muse? The problem is to break down that distinction: when you approach the Muse to talk as frankly as you would talk with yourself or with your friends. So I began finding, in conversations with Burroughs and Kerouac and Gregory Corso, in conversations with people whom I knew well, whose souls I respected, that the things we were telling each other for real were different from what was already in literature. And that was Kerouac's great discovery in *On the Road*. The kind of things that he and Neal Cassady were talking about, he finally discovered were *the* subject matter for what he wanted to write down. That meant, at that minute, a complete revision of what literature was supposed to be, in *his* mind, and actually in the minds of the people that first read the book. . . . In other words, there's no distinction, there should be no distinction between what we write down, and what we really know to begin with. As we know it every day, with each other. And the hypocrisy of literature has been—you know like there's supposed to be a formal literature, which is supposed to be different from . . . in subject, in diction and even in organization, from our quotidian inspired lives.

The goal of complete self-revelation, of nakedness as Ginsberg has put it, was based on a fusion of bohemianism, psychoanalytic probing, and Dadaist fantasy in *Howl* that dragged the self through the slime of degradation to the sublime of exaltation. While the idea of self is the Beat focal point, it represents only a beginning, an involvement to be transcended. The movement in Ginsberg's poetry is from an intense assertion of personal identity to a merger with larger forces in the universe. The ensuing tension between the proclamation of self—evident in a poem like "America"—and an insistence upon man's eternal place in time creates a central dialectical opposition in Ginsberg's poetry. Believing that consciousness is infinite, and that modern man has been taught to suppress much of his potential awareness, Ginsberg has attempted to exorcise the shame, guilt and fear that he sees as barriers to self-realization and total being. Ginsberg's work, generally, is an outgrowth of the tradition begun by Coleridge: to search for the source of dream, to release the unconscious in its pure state (avoiding literary simulation), to free the restraints on imagination and seek (as Blake did) for the potency and power of the visionary impulse.

Ginsberg sees his poetry as transmitting a sacred trust in human potentials, and he speaks in the *Paris Review* interview of how his mystical encounter with Blake in 1948 revealed to him the nature and direction of his own search as a poet. Ginsberg, then living in New York's East Harlem, suddenly heard a voice reciting Blake's "Ah! Sun-Flower" and "The Sick Rose." Ginsberg says that the resulting feeling of lightness, awe and wonder catalyzed him as a poet, making him see that his role

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would be to widen the area of consciousness, to open the doors of perception, to continue to transmit messages through time that could reach the enlightened and receptive.

Ginsberg's poetry is characteristic of the Beat desire *to be,* affirming existence as a positive value in a time of apathy. The quest for experience is as obsessive and all-consuming in *Howl* is in *On the Road.* Whether these experiences are destructive or not is of less importance than the fact of contact, especially the kind of experience that allows an individual to discover his own vulnerability, his humanness, without cowering. As Gary Snyder has argued in his essay "Why Tribe," to follow the grain of natural being "it is necessary to look exhaustively into the negative and demonic powers of the Unconscious, and by recognizing these powers—symbolically acting them out—one releases himself from these forces." This statement points to the shamanistic implications of Beat literature; *Howl,* like *Naked Lunch,* is an attempt to exorcise through release. While Burroughs's novel futuristically projects into fantasy, *Howl* naturalistically records the suffering and magnanimity of a hipster avant-garde, a group refusing to accept standard American values as permanent. The experiences in *Howl,* certainly in the opening part of the poem, are hysterically excessive and frantically active. It is the sheer momentum of nightmare that unifies these accounts of jumping off bridges, of slashing wrists, of ecstatic copulations, of purgatorial subway rides and longer journeys, a momentum rendered by the propelling, torrential quality of Ginsberg's long line, a cumulative rhythm, dependent on parallelism and the repetition of initial sounds, that is biblical in origin.

Ginsberg's poetry ranges in tone from ecstatic joy to utter despair, soaring and plunging from one line to the next, confident, paranoid, always seeking ways to retain the ability to feel in numbing times, always insisting on a social vision that stresses transcendence and the need for spirit in the face of a materialistic culture. No wonder Bob Dylan has remarked that Ginsberg's poetry was for him the first sign of a new consciousness, of an awareness of regenerative possibilities in America. That Dylan shares Ginsberg's surrealistic imagination is evident in early recordings like "Subterranean Homesick Blues," but even more, Dylan participates in the Beat affinity for the road, the symbol of an attitude toward experience that braves anything as long as movement is encouraged.

The first account of this sensibility is found in Norman Mailer's essay "The White Negro." Mailer announced the appearance of a new man, whom he termed the "hipster," who found an existential model in the danger felt by the black man every time he walked down an American street. Seeking, sometimes psychopathically, the "rebellious imperatives of the Self," the hipster rejected the conformity of American life, and spread a "disbelief in the words of men who had too much money and controlled too many things." The hipster sought an apocalyptic answer to the demands of adjustment in the American pattern; he would become, Mailer promised, the thorn in an emerging totalitarian society. The hipster, in a constant attempt to change his nervous system, would always express forbidden impulses and actively violate social taboos; like Elvis Presley, Lenny Bruce, even Rojack in Mailer's *American Dream,* he would release primitive energies before a repressive society. Responding to a "burning consciousness of the present," the hipster stressed the energy of movement and magnified Hemingway's concentrated formula of "grace under pressure" to confront a state of perpetual crisis. Mailer's essay, besides defining the code hero of the Beat movement, was prophetic. He claimed that the hip consciousness would spread in proportion to our recognition of the Negro (the fruit of the civil rights struggle in the sixties), and that as a result of the new forces caused by hip values, the complacent conformity of the fifties would be shattered by a time of violence, confusion and rebellion. The seeds of hip flowered in the sixties, and were especially evident in the transformed values of American

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youth, who actively challenged the givens of their society to the point where change was sought almost as an end in itself.

The new forces perceived by Mailer form Kerouac's ideological focus in *On the Road,* a novel that seems characteristically American in its search for a fluid, unshaped life, free of preimposed patterns, fearing most the horrors of stasis, of staying in the same place without the possibility of change. The reviewers misread the novel almost without exception, finding it incoherent, unstructured, unsound as art and unhappy as prophecy. Instead of seeing Dean Moriarity (in real life, Neal Cassady, whose torrential forty-page letter, composed in one sentence, inspired Kerouac to write the novel; years later, Cassady was the bus driver for Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters) as a genuine picaresque center, and thereby a source of unity in a novel about turbulence, the reviewers attacked the sensibility of nihilism. It is, perhaps, easier to see Dean today as a remarkable fusion of desperation and joy, as the "ragged and ecstatic joy of pure being" to borrow Kerouac's description, an utterly rootless individual who careens from coast to coast on sudden impulse, a man whose incredible energy makes a mockery of the false idol of security. Dean is drawn in the tradition of Huckleberry Finn but is untainted by Miss Watson's puritanism; as a result he is without guile or guilt. The sign of Dean's freedom is his infectious laughter. In the novel, laughter—even in the presence of despair—becomes a kind of life-force, a token of spirit; merely to laugh at the world, like the existentialist ability to say no, becomes a valuable source of inspiration for Kerouac. Dean has been in jail and reads Proust; but his defining quality is speed—in conversation, in a car, in his life-style. Kerouac, depicting Dean as a function of speed, has saliently tapped the distinguishing strain of American life in the second half of the twentieth century. This speed is reflected in an extraordinary hyperactivity that determines the atmosphere of the novel:

> the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing but burn, burn, burn like fabulous roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars.

Mailer has mentioned the "maniacally exquisite" insights of *Naked Lunch,* and Ginsberg and Kerouac as well seem to approach madness with less apprehensiveness than former writers, more in the spirit of Norman O. Brown's idea that the greatest madness lies in resisting madness. All the Beat writers—and Gregory Corso is an especially good example of this—use madness as a source of wonder, as a way of breaking through the apathy that they found so asphyxiating in the fifties.

But Kerouac himself, through the figure of his narrator, Sal Paradise, tried to offer a check on Dean's exuberant anarchism; indeed, one of the bases for scenic organization in the novel is the way in which other characters find fault with Dean after an episode. And Sal is inevitably drained by the momentum of experience, always aware of growing older and saddened by this; like Kerouac, he is an outsider, an imperfect man in an alien world, brooding, lonely, seized by moments of self-hatred. The refrain in *On the Road* of "everything is collapsing" is a reminder of the effects of disorder, of Kerouac's own vision of uncontained release, on himself. Clearly the endless celebrations, the pell-mell rushing from one scene to the next, create an hysteria that makes Sal want to withdraw from the world. This conflict between the demands of Self as expressed by Dean, and the need to extinguish Self as expressed by Sal, becomes the pivot of Kerouac's fiction; with *The Dharma Bums,* his next novel, and the influence of Gary Snyder, the movement toward union with nature begins.

In *The Dharma Bums,* Kerouac dramatized a crucial shift in the Beat sensibility; instead of continuing to seek escape from boredom and the spiritually corrupting emphasis on materialism and careers through desperate activity, Kerouac began an inward search for new roots. *The*

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Dharma Bums replaces the hysteria of *On the Road* with a quietly contemplative retreat toward meditation. Like *On the Road,* it is a very personal novel based on Kerouac's experiences; in this case living with Allen Ginsberg (Alvah Goldbook in the novel) in Berkeley during the early fifties, and meeting Gary Snyder (Jaffe Ryder in the novel). Kerouac, not always generous when depicting his friends, offers an extremely favorable account of Snyder studying Chinese and Japanese, reading Pound, exploring the tenets of Zen Buddhism, emulating the ascetic Buddhist poet Han Shan; taking Kerouac into the mountains on camping trips, teaching him a new independence, a new pride in the body; acting with charity, giving gifts spontaneously in contrast to Western acquisitiveness; generally preparing Kerouac for a transformation of his values by isolating him in nature, creating in Kerouac a more profound sense of his own vulnerability than hitchhiking ever provided.

The warmth that Kerouac described in the character of Jaffe Ryder, the overflowing ebullience, the need for affirmation in spite of a deep sense of doom in Western culture, the contagious vitality and love for life, all find ample reflection in Snyder's poetry. His main subject has always been nature—whatever threatens or enhances it. Like Thoreau, Snyder withdraws to nature for sustenance, and to regain a sense of what is essential for life. Thoreau, who warned that the Western reliance on mechanical means would end with man becoming the "tool of his tools," offered a perception that is repeated in Snyder's observation, in his essay "Poetry and the Primitive," that "A hand pushing a button may wield great power, but that hand will never learn what a hand can do. Unused capacities go sour." Snyder's vigils as mountain lookout on Sourdough Mountain and Glacier Peak are confluent with Thoreau's watch at Walden Pond; ironically, like Whitman's unfortunate experience with the Department of the Interior after the Civil War, Snyder was discharged by the Forestry Service as a security risk during the fifties. Thoreau and Snyder used hermetic withdrawal as purification, as a detoxification of social poisons; each acted in the surety that vulnerability to nature leads to the fullest expression of one's humanity, and permits the natural passions to flow without corruption.

Snyder uses nature to see the direction of our civilization more clearly; he has stated that for him the wilderness is the equivalent of the unconscious, and in his sentient communion with nature there is much to admire. In *Myths and Texts,* Snyder uses his knowledge of logging and hunting to separate himself from the destructively parasitic relation to nature that characterizes our past. Snyder writes of trees being cut for suburbs, of choking creeks and dying trout with a passion that makes it obvious why the ecology movement has discovered him.

At his readings, Snyder has been suggesting that the most radical possibility for America in the seventies will be reaching a new understanding of nature—not in terms of harnessing power, but nurturing and growing. Snyder reminds us of the conservative strain in the Beat movement when he speaks of rediscovering old sources of energy, of changing values so that instead of an addictive dependence on oil and electricity, we can understand Blake's maxim that energy is eternal delight. Like other poets, Snyder has expressed fears about the costs of progress. For example, in a poem with the ominous title, "In the Night, Friend," he observes California "layed out like meat on a slab/Growth and investments, developments and returns." It is a vision that recalls Pound's usury or Ginsberg's Moloch.

As a nature poet, Snyder's imagination has been honed and clarified by his study of Zen Buddhism, which has given him the ability to cut through to essentials "like a blade which sharpens to nothing," to borrow one of his own images, and to see the vital interrelationship of man and nature. He never uses his Buddhist lore sentimentally or naïvely, but always with a practical accommodation to Western needs that again makes us think of Thoreau. He has written that his involvement with Zen has taught him two things that seem central to the Beat quest: the virtue of poverty as a way of

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avoiding the materialism that has depleted the soul of the West, and the virtue of wandering, that is, no confinement whether spiritual or physical.

Of course, since Snyder has been concerned with the balance of nature for two decades, he can hardly be accused of a recent infatuation. He has voiced the same prophetic concern for the American Indians, seeing how our domestication of the wilderness began with our wars against them; the policy of containment, after all, did not begin in Indochina. Snyder's interest in Indian and nomadic cultures is part of an attempt to find a more universal basis for understanding the peculiarities of Western existence. As a poet, his fascination with Indians and with the East (he became a trained Buddhist monk after spending nearly a decade in Japanese monasteries) has resulted in a departure from the exclusive reliance on classical and biblical myth that has dominated Western poetry. Instead, Snyder has been stimulated by the legends of primitive peoples all over the world, and his vision has been fortified by an awareness of forty thousand years of human existence.

Snyder's experience has been broader than that of many of his contemporaries, and he seems far less rigid, less dogmatically bound by Western conditioning. Of his peers, no one except Ginsberg has expressed so generous an understanding of the direction of youth. In essays like "Passage to More than India" and "Why Tribe," he writes of the salvation promised by a subculture of illuminati whose roots can be traced far back in time. He explains and praises the sense of community and sharing that he sees in the young; he sees them transmitting a positive vision of spiritual and physical love in an anti-Hobbesian universe where man's natural being will be trusted. He recognizes the extent to which the communal life-style tries to remain uncontaminated by civilization—at least that part of the Western tradition that has emphasized competitive specialization, and has encouraged man to doubt his natural worth. In his poems, Snyder has repeated the old International Workers of the World ideal of "a new society within the shell of the old," and this message underlines the kind of transformation he expects from the young.

Traditionally, one indication of the vitality of a literary movement has been the following it attracts among writers, the degree and quality of literary imitation. It is too soon to speak of descendants while Burroughs, Ginsberg, Snyder, Corso, Ferlinghetti and others, are all active and writing. But the issue of literary geneaology is hardly as crucial with the Beats as with past movements. One reason for this is that the Beats' experiments with open forms, in poetry and fiction, encourage formal variety and difference, and therefore make them less apparent as a school.

Their unity, indeed their very identity, is a function of shared attitudes rather than one of common form. The visionary tradition that they continue has its roots in American transcendentalism, but without Emerson's complex political ambivalence. The Beats owe more to Thoreau's aggressive militancy: his essay on John Brown, or his view, strangely almost Marxist, that the real responsibility for the plight of the black man in America belonged with the farmers of New England and not the South. The American ancestors of the Beats are men like Thoreau, essentially conservative in his distrust of industry and its machines, protecting the natural in aristocratic isolation (reading his Homer at Walden Pond!), and men like Whitman, optimistically proclaiming with egalitarian gusto the newness of America, joyously celebrating the potential of the common man.

The real descendants of the Beats may not be writers at all, but a growing number of young people who share the essential quest initiated by the American transcendentalists: the reverence for nature and a sense of the self that is tempered by a mysticism of Eastern origin; the infusion of the personal in educational reform that appeared in Bronson Alcott's work; the attempts at communal living that flourished until the start of the Civil War; the suspicion of institutional responses to social

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problems that began in Emerson's thought. The Beats, deconditioned by their defeats and the shocks of romantic experience, began to raise such possibilities again in an era of ominous malaise. They have vigorously sustained their attacks on the Moloch of industry, on the regimentation of the bureaucratic state, and by eliminating the separation between an artist's work and his life, they have made of themselves living symbols. Suddenly, in the sixties, what had been merely literature became social action.

The middle class mourns its offspring; unable to comprehend their children's rejection of security, of material comfort and competitive careerism, the gulf between the generations developed, as Martin Duberman has observed, almost to the point of warfare against the young. Do not call these young people hippies, Ginsberg has admonished, but seekers—those who believe in the possibility of change. Whether it is achieved in the immediate present is probably less important than the idea of consciousness: the seed planted by Beat literature is an awareness of what is significant in life. While it may be too soon to measure the extent and degree of change, it is certain that the quality of life in America has been profoundly affected. Rarely has any literary group enjoyed such an impact on its times, but then hardly any other literary group has made as concerted an effort to cause such change.

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How to Read I. A. Richards

FRANCIS M. SIBLEY

In an age of overspecialization, one real danger is that each specialist may learn more and more about less and less until he approaches the predictable extreme of knowing everything about nothing. The person who specializes in I. A. Richards runs no such risk. Although one cannot, of course, know everything about Richards, knowing as much as possible about his work is a matter of learning more and more about more and more. For Richards, like Socrates, has specialized in a wide variety of things, all of them supporting his larger identity as a cultural engineer. The behavioral engineer can remain classified as a psychologist, and the genetic engineer as a biologist; but what about the man who recognizes the danger of such thoughtless classification beyond the danger already mentioned?

On the basis of his earlier work, we have classified Richards variously as an aesthetician, a semanticist and a literary critic, and we are not wrong in so doing, because he has made major contributions in all these fields. But after we categorize, we harden the categories, so that when Richards makes major contributions in education, epistemology, value theory, communications theory, poetry, mental health and international politics, to say nothing of his activities as a world traveler, mountain climber, and student of Chinese philosophy, we still respond to him as though he were to be understood completely as just an aesthetician, a semanticist, or a literary critic. Consequently, although we still anthologize many of his earlier writings and devote some scholarly attention to them, we largely ignore or else completely misunderstand nearly all of the work he has done since 1935. This is to ignore or misunderstand a continuing effort held together by its attempt to bring us all nearer to a clearer understanding of the work and of one another.

Several reasons for our ignoring or misunderstanding the bulk of Richards's work stand out: Do our habits of categorizing blind us? Does our unwillingness to abandon disputation disqualify us? Do our individual specializations underqualify us? Do Richards's depth and scope intimidate us? Or have we failed to investigate the possibility that there is in all of Richards's work an underlying epistemological unity, an examination of which might bring into focus the formidable diversity of this fluid and ongoing activity?

These queries do not constitute an exhaustive list, nor are they discrete, each from the others. All or most of them are plausible reasons, no doubt, but the last promises a greater reward and is consequently the topic for investigation here. If one is to understand Richards, why not begin with an elucidation of the most pervasive and fundamental of his concepts, that of "speculative instruments"?

I. A. Richards's infrequent but insistent use of this term raises questions: first, what Richards means by the term; second, whether he always means the same thing by it; third, whether he had the concept

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in mind before he used the term and, if so, whether he changed the concept after he used the term; and fourth, whether a thorough investigation of the speculative instruments concept as used by Richards can lead to a clearer understanding of the interrelationships of his work in literary criticism, educational theory, semantics, Chinese philosophy, et cetera.

He has made a deliberate effort to compress into this concept his whole theory of knowledge. He regards as a speculative instrument any book, essay, theory or definition, that is used in the investigation of natural phenomena or theoretical concepts in order to expand knowledge or heighten awareness. By this he means that whenever we investigate or speculate, we require an instrument with which to do it; that properties of the instrument affect the results of the investigation or speculation; that awareness of this will make us more cautious and less dogmatic; and hence, that by speaking in expressed, or at least suppressed, conditionals rather than in simpler assertions, we can reason more realistically and, by avoiding a sense of finality, keep alive an investigative curiosity. Since Richards has never seen and does not foresee the development of a philosophy that can arrive at ultimate answers that one can stand upon with certainty, he is committed to an empirical-pragmatic-utilitarian philosophy designed not to search for such answers but instead to derive better ways of asking questions that will constantly refine our methods and revise our provisional answers. This method Richards takes to be the most fruitful in the philosophical tradition.

Richards does not elucidate his speculative instruments concept in all his works, but it is always there implicitly, if not explicitly; he sometimes dwells upon it at length, sometimes only mentions it, but nearly always demonstrates it through use; and the figure of the instrument or the machine as part of his characterization of speculative activity is one of the most frequently recurring metaphors in his work.

A great deal of what is said here is likely to appear familiar, even obvious, to those accustomed to a practical use of tools in their inquiries. What is neither familiar nor obvious is the extent to which similar considerations apply to all inquiries. Whereas physical instruments demand attention to their presence, their design, and the nature of their employment, their conceptual analogues do not. Instead, these most often positively invite their users to ignore whatever they may be introducing as well as whatever they may be screening out. For example, when we do not examine a meaning that we use as a device for exploring other meanings, we incur the risk, not to say inevitability, of misrepresenting through distortion what we are trying to make clear. In such a case, it would be appropriate for us to direct our analytic attention away from what is being examined to the means being used in the examination. Richards sees his generalization of the concept of the instrument as a possible method to call our attention to the need for such a methodological shift. This generalization has fascinated Richards and has guided him in his work, whether practical or theoretical. It is an extension—without present limit—of what has been understood in physical inquiries as nothing more than common sense along with reasonable caution in procedure.

Richards first uses the term in *Coleridge on Imagination* (1934), and his most systematic discussion of it appears, as one would expect, in several essays reprinted in *Speculative Instruments* (1955). The concept is already developed—but not systematically—in *The Meaning of Meaning* (1923) and is exemplified by most of his books.

A tentative definition of speculative instruments is in order here. The concept is based upon the principle that the nature of any instrument used for studying natural phenomena has some influence upon the findings. For example, when we use a microscope to study bacteria, the fact that we are observing them under conditions determined by the nature of the microscope must be taken into consideration, because these conditions are artificial and lead to the possibility that the bacteria under study

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may display behavior markedly different from that which they might display were they observed under other circumstances, that is, with a different instrument. A supporting analogy is that studies made of apes in their natural habitat and apes in a zoo have produced entirely different conclusions.

Not only does the nature of the instrument partially determine the nature of the findings but also the nature of the instrument itself is partially determined by the philosophical milieu in which it was developed. Were it not for the world view of Western civilization and the progression of scientific theories propagated by it, microscopes, if we had them at all, would probably be very different kinds of instruments, and our interpretations of shapes, colors and textures viewed through them would be different.

If these conditions prevail in the investigation of natural phenomena, they prevail doubly in the investigation of theoretical concepts; for abstractions cannot be examined except via some intellective construction, some metaphorical micro-, tele- or spectroscope. If we seek to discover the nature of beauty or of the good, for example, we have only theories, definitions, guesses, dogmas, et cetera as the subject matter for our investigation; and the predicament is compounded because we have only theories, definitions, guesses and dogmas as instruments with which to investigate. Further, our theoretical concepts are couched in language, and our instruments for investigating them are also couched in language. We use language to study language and to report our findings. A careful study of the nature of language is therefore requisite, but it must be done with the awareness that the study itself is subject to the principle of the instrument and must itself be studied, this further study being subject . . . et cetera. If infinite regress is implied here, then we must take the consequences. The speculative instruments concept is Richards's recommendation for handling these consequences, and we are, one hopes, in a position now to examine a list of its attributes.

The concept is built upon the Principle of Instrumental Dependence, a name that Richards gives to the kind of interaction described above, and upon three other principles—refinement, openness, and the expressed or suppressed conditional. "Refinement" follows from "instrumental dependence"; as investigation proceeds, the instrument changes, and if the change is to be for the better, the nature of the instrument itself must be under constant study along with the results of investigation. That is to say that the instrument should change as the need for change arises. Thus, any concept that is a speculative instrument is an open concept subject to change. It requires and generates a state of mind that makes us less prone to illusions of certainty concerning our findings, and this is what is meant by "openness." Openness may be retained best by use of the conditional in all investigative discourse; that is, all statements made in the process of such discourse are more easily kept open if they are stated in an "if . . . then" form. Since it would be, at best, awkward to use this expressed conditional throughout, we may substitute statements in the indicative form, prefaced by an invitation to read sentences as though they were conditional—hence "the expressed or suppressed conditional," a principle of which Richards makes ever more thorough use as his work develops.

These four principles are identifying characteristics of a speculative instrument, and they can be known only by what they do. Each is an activity pointed toward achievement of what it describes, and together they are pointed toward achievement of a working theory of knowledge.

In advancing this epistemological recommendation, Richards is not engaging in some sort of intellectual exercise or puzzle but is profoundly concerned with the betterment of each human being and of humanity collectively. The four identifying characteristics are ideas that contribute to a theory of communication or, better, a policy for communication, which Richards still hopes may achieve humane ends, mainly through the potential use of the

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concept for settling or avoiding disputes. This concern with mediation develops gradually as the concept grows in Richards's thinking. The mediating function is a matter of making peace, if possible, between opposing views. It seeks to avoid disputation and arrive at authority by agreement among those who see most clearly what they are doing—a process based upon the way in which authority is achieved in language use.

The criteria for evaluating a speculative instrument and/or choosing among available ones arise from the concept itself and may be presented as a series of questions that should be asked of a speculative instrument: (1) What is its task? (2) What place has this task in the hierarchy of tasks? (3) Is it irreplaceable? (4) How well does it do its task? (5) Will another instrument do the job?

These questions can serve not only for evaluating but also for classifying, if we can succeed in establishing a hierarchy of tasks and contriving the appropriate instruments.

The concept of speculative instruments grows from an implicit underlying epistemology in *The Foundations of Aesthetics* (1922) and the other early books by Richards, through explicit use as a term in *Coleridge on Imagination,* to a thoroughly developed epistemological recommendation in *Speculative Instruments.* To attribute to speculative instruments the four identifying characteristics and five evaluative criteria used here is somewhat risky because: Richards himself does not do so explicitly; openness may appear to be lost; and disputation may be invited. These risks have been taken in the hope that doing so may help clear up a basic and neglected aspect of Richards's work.

The identifying characteristics and the evaluative criteria of speculative instruments were formulated on the basis of analyses of many examples of books, theories and devices that Richards calls speculative instruments, including an examination of Richards's hierarchy of speculative instruments corresponding to an analogous hierarchy of speculative activities.

Richards, directly and indirectly, has called several of his speculative instruments whetstones, mirrors, compasses, thinking machines, et cetera; and I shall call these figurative names quasi metaphors, since to a degree they are to be taken literally. To understand the concept of speculative instruments more fully, we may find it helpful to regard this term also as a quasi metaphor.

For Richards, a speculative instrument is not a static or even a stable thing because of the fluidity engendered and kept alive by its openness. Furthermore, nothing is a speculative instrument apart from its use, and this consideration makes it necessary to include the attitude of the user as part of the instrument's meaning and efficacy. For example, if we should look for a set of identifying characteristics, or for a common denominator among all things that have been designated as speculative instruments, we would very likely be doomed to failure. Such an attempt would almost certainly close and rigidify the concept of speculative instruments and would thereby lead to misunderstanding. Why not carry out the idea of interdependence consistently? Anything that has the four identifying characteristics of a speculative instrument is interdependent with its user; we need to go beyond choice of a speculative instrument to considerations of the attitude of the user in choosing a speculative instrument and in then using it. Such considerations are implied by all four identifying characteristics. How, for example, can anything be and remain instrumentally dependent, refinable, open and conditional, apart from the attitude of its user? I suggest that we think of a speculative instrument as a "thing-activity." (An "active thing" might do, but I doubt it, since this designation could suggest that all of the activity is on the part of the thing, and once again the user would be left out.) The concept of speculative instruments is itself a quasi metaphor in the same sense that the other figurative names are. It is the name of a class or set of classes of things. It also implies and encourages an attitude, a frame of mind, an outlook. It is a theory of knowledge that is not static. It points and propels,

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since it yet concerns itself with equilibrium and harmony, as it did in Richards's earliest books. Thus, a concern with what the things that qualify as speculative instruments have in common is also a concern with what the engendered activities have in uncommon. Although the speculative instruments concept is not something new, it is uncommon, as witnessed by Richards's own laconic style when dealing with it. Nevertheless, instruments are to be used, and speculation is an activity; and the gerundive insistence of speculative instruments carries the day. It is not just the inherent characteristics of a thing that make it a speculative instrument. In the interdependence between speculative instrument and framer, or chooser, or user, the four identifying characteristics are as much invested as they are inherent.

Consequently, the concept of speculative instruments, thus understood, is and does a lot of things. As a quasi metaphor, it names a thing-activity that is a recommendation for improvement of epistemological and communicative efficacy. Taken as such a recommendation, it is not exactly a theory of knowledge so much as it is what we might call "meta-epistemology." Its identifying characteristics are instrumental dependence, refinement, openness, and the expressed, or at least suppressed, conditional. And this set of characteristics is offered conditionally and openly, is instrumentally dependent, and requires refining. Hence, any entity that is this kind of thing-activity may be a speculative instrument, depending upon the attitude of its user. It may be judged as better or worse on the basis of what its task is, what place its task has in the hierarchy of tasks, whether it is irreplaceable, how well it does its task, and whether another instrument will do the job.

Two of Richards's most recently published books show that he is still very much concerned with the speculative instruments concept, and that although he has not given this concept further explication since the publication of *Speculative Instruments*, he nevertheless still employs it as a guiding principle.

First of all, *So Much Nearer* (1967) is concerned with making a practical application of basic English along lines suggested in *Interpretation in Teaching* (1934). *So Much Nearer** is a collection of essays that have as their common theme, "what man collectively could be doing for himself and what in this he should be doing first"; their direction is, predictably, "toward construction" of suggestions about how man might proceed toward achievement of the stated whats.

The central question of *So Much Nearer* is, "How can utterance defend itself from misconception?" How far are we from literary criticism after all? The essay "So Much Nearer" must be taken in more than one sense; it is an example of aposiopesis, the fulfillment of which depends upon how mankind answers the central question raised, a question explored in the essay entitled "The Future of Poetry." This essay title provides another example of the same aposiopesis, not necessarily to be filled out in the supremely confident tone of Matthew Arnold's passage to which it alludes. Has Richards really left literary criticism, or has he rather broadened his scope? In "The Future of Poetry" Richards says, "Somehow I have for the last few decades been . . . out of Poetics and Literary Criticism. But, you know, it is the same everywhere." It is?

A look at "From Criticism to Creation" may be helpful here. Speaking of Plato's comparison of the individual to the state, Richards says that "such comparisons can be—to use Coleridge's phrase—'speculative instruments' of extraordinary suggestiveness" but that "they will never get to the real truth via this parable but will have to take a longer and harder way round—by a labor in dialectic which some would say has barely yet begun." Familiarities, these: Coleridge, speculative instruments, begin-

* I. A. Richards writes, "The collocation here of interplanetary and other gulfs comes from Robert Frost, who gives me my epigraph and title: 'They cannot scare me with their empty spaces/Between stars—on stars, where no human race is./I have it in me so much nearer home/To scare myself with my own desert places'."

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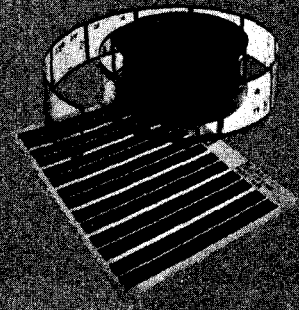

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nings rather than finalities.

Richards explains his shift of focus like this:

> I let Coleridge lead me out of literary criticism . . . out of criticism into creation, out of comment on endeavors into a new endeavor. . . . better to turn from criticism to a more remedial way of serving its cause, to turn from appraisal to construction, specifically, to attempts to construct more effective, because more carefully designed, instruments of instruction.

From this may we reasonably assume that Richards intends *Interpretation in Teaching,* for example, as an instrument of instruction that serves the cause of literary criticism in a more remedial way than, say, *Principles of Literary Criticism?* If so, then the shift from criticism to creation has been a shift from less to more, a quantitative "shift" that looks more like a growth than a shift. Certainly we find in "From Criticism to Creation" a familiar organicism. Richards characterizes reading as "the growth of an instrument for comparing and controlling meanings"; he quotes from L. L. Whyte's *Internal Factors in Evolution* the passage in which Whyte discusses the theory of evolution

> "in terms not of struggle and competition, but of the system's capacity for coordinated activity. The Darwinian criterion of fitness for external competition has to be supplemented by another: that of good internal coordination. Internal coadaptation is necessary as well as external adaptation."

And he uses the quotation from Whyte to show that "major analogies work both ways," that whether the analogy be between mind and state, religion and marriage, or a cell and a sentence, in both sides of the analogy "the interdependencies of parts and wholes become ever more evident as skill in conceiving them improves." We would be ill-advised to overlook the pun on "conceiving" here. It gives us a clue to a better understanding of what he means by the word order in the title of his essay "Learning . . . and Looking" in *Design for Escape.*

"From Criticism to Creation" concerns itself with instrumental dependence. Richards presents an argument between B. F. Skinner and Noam Chomsky and says of it that

> disputatious assertions such as these—especially when their manifest content appears to spring from concern for correct method—have in certain lights a queer air. It is as though the price of a percipience were a blindness, or as though what they see must, like any screen or filter, occult or distort by selection what they are professedly examining.

As in other cases of disputation, the disputants are limited by their activity: ". . . each, in his own way, cultivates his own neglect of the processes by which his facts are obtained"; and this neglect is a failure to realize that "the instruments of any inquiry enter and become part of the problems," a failure that, as we have seen, Richards regards as widespread and devastating.

The same essay presents a value theory predicated upon mediation, development of potentialities, and growth from the theoretical to the practical as well as from the unrealized to the realized. All of this is reminiscent of *Principles of Literary Criticism, Practical Criticism, Science and Poetry, Mencius on the Mind, The Philosophy of Rhetoric,* and *Interpretation in Teaching:* "Why should not man, taking to heart a lesson from his unborn self, divert a little of his spare energy to trying, scientifically, to make the best of himself?" Here, "his unborn self" is an allusion to G. W. Corner's *Ourselves Unborn,* which Richards discusses earlier in the essay; but an organic view as the basis for value theory is nothing new. It has to do with a design: "I have to add a word upon my title. *Creation,* as used there, is participation in a design beyond any we can conceive." What about this design and the repeated use of "conceive" in a way that demands a double reading? Is the design a design for escape? Perhaps. Maybe it is an organic design that would figure in any conceiving. Maybe it is what Richards calls, in the essay "The Technological

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Crisis," the Principle of Growth:

> Think of any plant or animal. All its growth, from the very start, comes about through what it has already. The whole plant grows in each step of its growth. The seedling can *grow* only because what it already *is* can take in and *use* what it needs—to become what it will be. We don't help it by giving it things it cannot use.

Design for Escape (1968) shows evidences of the influence of the speculative instruments concept, and it is more than just a practical application of basic English. It is that, of course, but *So Much Nearer* and *Design for Escape* are primarily concerned with redesigning basic English for better practical application to world affairs and with making it a better instrument to examine meanings. Just as Richards points out in *Interpretation in Teaching* (published in 1938, but written in 1933-34) that in learning we proceed from the unintelligible to the unintelligible—and appropriately so, considering that continued growth is thereby implied—here we see his growth from criticism to creation proceeding from a concern with language control in *The Meaning of Meaning* to a concern with language control in *Design for Escape.*

In *Design for Escape,* Richards says that, among other things, he will try "to suggest through the machinery of description [he uses], certain intellectual devices—'speculative instruments' as Coleridge called them—which may perhaps help us to see what we ourselves and our fellows are doing with language from case to case as needs and circumstances change." This quote is from the essay "Grounds for Responsibility," and it seems to square with what we have come to understand by speculative instruments. One of the "intellectual devices" that Richards uses in this essay is a quote from Shakespeare that he has used earlier but that is here changed significantly, as his comment upon it points out:

> nor doth the eye itself,
> That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
> Not going from itself . . .
> For speculation turns not to itself
> Till it hath travell'd and is married there
> Where it may view itself.
>
> —*Troilus and Cressida,* III, iii.

Married. Nineteenth-century editors, wanting to make Shakespeare obvious, took out *married* and put *mirror'd* in its place. That tells us quite a bit about them—just as Shakespeare's use of *married* here tells us something about his view of marriage.

For Richards to call this intellectual device a speculative instrument is for him to tell us something about mediation, among other things. What, more than a marriage, requires refinement and mediation?

Two more quotations from the same essay shed light upon Richards's ideas concerning definition and disputation:

> Many definitions are battle cries. Any talk about definition raises every combative instinct in mankind. A definition is the weapon in debate. If you can get your audience to accept your definitions, you've got them. You've got them fighting on ground which is unfamiliar to them and putting their foot into unsuspected holes everywhere. So, naturally, the battle-hinge tends to turn on a definition. Can I push you on to my definition ground, or will you push me? . . .
>
> I want to suggest, and it is rather paradoxical, that definitions are very fine if you have enough of them. No important theme can be handled with less than 57 definitions, only you must use the right definition for the right purpose. You make up a definition to help you get along in a discussion but you mustn't expect any definition will serve all possible purposes and exigencies of discussion. So never be afraid of having another definition and remember the other ones that other people are using and don't outrage them. In fact be humane in the matter of using this tremendous intellectual weapon, the definition.

This, too, is familiar: disputation as stifling; fitting definition (or other speculative instrument) to purpose; and mediation in the form of regarding different points of view as complementaries rather than rivals.

Another essay in *Design for Escape,* "Learning and Looking," implies by the

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order of the words in its title what we need speculative instruments for. Richards asks, "Why do I so often look and look and yet fail to learn? Isn't it perhaps that I haven't learned *how* to look?" This again is the query, the rhetorical question, the aposiopesis, proceeding from unintelligibility to unintelligibility, but, one hopes, demonstrating gains toward comprehension, toward a more synoptic view, in the proceeding growth.

Thus, although Richards has made a shift from literary criticism to a study of the uses of language for worldwide communication and education, he nevertheless is still using the speculative instruments concept as his guiding principle. The growth of the concept and the growth of his awareness of its implications have shown him different and more urgent ways to apply the theoretical to the practical. Such application is implicit in the speculative instruments concept from the beginning, and as the concept grows, it changes; but the change is a change from potentiality toward actuality, the kind of organic change exhibited by any growing organism.

What we witness in our study is a series of becomings—a quasi metaphor becoming an epistemology, a literary theory becoming an educational tool, a literary theorist becoming a cultural engineer. Richards wants the speculative instruments concept to be used where it is most needed; and he has grown toward the realization that instrumental dependence, refinement, openness, and the conditional, as they contribute to equilibrium and harmony through mediation, need most desperately and immediately to be applied to the world and the states and individuals within it. Just how much nearer we are to having a design for escape from disaster in the politics—of the mind and of the state—is, for Richards, a matter of how well we can and will understand, develop, evaluate, choose and apply speculative instruments.

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The Revolving Bookstand

The Black Arts Movement in Negro Poetry

SAUNDERS REDDING

A popular assumption of the Negro literati is that the death of Richard Wright in 1960 marked the end of one era in Negro American writing and the beginning of another. Those who hold this view say that the new era, heralded in a hortatory lecture delivered by Harold Cruse before a black writers' conference in 1959, approached its apogee with the production of three short plays by LeRoi Jones in 1963 and reached it two years later. Scorning his Christian "slave" name, which symbolized his people's hated past, and adopting Imanu Amiri Baraka, in the summer of 1965 the poet-playwright organized the Black Arts Repertory Theater for the express and exclusive purpose of staging "black" plays for a black audience. The year 1965 also saw the publication of his novel, *The System of Dante's Hell,* and of Claude Brown's fictionalized autobiography, *Manchild in the Promised Land.* Substantially more commendable as exercises in literary art, but considerably less sensational works were published by Negro authors in that year too: the *Selected Poems* of Robert Hayden, *Going to Meet the Man,* a collection of stories by James Baldwin, and *This Is My Country Too,* the moving record of a journey through the United States by John A. Williams. But none of these got from Negro (black, if you please) reviewers the disinterested critical attention they deserved, and Baldwin's book, like Lorraine Hansberry's prizewinning play, *A Raisin in the Sun,* and, belatedly, Ellison's *Invisible Man,* was soundly damned by the new class of black intellectuals and critics. These works are ignored or damned for the reason that—much more than implicitly—they demonstrated against the increasing rigidity of the new concept of *the* black and blackness, and for the infinite variety among Negroes arising from differences in experience, in degrees of awareness, and in temperament.

If the black arts movement in literature reached its apogee in 1965, it has since been maintained by the gravitational influence of numerous satellite poets, dramatists and critics.

In his 1959 lecture, and later at greater length in his book, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual* (Apollo, 1967), Harold Cruse set forth the curious metaphysical argument that blackness confers a special grace, under the dispensation of which American Negroes can and should reject their history in America and be born again (as Africans!), "nationalistic in terms of the ethnic and cultural attributes of art expression." Whatever this may mean to anyone not caught up in the emotional complexities, the social hazards and the intellectual dilemmas of the Negro American experience, it quite evidently is intended to mean to black artists and writers what Larry Neal, another spokesman for the black arts movement, says it means—"a radical reordering of the western cultural aesthetic." The Negro American writer and artist is called upon to create "a separate symbolism, mythology, critique, and iconology." And it is this that they claim to be doing. This is what LeRoi Jones's theater was supposed to be about.

SAUNDERS REDDING is professor of English at Cornell University. His books include *They Came in Chains, On Being Negro in America, To Make a Poet Black, The Lonesome Road: The Story of the Negro's Part in America, No Day of Triumph, The Negro,* and *Stranger and Alone,* a novel.

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This is what an incomprehensibly anagogic photo-illustrated book of "passages," *In Our Terribleness: Pictures of the Hip World* (Bobbs-Merrill), by Imanu Baraka and Billy Abernathy (who prefers to be known as Fundi), is all about. It is what a poem entitled "For An Intellectual Audience" by Nikki Giovanni is all about:

> i'm a happy *moile*
> the opposite of which
> is an unhappy
> *womblie*
>
> and the only way you'll ever
> understand
> this poem
> is if you sit
> on your ear
> three times a day
> facing south
> justa whistling
> dixie
> while nikki picks
> her nose
>
> if you miss nose
> picking time
> then you must collect
>
> three and one half milograms
> of toe jam
> and give it to barbara's cat
>
> and if you can't find
> barbara's cat
>
> then how you gonna call
> yourself
> a black man?

The failure of the poem, the book of passages, and the theater, and, indeed, of much of the work generated and inspired by the black arts movement is not difficult to explain. It is due basically to the impossibility of creating an aesthetic—forms of beauty, modes of thought and feeling, the perception of truths—to which only blacks are responsive. The failure should have been predictable. The concept of an exclusive and excluding aesthetic is as aberrant as the corollary notion that it is beyond the capacity of whites to comprehend the thinking, identify with the attitudes, and experience the emotions of blacks. Blacks have "soul," the movement says; whites do not. To hell with whites.

This is both the imagery and the theme of most of the poetry and practically all of the drama of the black arts movement. (Which movement, it should be said, has more to do with politics than with art.) It is the stuff and the theme of Jimmy Garrett's plays, of which *We Own the Night: A Play of Blackness* is representative. In terms of dramatic action the play depicts a violent incident in the unending race war—"We are kicking the white man's ass!" one of the characters exults—but in terms of theme it is about the inability of whites, and those Negroes they have brainwashed, to understand blacks. It is the stuff of more than half the fifty-three pieces in Nikki Giovanni's *Black Feeling, Black Talk-Black Judgment* and of the great majority of the pieces in the dozen or so pamphlet-thin volumes put out last year by Dudley Randall's publishing house.

It should be remarked, at least parenthetically, that although Mr. Randall established Broadside Press specifically to provide an outlet for new black poets, and although his own latest volume is dedicated to Don L. Lee, "a strong new voice pointing the way" (and certainly the shrillest of the new black poets), Randall's own best verse is in another tradition altogether. Randall the poet seems to disrelish the embrace of the black aesthetic. Indeed, several poems in his current book, *More to Remember* (Third World), can be read only as wryly ironic comments on what, as poet, he clearly sees to be a complex of incorrigible misconceptions. When verbalized as in "black nationalism," "black power," "black militancy," and "black is beautiful," these misconceptions are passwords into the hortatory ranks of the black arts movement. Even Randall's "rap poems"—the new poetic mode of the movement—are not rap poems in the sense meant by Giovanni, Don L. Lee, Mari Evans, Sonia Sanchez, Etheridge Knight and the rest of the poets Randall publishes. Even Randall's rap poems serve to emphasize his temperamental and ideological differences from his young contemporaries; and "Seeds of Revolution" is a putdown of all those who would deny and reject the American past and undertake a "radical reordering" of history.

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. . . The Revolution was going on
when the first black
leaped overboard
to the sharks;

When blacks malingered,
or sabotaged the plantation,
or Tommed to outwit Ole Massa;

When your father (whom you deplore)
pushed a broom
and your mother (whom you despise)
scrubbed kitchens
so you could go to school
and read Fanon . . .

I have heard it said that the black arts movement is primarily dedicated to raising the level of black consciousness; to establishing the black identity; and that in order to do this, American Negroes must reclaim their African heritage and draw sustenance from their African roots. The effort to do this has produced some interesting results, not the least of which is the assumption of an identification with what is mistakenly thought to be African cultural norms. Urged by the new class of black American poets, many American Negroes wear their hair in the "African" style, not realizing that there are almost as many African hairstyles as there are African tribes. They sport bubas and dashikis. They study Swahili, ignorant of the fact that there are at least a thousand spoken languages in Africa and that Hausa comes nearest to being the lingua franca. They convert to Islam, unmindful that some Africans are ancestor worshippers, some totemist, some Judaist, some animist, and that at least a fourth of Africa's 315 million natives are Christians of various denominations, including Hard-Shell Baptist. Oblivious to the fact that all literatures are grounded in an oral tradition, the new black poets reclaim the tradition as exclusively African, and boast of following that tradition when they write:

. . . . aaa-ee-ooo-wah/wah
aaa-ee-ooo-wah/wah
aaa-ee-ooo-wah/wah
aaa-ee-ooo-wah/wah

git em with yo bad self. don. rat now
go & do it. dudley. rat now. yeah
run it on down. gwen. rat now. yeah. yeah

aaa-e-ooooooo. wah/wah.
aaa-e-ooooooo. wah/wah.
we a BAAAADDD people

& we be gitting
BAAAADDER
every day.*

or:

improvise
with
feeling
. . . . SCREAMMMM/we-eeeee/screech/teee
aheeeeeeeee/screeeeeee/theee/ee
ahHHHHHHHHH/WEEEEEEEE/scrEEE
EEE . . . .†

The new black poets believe—or seem to—that the African continent is the seat of a homogenous culture (and the home of a homogenized people) and that that culture is theirs, the "lost" culture of American Negroes that must be recovered. Both beliefs are delusive. For even if the African cultures were one culture, it could not be recovered and transported. You can no more transport a culture than you can move Kilimanjaro to Tibet. Elements of a culture—the language, say, or certain customs and social attitudes—yes; but even these only by those native to the home of the culture. And even these movable elements will wither unless they are grafted onto the culture of the new place. If the graft takes, the elements change and thrive, and what their thriving proves is that their virtues transcend the special virtues ascribed to them by their creators.

The black arts movement in poetry, while disingenuously reclaiming an African cultural heritage, draws heavily upon the (white) Beat tradition, the hippie culture, and the ongoing free speech trend. To the extent that it does this—and the extent is limitless—it is neither African nor, within the new meaning given to the term, black. It is simply American.

Finally, the movement encourages a pattern of repetition of thought, of matter, and of mode. The new black poets all make the

* "WE A badddDDD PEOPLE," by Sonia Sanchez.

† "DON'T CRY, SCREAM," by Don L. Lee.

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PEKING (UPH)—John Dewey, eminent American philosopher and educator, left China today after twenty-six months of lecturing and teaching throughout the country. Dewey has delivered over 100 lectures to educators and government officials. His most recent series was presented at Peking National University and included 32 speeches on the topics: "Social and Political Philosophy," and "Philosophy of Education."

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same sounds, and the sounds are as inarticulate as they are shrill.

Better Late than Never?

WHAT TIME IS THIS PLACE? *By Kevin Lynch. MIT. $10.*

Reviewed by ROBERT F. LUCID

It may not be consciously intended, but the title of Kevin Lynch's new book forcefully recalls the title of the recent movie *If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium,* and in doing so creates a distinctly misleading set of expectations.

Associating it with a movie, we are inclined to imagine that this book might be enjoyed by a general audience. Because his title is wittily phrased and is subtly humorous in its implications, we allow ourselves to hope that Mr. Lynch has striven for wit and humor in his book. And finally, the title misleads because it is a question, and thus implies the existence of an individual questioner. That is, it seems to promise a book that focuses on the dilemma faced by the modern individual as he confronts the dual mysteries of time and place.

What Time Is This Place? disappoints almost all of these expectations. A much more realistic title would have been something like *Prolegomena to an Analysis of Environmental Planning Policy and Its Implementation in Terms of an Aesthetic of Time and Place.* Such a mouthful would give nonspecialized readers fair warning that this is a book by a professional for professionals, and that its central concern is not with any sophisticated concept of the relationship of the individual to his environment—or in fact with any realized concept of the individual at all—but actually with the formation and implementation of planning policy.

As such, for all one knows, the book may be a wonderful success. Its bibliography is truly impressive, and the documentation for its ten rather fragmented chapters is organized with great skill. The design, clearly, is to open up an extremely wide range of planning problems so that they may be seen, at least implicitly, in terms of the author's special notion of time and place. It may thus be proper to praise the book as a breaker of new ground. And Mr. Lynch's organization is aggressively thorough, all the way from chapter structuring down to his very syntax. Consider this representative chapter-opening sentence:

> A change in environment may be a growth or decay, a simple redistribution, an alteration in intensity, an alteration in form.

If one were taking notes from the book the headnote would be "Change in Environment," and each phrase thereafter in the sentence would make a perfect subhead to foreshadow paragraphs to come.

The overall effectiveness of a book like this, however, quite apart from the question of the stylistic effect of sentences like the one just quoted, remains open to a certain challenge. The almost epic sweep of past, present and future realities which it attempts to translate into the technical "can do" of modern planning vocabulary finally overwhelms the book, I think, and we are usually left with homilies.

"Choosing a past helps us to construct a future," is how the author concludes one chapter. "I am suggesting a public war room," he says, in trying to suggest how planners can "see" their city while changing it. And in discussing how a functional "image" of the future can be generated, he points out: "We should aim for a consistent fit between circumstances, power, and imaginative ability." Without wishing to mock, one is surely obliged to remark the narrowness, the jargon, the lack of resonant metaphor. And these quotations are absolutely representative.

But while the doubts of an outsider concerning the practical use of a treatise like this may be merely idle, there remains the issue which, in the first place, gave the book its more general attraction. How in fact does Mr. Lynch try to answer his title's question?

✪ ROBERT F. LUCID wrote *Norman Mailer: The Man and His Work,* and (with Mr. Mailer) *The Long Patrol.* He also edited *The Journal of Richard Henry Dana, Jr.*

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He sees "place," the environment shaped by man, in essentially aesthetic terms, and suggests that the best way of analyzing an individual's relationship to place is by visualizing that relationship as an artistic one. As the individual responds to art (the genre Mr. Lynch prefers is the cinema) so can he respond to all other artifacts. In art, time is an ever-enduring present. To the degree that man's planned environment can be made to produce a formal aesthetic effect on its inhabitant, the sense of time-present in that inhabitant is radically expanded. Necessarily, our debilitating anxiety concerning lost time-past and beckoning time-future is radically reduced.

Since this idea is an extremely encouraging one, it is frustrating to find it overtly analyzed in only a single chapter, but the more important problem has to do with the book's assumptions about individual perception. His psychological axioms are behaviorisitic, and do not allow Mr. Lynch the opportunity he badly needs to discuss a crucial aspect of all this. He needs to get into the function of the human imagination in the process of aesthetic perception, and he never does it.

The way the human being responds to the timeless place of art is a process which, after all, humanists have been working to illuminate for some thousands of years. It is directly parallel to no less a vision than the one that perceives God as the great artist whose natural universe is his "work"—a notion indeed designed to help us transcend the winnowing effects of time. In urging that modern planners attempt to move from the realm of technology to the realm of art, Mr. Lynch renders a signal service, of course, but his formulation fatally lacks any concrete view of that vast human imagination which it is the artist's function to engage.

The book is obviously unable to move from the technological arena where it is perforce engaged, into the long established discourse of the aesthetician, and is almost touchingly innocent of axiomatic concepts, whether Aristotelian or Platonic, Longinian or, for that matter, Wittgensteinian. The result is a book which is pre-elementary. In technological terms it is like reading a monograph in 1972 which suggests that there might be some future for the use of high explosives in modern warfare.

If it is true that environmental planners are, in 1972, getting to the question of how to generate formal aesthetic experience, no doubt we should be grateful. Better late than never. But if *What Time Is This Place?* is any example, those planners have a long road to travel.

Every Man His Own Belletrist

THE IRRELEVANT ENGLISH TEACHER. *By J. Mitchell Morse. Temple University Press. $6.*

Reviewed by JASON P. ROSENBLATT

This book springs from Professor Morse's admirable desire to democratize literature. The ideas and opinions that are given fullest expression—the systematic study of literature should be taught to freshmen by full professors; most people can participate in the work of the imagination—are part of a program to develop "an articulate majority." Since tyranny thrives on drab conformity, the formation of a personal style is a necessary subversive act. The ideal English teacher, says Morse, preaches irrelevance, which is another way of saying that he or she teaches style. We are meant to infer that the study of good literature affects our political life in a way that is no less powerful for being indirect.

Morse's own style of presenting educational and literary theory democratizes a genre that has so far been dominated by men and women of uncommon brilliance. One thinks of Arnold and Eliot on culture and of Frye and Trilling on the general function of art in consciousness and society. Wayne Booth and Frederick Crews may come to mind as examples of critics who have earned the respect of readers of literature and who have recently (since 1968) turned their attention to the vexed ques-

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The 1972 Phi Beta Kappa Book Awards

The Ralph Waldo Emerson Award

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The Christian Gauss Award

The Pound Era. *By Hugh Kenner. University of California Press. $14.95.*

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tion of relevance. Professor Morse's work as a critic has been less distinguished; nevertheless, as a citizen in the Republic of Letters, he has exercised his right to address himself to current problems in literary education. (It might be helpful to imagine the random invasion, by a crew with tape recorders and a publishing contract, of a room at the Americana Hotel during the convention of the Modern Language Association. If the occupant were willing to talk about the professional problems on his mind, the presumably edited result of the ensuing monologue might resemble this book.) Professor Morse's theories—like those of most of us—are weak in predictable ways and strong in unpredictable ways.

The book's strength is the sense of decency that informs most of it. Morse believes that life's two greatest pleasures are the writing and the contemplation of a well-made sentence and that his most important work is teaching freshmen how to enjoy these pleasures. Morse drills his students in synthesis as well as analysis: imitations of Dr. Johnson, James and Hemingway reveal some of the possibilities of English prose and "develop a consciousness of form and some skill in devising form." The writers whose styles he admires unreservedly are Joyce and Beckett, and the majority of the book's illustrative quotations are taken from their fiction. Morse successfully transmits to the reader his enthusiasm for these writers and for freshman English.

The problem here is that Morse's humane intention to open literature to the direct understanding of freshmen of any background has so thoroughly limited his critical theory that it never transcends its own application. At times Morse's reductive formalism makes even doctrinaire New Criticism seem bracing. His literary preferences are based exclusively on the relation of words to their *immediate* context. Most of the time this means that a single verse or sentence is held up and examined for solecisms. When Morse has completed his demonstration of, say, Beckett's genius or Styron's ineptitude, he has only shown us how single sentences work. The novel's larger structures—formal, figurative, thematic, logical, rhetorical—are ignored. This is literary theory determined by the exigencies of freshman English: the body of literature sketched in red pencil.

Morse resolutely excludes interdisciplinary considerations from the study of literature. He tells us, in the opening chapter, that critics often "forget that a work of art is good to the extent that it is relevant to itself, and that it need not necessarily be relevant to anything else at all." Some of the examples cited in this chapter of successful sentences and verses that give us pleasure "through . . . [their] own qualities" testify to the inadequacy of this isolationist approach: "In the beginning was the Word"—surely some familiarity with the concept of the Logos is necessary if we are to respond at all to the power of the statement. On the same page that Morse emphasizes the standard of pure literary pleasure, he cites the famous lines from Marvell's "The Garden": "Annihilating all that's made/To a green thought in a green shade." He contradicts his earlier statements by remarking that "the joy of a complex and subtle perfection" in these lines came only after reading Plato. Morse's joy might be even more complete if he were to admit the possibility of multiple interpretations: William Empson's disclosures of the lines' ambiguities, Geoffrey Hartman's relation of "all that's made" to the "ea quae facta" of Rom. 1:20, or Frank Kermode's reading of the poem as an answer to Montaigne's libertine naturalism.

It is characteristic of Morse's approach in the book that he doesn't explain what a knowledge of Plato *does* for Marvell's lines. Analysis, when it appears, is confined to the detection of gross misuse of language. Even stylistics is, for all practical purposes, excluded from considerations of style. To read Morse after reading any other contemporary literary theorist is to walk into a room where the doors and windows are shut tight.

This book, then, is both democratic and exclusive—strong in its broad views of public education, weak in its parochial views of literary theory. Although the book is generated by a democratic impulse, its

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style is much more restrictive—much less democratic—in its appeal to an audience than that of a superior intellectual theorist. Most of us simply aren't capable of sustaining, for the length of a book, a cogent argument on the problems of literary education. Our relatively limited range of reference and our meager supply of new ideas would drive us to devices that would inevitably leave us with only a small audience. The eleven chapters that constitute Professor Morse's book were written for different occasions, but there is a great deal of repetition. Moreover, certain directions in the preface—substitute black for Negro in the first six chapters; substitute the living Gromyko for the dead Nasser in the second chapter—suggest that the essays were not reedited for publication in book form. Morse pads the book with a long acceptance letter from the editor of *College English* and an even longer reply of his own. He includes a letter from his son, references to his wife, and fairly pointless anecdotes about his friends, who include Howard Meroney and George Cannon. The last chapter of the book is a previously published essay on *Finnegans Wake*. By the end of the book, the process of self-selection has been so thorough that only one ideal reader is left: it is Professor Morse alone whom the book finally addresses.

Mark Twain, Would-be Philosopher

MARK TWAIN'S FABLES OF MAN. *Edited by John S. Tuckey. University of California Press. $16.50.*

Reviewed by JACK C. BARNES

Mark Twain's Fables of Man is the seventh in a projected series of fifteen volumes of the previously unpublished works of Twain. Although a few of the pieces included were printed by Paine and DeVoto,

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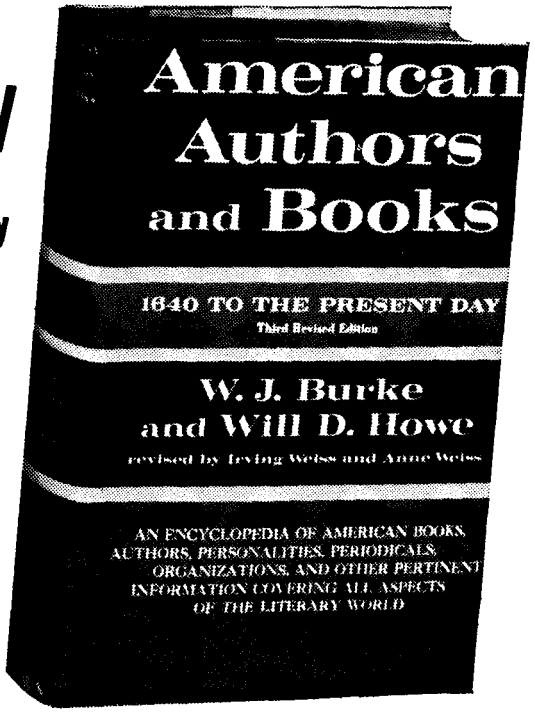

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and some scholars have quoted excerpts from them, none has appeared before in an authoritative printing. Accompanying the text are appendices, including textual commentaries, Twain's working notes, and his revisions. John S. Tuckey, the editor, has imposed upon the mass of miscellaneous manuscripts—essentially fantasies and fables, most of which were written during the 1890s or later—some sense of order, grouping them into three sections on the basis of related subject matter or themes: "The Myth of Providence," primarily pieces satirizing traditional religious beliefs and myths, especially faith in a special providence; "The Dream of Brotherhood," works reflecting Twain's increasing skepticism about the possibility of the fulfillment of such a dream; and "The Nightmare of History," writings devoted essentially to a vision of the collapse of civilization and a new Dark Age, dominated by a tyrannical religion—Christian Science. Obviously, the subject matter overlaps from one section to another.

These pieces reinforce what is already known about Twain from the printed works of his late period, particularly *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg, What Is Man?* and *The Mysterious Stranger:* that he became increasingly pessimistic and disillusioned with both God and Man. How much this mood was prompted by his own temperament, his personal circumstances, or the political and social conditions of the times, it is difficult to determine. The last sixteen years of Twain's life, in spite of international acclaim, were marred by a series of tragedies: his bankruptcy, his failing health, and the deaths of his wife and two daughters. At least two of the pieces reflect his personal sorrow: "The Private Secretary's Diary" (1907) and "In My Bitterness" (1897). Certainly, however, there was a strain of pessimism inherent in some of Twain's earlier published works—for example, *Roughing It, Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,* and *A Connecticut Yankee,* although kept in check by his ebullient humor. Even a few of these pieces, presumably composed in the seventies or early eighties, reflect an incipient bitterness.

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The two most fully developed pieces, although fragmentary—"The Refuge of the Derelicts" and "The Secret History of Eddypus, the World-Empire"—are representative in that they reflect Twain's disillusionment. The first, a fictional account of Admiral Stormfield's haven for human wrecks and failures, is written in the form of a diary by a poet-artist who hopes to build a monument to Adam, a prank scheme that Twain had entertained periodically. The fragment ends with an ironic situation in which a lecture on divine benevolence is accompanied inadvertently by a series of pictures depicting the cannibalism in the world of nature, a theme reflected in a number of the shorter pieces. "The Secret History of Eddypus" presents a dark view of the future in 2901 when all the world except China is under the dominion of Christian Science. Much of the review of past history, when civilization was in its noonday glory (the nineteenth century), is allegedly based upon a discovered work, "Old Comrades," by one Mark Twain, Bishop of New Jersey and "The Father of History." The fantasy reflects Twain's belief in the inevitable decline of democracy and the rise of monarchy because of the nature of man. Although the passages dealing with the Good Bishop Twain himself are faintly amusing—Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer are regarded as two of his illegitimate children—the work declines into a tedious burlesque review of the accomplishments of the contributors to the rise of civilization.

Apparent in this collection of pieces are the basic contradictions or inconsistencies in Twain's views that have appeared elsewhere. At times he seemed to believe in two different gods: on the one hand, a vindictive and cruel God, like the Jehovah of the Old Testament; and on the other hand, a seemingly just and fair God, who, having ordered the universe, is above the triviality of human affairs. "The Emperor-God Satire" (1870s) reflects both views. As Twain grew older, his quarrel with God seemed to intensify. His views of mankind were equally ambiguous. At times he saw man as a victim of circumstance and fate, in no way responsible for his conduct, and

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therefore to be pitied. At other times he lashed out against "the damned human race," at man's inhumanity to man, and poured contempt upon him. Having despaired of God and Man, he adopted a dark view of history, yet simultaneously subscribed to a cyclical view, believing that just as empires had risen and declined in the past, so they would in the future.

At times the pieces are reminiscent of certain published works. The two jour printers in "The International Lightning Trust," in their swindling scheme to set up an insurance company to insure persons against lightning, remind one of the fraudulent Duke and Dauphin, of *Huckleberry Finn*. In both the short story and the novel, the human race, with rare exceptions, seems divided into two types—knaves and fools, those who gull and those who can be gulled because of ignorance and greed. "Colloquy between a Slum Child and a Moral Mentor," by juxtaposing two levels of language—the highly inflated and the colloquial—is similar to "Buck Fanshawe's Funeral" in *Roughing It*. "The Second Advent," a tale of the birth of a Christ child in an Arkansas town and the disastrous results of divine intervention because of prayers for a special providence, is comparable in some respects to *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*. The townspeople in both stories abandon their cherished traditional religious values and amend their mottoes. Ironically, just as the people of Hadleyburg were the victims of their own self-righteousness, so the people of Arkansas were victims of their belief in a special providence. The satire on hearsay evidence to confirm a miraculous virgin birth in "The Second Advent" also recalls similar satire directed against Mormonism in *Roughing It*.

Many of the pieces include devices or techniques that are familiar to readers of Twain: his characterization of human-like animals (essentially the fable), his use of burlesque, his rambling digressions, his malaprops and false etymologies, his employment of the hoax (for example, an alleged discovered manuscript), his garbled history, his ironic twists in plot. There are,

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to be sure, flashes of Twain's humor here and there, much of which, however, seems submerged by his indignation bordering upon despair. At times Twain is the would-be philosopher. In the mock account of himself in "The Secret History of Eddypus," he says: "The Father of History had many talents, but it is as a philosopher that he shows best." Unfortunately, he began to take many of his nebulously formed ideas seriously, but he was unequipped for philosophizing. His forte was humor; he should never have abandoned it.

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Reviewed by IRVING DILLIARD

Although the Supreme Court has been around for a long time—indeed, ever since the implementation of the United States Constitution—only in relatively recent years has it become the object of widespread interest, study and examination. The late great lawyer-historian, Charles Warren, had virtually no scholarly competitors when he received a Pulitzer Prize in 1923 for his trailblazing two-volume work, *The Supreme Court in United States History*. And when the present reviewer, on becoming a newspaper editorial writer in 1930, made the Supreme Court and constitutional issues a specialty, it was largely because so few journalists were paying any attention to the independent branch of the federal government that possessed the authority to declare an act of Congress unconstitutional and to stay the hand of an overreaching president.

But today, all this is changing. Practically every college campus in the land has a Supreme Court specialist on its political science faculty. Nearly every newspaper has an editorial writer who keeps up on the major decisions and who, in a surprisingly short time with the text, can explain their significance.

By 1969 concern about the work of the Supreme Court and the judges who perform it had reached unprecedented proportions. By then Leon Friedman and Fred L. Israel could bring out their tremendously useful four-volume work, *The Justices of the United States Supreme Court, 1789-1969: Their Lives and Major Opinions,* from Chief Justice John Jay to Chief Justice Warren E. Burger, with some forty contributors from Harvard to Stanford.

Ever since the reading of the will of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes in 1935 there has been excitement, perhaps reserved and restrained, but nonetheless excitement, over "the Holmes Devise" of $263,000 to the United States for an unspecified public use. A committee representing the Supreme Court, the Senate and the House was delayed by World War II, but in 1957 it was decided to prepare a history of the Supreme Court that would "portray it as a living institution" against its "cultural environment" through "a period of more than a century and a half."

This monumental work, undertaken with Harvard's Professor Paul A. Freund as general editor, with ten historical period specialists as authors, has begun to make its appearance. Two volumes of the projected eleven are now in print and others soon will be published. *Antecedents and Beginnings to 1801,* one of the first two issued, stands as the opening of the series. In it Julius Goebel, Jr., legal historian at Columbia University, follows the precedents of our federal judiciary deep into the origins of English law and then carries the Supreme Court narrative through the tenures of Chief Justices Jay, Rutledge and Ellsworth, to the start of the era of our greatest judicial statesman, John Marshall.

One of the particular values of this volume is that its author shows how wisely Chief Justice Jay and his associates decided early disputes over powers of government, for the frequently held view has been that Jay did almost nothing as Chief Justice and resigned more or less because of inactivity and frustration. As the American Bar Association has said, "this is exactly the sort of work that one hoped the Holmes Devise would produce."

The second volume to appear will be the sixth in the series. It is *Reconstruction and Reunion, 1864-88,* by Charles Fairman, Harvard professor emeritus. The Harvard Law Review uses the words "unparalleled in the literature of the Supreme Court" to describe the expertise that Fairman brings to the Chief Justiceship of Lincoln's Salmon P. Chase. This post-Civil War period presents some of the thorniest legal and

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IRVING DILLIARD edited *One Man's Stand for Freedom: Mr. Justice Black and the Bill of Rights* and *The Spirit of Liberty: Papers and Addresses of Learned Hand.*

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judicial problems in the long history of the Supreme Court, and the chosen author was an ideal selection for the task.

Countless scholars, public officials and writers are in debt to Bernard Schwartz of New York University for his two-volume work, *The Bill of Rights: A Documentary History*. Retaining the original spelling, grammar and style in the documentary material, here in one place are the English antecedents all the way back to the Magna Carta of 1215, plus the pertinent charters and laws, revolutionary declarations and constitutions, both colonial and state, in the new nation. The section on the Constitution presents the leading Federalist writings, attacks and replies and many letters of Jefferson, Madison, Mason, Ellsworth and Richard Henry Lee, among others. It would be difficult to overstate the historical importance of getting together all this scattered material about the foundations of our freedom. Professor Schwartz and his staff may not realize it yet, but they have contributed to the preservation of American liberties in this current period of underminings, not to say repressions.

The new books by Professor Loren P. Beth of the University of Massaschusetts and Professor Paul L. Murphy of the University of Minnesota, although independent works in themselves, are successive volumes in the New American Nation Series, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris, more than twenty-five of which have been published. Together these two narrate nearly a century of constitutional development. Beth's *The Development of the American Constitution* begins after the hotly disputed Hayes-Tilden election of 1876 and continues through the World War I year of 1917. Murphy's *The Constitution in Crisis Times* begins with the status of law and the Constitution in post-World War I America and runs through the era of the Warren court, describing the impact of social change on the national judiciary.

Although Professor Murphy's book includes such notable constitutional waypointers as Justices Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, Hughes, Cardozo, Black, Douglas and Brennan, it also shows the confusion

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in many American minds. For on its jacket is a picture of one of the "Impeach Chief Justice Earl Warren" signboards, with the smaller notice nailed on: "This sign has been torn apart twice by those who would abolish our Constitution. This is not a John Birch project." These books, like the others in the New American Nation Series, are handsomely illustrated.

Professor William F. Swindler, of William and Mary College School of Law, blends law and politics, history and sociology, statistics and trends, in *Court and Constitution in the Twentieth Century,* his two-volume study of the Supreme Court's ministrations to the Constitution from 1889 to the change from Warren to Burger as the head of the highest bench. Almost at the outset comes his dramatic recounting of the historic "income tax case," with its still unsolved riddle. And it is hardly too much to say that pace and interest mount all the way to the climactic civil rights issues involving racial desegregation. Tabular and summary material on the justices and their decisions over the three-quarter-century span is exceedingly useful to the reader.

The Constitutionalist recounts one of the strangest, saddest, and at the same time most encouraging, stories under our basic law. It is the full report of George Anastaplo, born in St. Louis, the heart of the United States, a World War II military aviator and honor law graduate at the University of Chicago, who was denied admission to the bar of Illinois essentially because he honored the right of revolution of our forebears. After an Illinois four-to-three ruling against the applicant was sustained by the Supreme Court five-to-four, George Anastaplo filed a petition per se for a Supreme Court rehearing. This memorable statement concluded:

> Petitioner leaves in the hands of the profession—lawyers, law teachers and judges alike—the career he might have had. He trusts he will be forgiven if he retains for himself only the immortal lines of another exile (*Inferno,* xv, 121-124): "Then he turned back, and seemed like one of those who run for the green cloth at Verona through the open fields; and of them seemed he who triumphs, not he who loses." Respectfully submitted, George Anastaplo, Petitioner.

George Anastaplo is not a member of the bar of Illinois, and that is sad indeed. But the encouraging aspect is that he had the moral courage to stand by his convictions and forego the profession rather than cave in before little, crabbed minds. He dedicates his amazing book "To my Children and my Children's Children with the Reminder that their revolutionary Forefathers not only made the American, Greek, and Texas Wars of Independence but thereafter instituted and maintained new Governments of their own." The author teaches political science at the University of Chicago and Rosary College, and fortunate are those who are his students.

Robert Shogan, in *A Question of Judgment,* reports in detail the rise and fall of Justice Abe Fortas. As the *Newsweek* correspondent sees this "struggle for the Supreme Court," it was wholly unnecessary in that Fortas did not remotely need the extra-judicial fees that proved his undoing. *Impeachment: Trials and Errors,* by Madison's biographer, Irving Brant, gathers more up-to-date information about the impeachment of federal judges than has ever before been included in a single volume. It started out as a memorandum in defense of Justice William O. Douglas against his partisan detractors and became a small book in its own right. The author thinks that the machinery is dangerous, not to say wrong, and he offers his own plan as "a remedy to the misuse of impeachment." Brant, who has been a newspaper editor as well as an historian-biographer, says that the "treatment of federal district judgeships as political patronage . . . [is] the worst blight in our entire structure of government."

Yale's Alexander M. Bickel, onetime law clerk to the late Justice Felix Frankfurter, gave the Holmes Lectures in 1969 at Harvard and then expanded and documented them in his fifth book, *The Supreme Court and the Idea of Progress.* He is extremely critical of the work of the Supreme Court under Chief Justice Warren. He finds that

(Continued on page 364)

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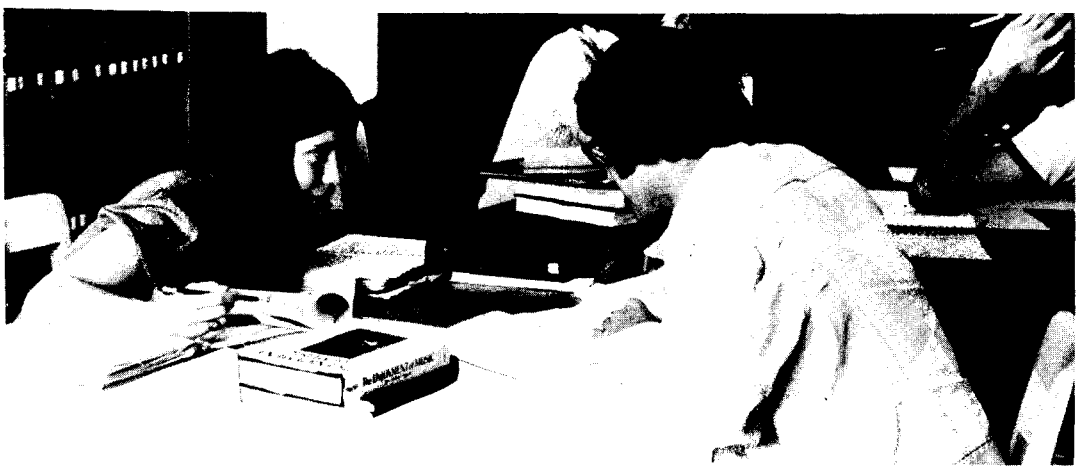

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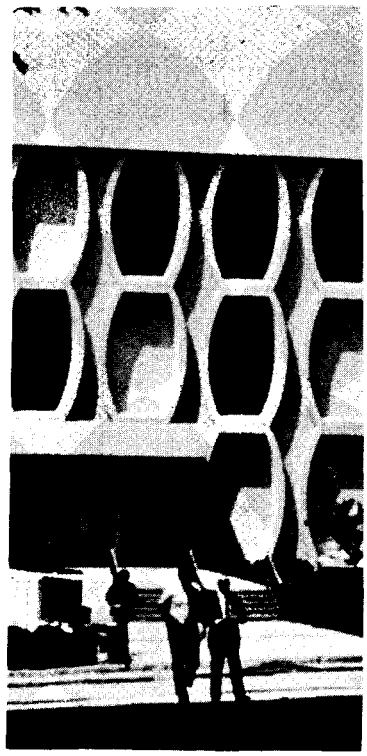

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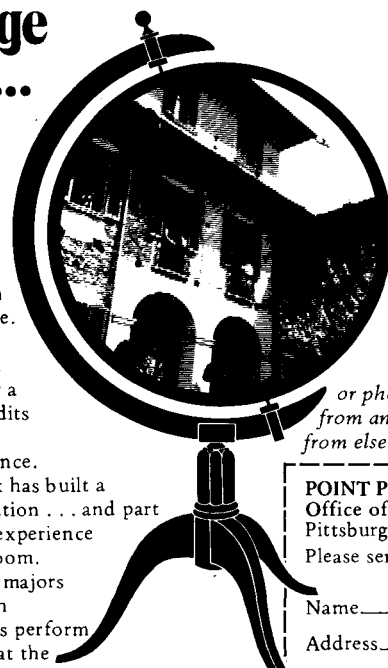

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(Continued from page 350)

the highest tribunal in that period was inconsistent, overconfident, irrational and even incoherent.

The essence of his objection is that the Warren Court intruded itself into social policy matters that the political process, not the judicial machinery, must handle. Needless to say, not everyone agrees with him, and many observers of the work of the Supreme Court, including some of the authors herein referred to, applaud Earl Warren and his majority colleagues for having brought the Supreme Court, as they believe, into the late twentieth century.

Professor Bickel is writing two of the Holmes Devise volumes that carry the overall title of *The Judiciary and Responsible Government* and cover the Taft (in part) and Wilson years (1910-21), and the first decade after World War I (1920-30), when Holmes and Brandeis so often spoke in dissent against the conservative majority.

Leon Friedman, whose work in this field has been cited warmly above, became so distressed at the treatment of young Americans who engaged in civil disobedience in order to resist being drafted into military service that he put his thinking down on paper in orderly legal-historical form. The result is *The Wise Minority*. His conclusion is this: On the basis of the record throughout the history of the United States, "disobedience of authority is not only entirely beneficial but upon occasion wholly necessary." Those who make a fetish of so-called "law and order" do not realize, in Friedman's words, that "disobedience has played the most significant role in political and social change since the earliest days of the Republic." Few books provide a more needed perspective for a divisive public issue. Here is imagination coupled with a scrupulous reading of the historical record.

For the First Hours of Tomorrow is the kind of book that so often should be written but so seldom is. The author, an outstanding Chicago attorney who pleaded successfully the *Tropic of Cancer* case, was chairman of the Bill of Rights committee in the recent Illinois Constitutional Convention. What he sets down vividly is the fascinating record of discussions and actions by the delegates that produced the new Illinois Bill of Rights, a great advance in many respects. Friends of individual liberty in every state ought to know about this book and see to it that it comes to the attention of their editors, educators, librarians and, of course, lawyers and judges. This is a cheering omen!

The last book in our list of a baker's dozen offers a fitting close to this review. For this is the fifth edition of Mason and Beaney's widely relied on inventory of our constitutional law. It is the fifth edition because that is the only way the authors have been able to keep up with the changes that flow from Washington on Supreme Court decision days. And while not all the accommodations would meet with their approval, it is true that they would rather see the Supreme Court adjust its positions now and then than hold irrevocably to outmoded precedents that may have been wrongly decided in the first place.

Professor Mason, long on the Princeton faculty and now, in so-called retirement, delighting academic audiences from Harvard, Columbia and Virginia to Michigan, Minnesota and Santa Barbara, works and writes with the long view of the biographer of Brandeis, Stone and Taft. Professor Beaney of the University of Denver, formerly a Mason colleague, is one of the relatively small number who sees this whole field from a double viewpoint—that of a lawyer who is also a political scientist. The catching up that was noted at the outset is still going on!

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

René Wellek is to be thanked for his discussion of the arguments for the "death of literature" in the Winter 1972-73 issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. It is unfortunate, however, that his justifiable scorn for those who predict a nonlinguistic and nonliterary future has led him to reject out-of-hand all arguments against value judgment as a component of criticism. Wellek argues for the concept of "quality" as a "criterion of literaure" by simply proving that "literature" has existed since Classical times. Obviously this does not demonstrate the existence of a concept of "quality"; it merely proves that there has been a category labeled "literature" into which certain works have been put. Wellek faults Fiedler for turning toward "the folksy, the sentimental, the direct expression of simple feelings," in short, "subliterature." He fails to recognize that the very "Children's Hour" cited by Fiedler, and seemingly disapproved of by Wellek, is generally classed as literature, albeit "bad" literature. What is meant by good and bad, art and nonart? Unfortunately, Wellek and other proponents of the judgmental approach to criticism seem unable to tell us—instead they recite histories of the category "literature."

Wellek states in conclusion that, while the forms of literature will change, "as long as there is man in any conceivable shape he will create—that is, speak, express and communicate in writing and in print his observations, his feelings, his desires . . . . Doubts about the exact limits of literature cannot obviate the difference between art and nonart, great and bad art. . . ." Advertising "literature" represents a communication of the feelings and desires of man, a probing into "the nature of the world around him." How is Wellek to distinguish this form, which he rejects, from *his* literature?

Finally, Wellek imagines that "doubts about language" will make the poet "suspicious of the debasement of the word in propaganda, advertising and bad journalism." What is meant by debasement? Change? And is the poet to be immune to change? If he is, we shall no doubt find the definition of the frozen form "literature" much easier to formulate.

MARGARET SHARON FEAREY
Ann Arbor, Michigan

MR. WELLEK replies: Mrs. Fearey asks me to write a treatise on the nature of literature and criticism. I can refer her to my (and Austin Warren's) *Theory of Literature* (1948), which contains a chapter on "Evaluation." There we formulated general criteria of judgment, such as coherence, complexity, multivalence, et cetera. More concretely, a recognition of quality in specific texts can be learned from books such as I. A. Richards's *Practical Criticism* (1929) or Brooks and Warren, *Understanding Poetry* (1938). There is also an immediate recognition of quality alluded to in my paper when I speak about "the difference between Shakespeare and a newspaper poem, a story by Tolstoy and one in *True Confessions*," a judgment that could be demonstrated by detailed comparison. Any teacher of composition will know why he flunked one paper and gave an A to another and would be able to explain it to his student. Mrs. Fearey is mistaken in brushing aside the historical argument: there are good reasons why we read Shakespeare rather than another contemporary dramatist such as Henry Glapthorne, or Milton rather than Sir Richard Blackmore. The canon of great writers has been established by generations of readers and critics who had a sense of quality. Argument stops if one simply denies value and quality in life and literature. The new barbarism is installed.

Any clarity about the nature of art will exclude advertising from it, however socially useful it may be and whatever ingenuity it may require in devising.

If we recognize that language should be grammatical, accurate, and precise, we must deplore the debasement of the word so obvious today. I don't see how one can deny the fact that there

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is a rising tide of illiteracy even among reputable writing that cannot be called merely change. Horrifying examples are, for instance, collected in today's *New York Times Book Review* by Katherine Fassenden under the title "Pouring Over Grammar" (January 7, 1973).

Mrs. Fearey's letter seems to be a deplorable example of current confusion on elementary matters. If taken literally, her denial of judgment, value, or the difference between good and bad art would lead to a complete leveling down, to anarchy and nihilism, to an abolition of criticism (meaning selection, discrimination). Her views on language would mean that any change is welcome, however obfuscating, base, and even vile. Let us hope that she does not really mean it.

* * *

As a regular reader of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, your article, "The Age of Overutilization," in the Winter 1972-73 issue was read with a great deal of interest.

As a trustee of a 314B CHP Agency, I fully agree. Your points were well taken regarding overutilization, although your article was oversimplified and overgeneralized in dealing with the broad and highly complex subject of health care. I often fall into this same trap.

As a chiropractor, I still cringe slightly at your "Quacks and Chiropractors," but I am old enough to have survived the clichés and worn phrases of Morris Fishbein.

It is with a greater concern that I tend to view health care. My "cringing" or, for that matter, my personal feelings are really unimportant. The important fact remains that people are paying a fantastic price, 70 billion dollars yearly, and receiving poor health care.

I am fully cognizant that any brief article or letter dealing with such a complex entity as our fragmented and inefficient health care system tends to add to the frustrations. However, I would like to offer the proposition that, as health providers, we humble our egos and view patients as people; then sit down and talk with one another, to provide a system or program for the prevention of disease and the caring of the ill.

I admire the medical profession for many of its life saving methods and its scientific approaches, although I am at a loss to find scientific reasoning in your nonscientific "Chiropractic manipulation, which we physicians feel does harm by tearing muscles." I don't accept this statement; but if I did, how did the "people with back trouble feel better" with torn muscles?

In closing, I offer the chiropractic profession has faults, many faults. I also offer the medical profession has many faults. I offer that our total health delivery picture has many faults; but I offer that our answers will be found—not by name-calling, but rather by total compassion for people.

STANLEY C. KERBY, D. C.
Santa Fe, New Mexico

DR. MENGIS replies: I do not see that Dr. Kerby and I have a basic difference of opinion regarding the reckless overinflation of medical costs and procedures and empire-building prevalent in this country for the past five years. If I alluded to quacks and chiropractors in one phrase it is surely because chiropractic medicine has failed to police its field of endeavor as well as it should have in years past. I am personally familiar with several chiropractors in my own locale, and regard them as honest and competent, and know that they render relief of muscle aches and pain with their manipulation and that they are prompt to advise medical consultation when it is indicated. In addition, I also know several doctors of medicine who are familiar with and use manipulation for muscle strains, et cetera. That does not change the fact that, in the long run, manipulation of spastic muscle causes microscopic tears and bleeding that eventuate in fibrosis.

I have been an advocate of universal health insurance since I was in medical school in the days of Harry S. Truman, have taken my lumps for that advocacy from self-righteous fools in organized medicine, and I hate to see the people's effort toward that goal subverted into expensive air-castles benefitting not the sick but the opportunist provider.

* * *

I quite agree with Michael Arbib (Winter, 1972-73) that the computer is a dumb critter compared to the human mind, not only because of the mind's complexity, as you said, but because the mind is made of living tissue which is an entirely different building material from wires and diodes. We make a mistake in assuming that living tissue is passive like man-made mechanisms. Could man create a mechanism that would start with a simple design such as an amino acid molecule, evolve on its own to a reproductive cell and on to an intelligent creature such as man?

There must be something dynamic in the delicate forces of protein molecules that we may never be able to measure, yet we have a means of detecting, called "intuition." By in-

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tuition this dynamic something seems to be an "impulse to act" because it has resulted in an evolution toward forms having ever greater freedom to act. Life is a natural result because life is activity. In fact from the subatomic particles on up, everything in this universe is in action, so is it not intuitively sensible to think of creation as the result of a cosmic "impulse to act"? This makes the cosmos dynamic, and to my mind this makes sense.

I heartily endorse your idea that intuition can be a valuable partner of science.

CARL N. SANFORD
Atlanta, Georgia

MR. ARBIB replies: While grateful for Mr. Sanford's enthusiasm, I am not clear we are using words the same way. Our knowledge of the activity of protein molecules is surely due to the science of biochemistry rather than to our intuition. Again, talk of a cosmic "impulse to act" seems like a misapplication of intuition —to see the complexity of the universe in overly anthropomorphic terms.

I would not have thought passivity was the distinctive mark of the machine. Perhaps the point is that we do not think of machines as evolving. However, the social organism which is now evolving is built on man-machine symbiosis, and as we evolve new machines, (for instance, cars) so do we evolve new patterns of social organization (witness Los Angeles).

Finally, may I take this opportunity to suggest that the theme of Lionel Trilling's "Mind in the Modern World" is very much in harmony with mine. While neither of us is sanguine about the evolution of our society, neither of us sees "mind at the end of its tether," in H. G. Wells's phrase. However, we are both disturbed by those who downgrade mind in these complex times. We need the discipline of the humanities to help us set our goals, we need the discipline of science to provide mechanisms for achieving some of them, while others require advances in psychology and sociology. My plea for a marriage of science and intuition requires the intuition of the average citizen to be honed by science and the humanities to a far greater degree than current education seems to provide.

* * *

Roger du Bearn in his comment (Winter issue) on the women's symposium offers a number of sound points, but he is too roundabout in his approach and moreover speaks from mere opinion.

I prefer to rely on precedent attested by scholarship, for which I refer you to Frazer's *Golden Bough,* abridged edition (1951), p. 113. Comment on the passage is superfluous:

"Among the Gallas (S. Ethiopia), when a woman grows tired of the cares of housekeeping, she begins to talk incoherently and to demean herself extravagantly. This is a sign of the descent of the holy spirit Callo upon her. Immediately her husband prostrates himself and adores her; she ceases to bear the humble title of wife and is called 'Lord,' domestic duties have no further claim on her, and her will is a divine law."

I am, sir,

Yours Callo, Callay,
L. O. MACDUFF
New York, New York

* * *

As a participant in the "Women on Women" forum in the Autumn SCHOLAR, I am torn between the desire to see the whole thing buried as quickly as possible, and the desire to clarify, lest the flounderings of what a comment calls "so many incisive minds" give comfort to The Enemy. The latter urge, I see, is greater, and I have set down my own brief version here:

On a certain day, eight women, a number of whom had never seen or talked to one another before, assembled in New York from their various cities, went into a room, sat around a table. A tape recorder was turned on. A question incomprehensible to everyone there, whose very intention was shrouded in mystery, was slipped, like a paper bag, over one's head. Then for the entire time, the eight women, singly and collectively, tried to fight their way out of the bag. The comments that fell onto the tape that day were spillage from that fight to get out of the bag.

Why didn't someone say, "Let's abandon this question, and talk about what we can talk about?" Interesting. Eight women of good will and much professional self-discipline, felt committed, upon the slightest of directives, to an impossible goal (feelings of loyalty to the directing person should not be discounted).

Spontaneity in the struggle there certainly was. And spontaneity became the byword when I beheld the typescript of that session, with its half-uttered thoughts all strangling inside the paper bag. For the sake of spontaneity, we were honor-bound to change nothing except what might be garbled by the tape.

Here I am reminded of an emblem of my childhood. Whatever one did, or didn't do, it

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was said: "There is a Watchbird, watching you." And so I see, upon picking up the Autumn SCHOLAR, that this spontaneous struggle to get out of a verbal paper bag has been subjected to a solemn *explication de texte* and found to be lacking. What else is new? *Consciousness-raising session?* When was that supposed to have happened? No, no! We were in the bag the whole time!

Was it all, then just a bit of mischief wreaked, intentionally or not, by the utterer of those first, sibylline words? No, not that primarily, either. What it was was yet another proof that spontaneity as a form is as rotten now as it always was. And that the Living Theater of the Absurd will swallow us all, if we don't watch out.

NORMA ROSEN
Cambridge, Massachusetts

* * *

So the SCHOLAR has finally dealt with the troublesome Woman Question, by publishing a transcript of a taped private discussion by distinguished women on the subject. In the last five years, you have never published a similar discussion: any other broad topics, whether youth, justice, et cetera, have been subjected either to lengthy and separate analyses by various experts, or you have reprinted a public symposium with moderator, in which the participants spoke in long paragraphs for public aural consumption. Why the use in this case of a (for the SCHOLAR) unique format? Why not ask the same women for separate brief articles from the beginning, instead of as an afterthought? Then something important might have been said! As it was, these *writers* were asked to be profound *out loud* and *en masse,* and they have ended sounding like a gaggle of geese, one voice blurring into the next. In any "conversation," as this must be defined, much of the burden of communication is carried nonverbally, and all the nuances and continuity thus conveyed are inevitably lost to us.

Since it is impossible thus to follow who is saying what in this format, the result is an apparent demonstration, once again, of the "shallowness" of women's minds. You have clearly shown what these women—and all others—have lost in their attempt to win deserved recognition as serious human beings: by cooperating with you in this discussion/conversation, these distinguished minds have lost their distinguishability. No wonder, in Patricia McLaughlin's words, they did not seem "immune to confusion." What chance did you give them to demonstrate coherence in their own chosen medium, the written word?

With friends like the unconsciously (?) male chauvinist Hiram Haydn, who needs enemies?

JUDITH H. BALFE
Upper Montclair, New Jersey

* * *

There is no reason for Melville Cane to put down woman's attempt to better her condition by calling it "griping." When blacks explain their inequities and workers fight for a fair wage, would he dismiss their problems as "griping," or would he perhaps feel that their deep needs deserve a more exact word?

Roger du Bearn's letter was superficially clever, flip, wordy and full of irrelevant material, with no attempt to deal with any more vital question in the women's movement than the use of Ms. If a woman's actual words jarred his taste and prejudices, "why did you not edit them out,"—or at least edit his letter?

I had looked forward to some comprehensive male comments based on men's superior logic and grasp of the total problem. Are these really the best letters you received about the women's forum?

Gradually we conclude that a good deal of men's comment on women's liberation is shallow, fearful and entirely unworthy of them. "Look out, women! You may lose more than you gain!" Thus men reveal that they cannot bear to face any loss of dominance, even though in the long run such loss might become more gain than they dream.

LOIS GOELTZ
Knoxville, Tennessee

* * *

The Autumn SCHOLAR includes two articles which discuss the role of women in society. Neville Maxwell ("The China Nixon Didn't See") points out that the cultural revolution in China has produced an apparently classless society where women participate equally in both urban and agricultural positions. The forum, "Women on Women," strikes home the fact that in our society, most "lower-class ladies" have not yet become involved in women's equalization movements.

Is it coincidental that two such divergent approaches to sexual equality were published in the same volume?

JANET N. REHM
San Diego, California

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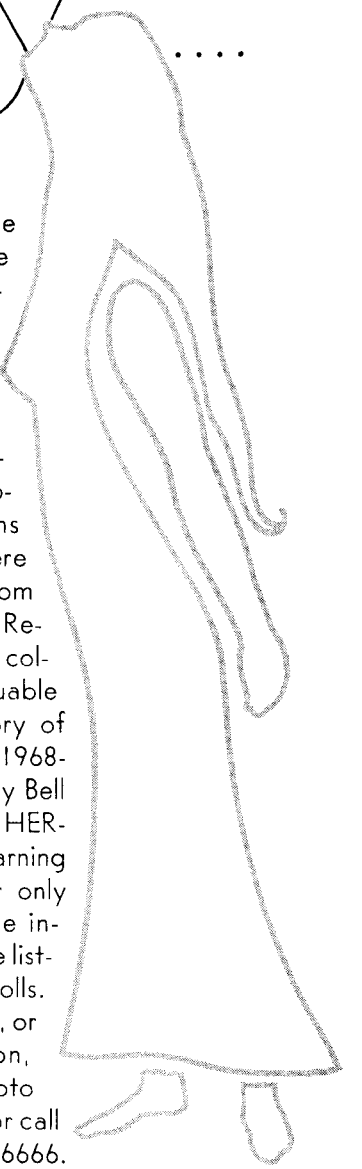

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